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*Mother o' Mine!*





# DINAH HORDERN'S Gardenia WEDDING!

*Brilliant Social and Fashion Climax to Boy and Girl Romance!*

## BRIDE'S LOVELY TROUSSEAU

First big social wedding of the season is that to be celebrated at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, this Tuesday between Miss Dinah Hordern and Mr. Harry Meeks.

The bride, who is the second daughter of Mr. Anthony Hordern, of Retford Hall, Darling Point, is tall and stately, with a dazzling complexion. She is well known and extremely popular in the social circles of both Sydney and Melbourne, and has many friends in London, which she has visited frequently.

Her mother, who died a number of years ago, was before her marriage Miss Viola Bingham, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Bingham, and, in her day, a noted beauty.

MISS HORDERN has always had a marked flair for smart frocking, so that much fashion, as well as social interest, attaches to her wedding.

The thousands of spectators who are sure to attend the wedding will certainly not be disappointed, for she will make a radiantly lovely bride, and her wedding frock, designed by the famous fashion creator, Captain Molyneux, features a number of fashion points quite new to Sydney. Perhaps the most charming of these are the clusters of fragrant gardenias scattered at intervals on her full court train.

Like so many members of her family, Miss Hordern has always associated herself with country interests, and is a well-known figure riding round the countryside at Bowral in the smartest of riding-kits.

In fact, Miss Hordern spent the last few weeks before her marriage at the extensive family estate at Bowral, only coming to Sydney in time for last-minute fittings of the bridal gown.

The groom, Mr. Harry Meeks, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Meeks, is

well known in Sydney society, and is frequently to be seen at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, where he plays both squash and golf.

Mr. Meeks is interested in the importing business, and Claude Healy, one of the makers, is connected with him in business circles.

When the engagement of the young couple was announced last year it did not cause any surprise, as they have been lifelong friends, and constantly dined and danced together. Lady Hordern, an aunt of the bride, is a sister of the bridegroom's mother—Lady Hordern and Mrs. Meeks both being daughters of the late Sir John See, a former Premier of this State.

### Bride's Gown

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX, the world-famous fashion creator, designed the bride's wonderful wedding gown of ivory tulle, a new material, bearing a resemblance to treble romaine. Shimmering is the motif that is emphasized throughout. The round neck is finished with a posy of orange blossoms, and the long sleeves are shirred. The full court train is also shirred.

The veil is cut with three graduated scallopes at the end. A string of perfectly-matched pearls will be worn by the bride, and she will carry a beautiful spray of gardenias.

Miss Mary Hordern (who bears a striking resemblance to her sister), Miss Beatrice Meeks, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Marjorie Wilson, daughter of the Governor of Queensland and Lady Wilson, will make the charming trio of bridesmaids.

Their frocks, also models, are made of the most fragile lace in a delicate shade of lilac of the valley leaf-green over satin slips. Frills of gossamer net are graduated from the hem in a close-fitting design, and narrowed at the back to give a fan-shaped effect.

Their tiny caps of the same material are after the manner of Louis XV period. The train-bearer's frock is similar in design, and the page's suit is of green satin, with a net blouse and wide jabot.

Fred Seard, who sent a special consignment of lily of the valley to Melbourne for the wedding of the bride's mother, made the bridal bouquet of white gardenias, and the bridesmaids' posies of green hydrangeas for this occasion.

### Unusual Flowers

APPARENTLY Mr. Seard takes a special pride in designing unusually lovely wedding flowers for members of the Hordern clan. Many people will recall the wonderful bouquet of strelitzia he arranged for Miss Hordern's cousin, Audrey (now Mrs. W. Winter-Irving). This was the first occasion on which Sydney had seen these exotic flowers used in a wedding shawl.

Tim Boydell, eligible bachelor about town, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Syd Boydell, will be best man, with Mr. John Spencer, Mr. James Ashlam, Mr. Anthony Hordern, and Mr. Vincent Fairfax, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, assisting him in the capacity of usher.

The bride's charming little step-sister, Edwina Jane Hordern, will act as train-bearer, and Edwina's cousin, Jack Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Henry, will also take part in the bridal retinue. Jack, by the way, is a direct descendant of the famous Victorian Henrys.

A huge marquee has been erected on the lawn at Retford Hall for the wedding reception, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern will receive their many and distinguished guests in surroundings beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage.

### The Trousseau

BLUE and yellow are the predominating colors in the very lovely trousseau, these colors being chosen to tone with the decorative scheme of the bride's bedroom in her future home.

All the lingerie sets are exquisitely tailored, and many of them adorned with the finest hand-made lace and embroideries.

A new note has been struck by the inclusion of several sets in bewitching shades of beige and rose beige, for wear with travelling clothes in the same shades.

The bridal couple will leave this Wednesday for a honeymoon tour of Tasmania. When they return they will stay some time at Retford Hall—the home of the bride's father—while they decide upon a suitable home.

See Pictures on Page 17



MR. HARRY MEKS, whose wedding to Miss Dinah Hordern is to be celebrated this Tuesday.

—Dwyer studios.

## FAREWELL "DOONE"!

Miss Cheriton Too Ill to Resume Charge this Term

"Doone" finishing school is no more, and with its passing Sydney loses one of its most spectacular educational academies.

To be a "Doone" girl was to bear a hall-mark that was practically an open sesame to Sydney society. Its students have been prominent social figures, even before they made their official debuts.

MISS JEAN CHERITON, or "Cherry" as she is affectionately known, has had to give up on account of ill-health. She has battled against this handicap for a long time, and it is a matter for regret to her many friends that she is no longer able to keep the "Doone" flag flying.

Her future plans are not yet definite. Lady Gowrie has invited her to recuperate at Government House, Canberra, and at the conclusion of her holiday she hopes to be able to pick up the threads of life again, with a bit at Double Bay as her headquarters.

Sydney has never known anything quite like "Doone." It was, the outcome of the age which demands a product bereft of cradles. Its curriculum included tuition in social graces which a few generations ago would have been attained by a more gradual personal contact with society.

### Romantic Lives

ITS senior students included girls who have since figured in romances, who have been presented at Court, associated with Royalty and visiting notabilities, become famous for their beauty and accomplishments.

The junior school at "Doone" became very fashionable when Rosemary Game, daughter of a former Governor (Sir Philip Game) and Lady Game, was enrolled as a pupil.

When the Vice-Royal representatives arrived with a small daughter there was a lot of speculation concerning the school that would be selected for her. When "Doone" was favored there were many names beside that of Rosemary Game added to the roll call.

Lady Game and Miss Cheriton were close friends, and "Cherry" was a familiar figure at all the social gatherings at Government House.

Reviewing the long list of girls who carried the banner of "Doone," one of the first remembered is Margaret Honey, whose beauty and charm won the heart of a visiting Englishman, Mr. Harry Hodgson, editor of "The Round

Table." It was a whirlwind courtship, and the young couple decided to marry before Mr. Hodgson returned to England. He had already left Sydney on his return journey to England via the East, and Margaret made a last-minute rush to reach Brisbane in time. She missed the train at Sydney, motored to Hornsby to catch it, and thereafter things went according to programme. They were married in Brisbane, and journeyed to England together.

It was a "Doone" girl (Nancy Sawyer) who was the first debutante to be presented to the Duke of Gloucester at the C.W.A. Ball. Her grandmother, Mrs. Matt Sawyer, is State president of the Country Women's Association.

Margaret Vyner is another whose name figures prominently on the list. She has become almost a national figure in her success as a mannequin, having appeared in this role in English, Continental and Australian salons, and who is now about to tour all the big cities in America in a similar capacity. She is also appearing on the screen, in an Australian production "Thoroughbred."

Margaret Hagon, daughter of a former Lord Mayor (Alderman R. C. Hagon) and Mrs. Hagon, was a student at "Doone." She is now Mrs. John Collins, of Nindoolbah, Queensland, and a leading figure in Queensland society.

### Well-known Students

OTHERS whose names occur are Rosemary Budge, daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Budge; Claudia and Joyce Beasley, now enjoying winter sports in Austria; Robin Eakin, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jim Eakin, and a deb. of next season; Rosalind Macarthur Onslow; Margaret Fairfax, now Mrs. John Moore; Stephanie Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Steenie Osborne; Molly Main, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Main, of Retford, Ilkley, who will return soon from a tour of the East with her uncle, the Minister for Agriculture (Mr. Hugh Main) and Mrs. Main; Clare Butler, who returned recently from abroad; Betty and "Jo" Edgell, daughters of Admiral and Mrs. Edgell, now living in London.

WIDE AWAKE  
CELIA . . .

stole a march on Beauty. Went to her dressing table looking just ordinary, (such an indifferent skin!) came away a vision of breath-taking loveliness. She found the gift of a radiant complexion waiting for her in her pretty box of Revelry.

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## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



A VARIED CAREER

**BASIL DEAN**, who is considering coming to Australia in the near future, is an actor, manager, stage-director, and author. Born in 1888 and destined for the Civil Service, he became an analytical chemist. Instead, but later gave this up for acting—at £1 per week. Later on he began producing, and took to writing and quickly found fame. At 35 he was offered the joint management of Drury Lane Theatre, a position he later relinquished. He is now famous for film direction, both in England and America.

He married Victoria Hopper, whom he directed in "The Constant Nymph." Incidentally, she is his third wife.



—Dorothy Winding, photo

### UNUSUAL OCCUPATION

**MISS GERTRUDE TOMPKINS**, an attractive young American from New Jersey, who enjoyed a few days in Australia before returning to U.S.A. on board the Monterey, has spent the last few years of her life breeding goats, for the very good reason that in New Jersey she can sell goat's milk at 80 cents a quart, as against 15 cents for cow's milk. Also, it is in particular demand in hospitals, because it does not carry tuberculous germs.

"It is absurd to imagine that goats are not fastidious eaters," says Miss Tompkins. "For instance, my goats are very fond of pea shells, but they will only eat them when they are quite fresh."

When in Italy last year, Miss Tompkins returned to her first love—landscape gardening, for which she holds a diploma.



### A MARITIME OFFICIAL

**MR. A. C. BARNES**, who was appointed secretary of the Maritime Services Board this month, is the son of the late Mr. John F. Barnes, who was a member of the Legislative Assembly for 23 years.

Mr. Barnes enlisted on the outbreak of the Boer War, and at the termination of hostilities received the Queen Victoria Medal with six clasps in recognition of service in the operations at Belfast, Diamond Hill, Johannesburg, Driefontein, Paardeberg, and the Relief of Kimberley.

In 1920 Mr. Barnes was appointed secretary and chief executive officer of the Sydney Harbor Trust.

# LIFE of a Great Church LEADER

## Archbishop Kelly, at 86, has Simple Creed of Living

By JOHN WILLIAMS

Outstanding among the world's remarkable clerics is His Grace Archbishop Kelly, spiritual leader of 1,500,000 Catholic Australians.

*Privileged to be with him a few days ago when messages from every corner of Australasia and the world were congratulating him upon his 86th birthday, I gained an insight into the secret of his longevity — his manner of regulating his daily routine in the twilight of his life.*

IT is an amazing fact that his private life is the same to-day as it was 64 years ago when he was ordained priest.

Irish-born son of a master mariner, Michael Kelly answered the call of the sea as a youth, but finally he dedicated his life to his Church and her people. The basis of his service would be self-discipline. The young man knew that to advise and control others you first must command yourself.

Throughout the 64 years since, he has

shoulders squared upon a massive neck. His fine physique recalls his athletic years, when he was a familiar sight in the Manly surf. To-day he weighs over 17 stone.

A man of 86 usually is over-careful about his movements, but Archbishop Kelly walks from the room, down the corridors, like a far younger man. His black leather boots squeak-squeak on thin carpets that lead in and out the rooms, but never does he glance down at them, even in going down steps. He walks ahead, head erect, chin out.



ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH of Archbishop Kelly at his regular morning reading in his study.

not swerved from his purpose. To-day he is reaping his reward.

He was going about the daily routine of his life in his Palace on the hill overlooking Manly. A cool breeze from the Pacific billowed the lace curtains of his study.

His Grace's valet and chauffeur, David Hickie, was careful to explain that it was Archbishop Kelly's regular morning study hour; that he does not like being disturbed even by interviewing photographers.

But His Grace said patiently: "You go ahead and when you are ready with your camera, please tell me and I will pose. I do not want to waste time."

He sat at his desk, upright in a leather chair, intent upon a book in Latin. His back was to the light and he held the book at the angle which strains the eyes least. He has sat like that at regular hourly intervals every day for many years.

That was the first impression of his self-discipline: the preservation of his eyesight, which is above normal for a man his age. The average man likes to rest back, make himself comfortable as he reads, creating a harmful angle between the eyes and the type.

### Keen Student

EVERY day he studies for an hour in the morning, and again in the evening. He has four or five books on hand, reading a chapter from one, then a chapter from another. Many of them are in French or Latin.

The photographs at his desk were taken without his being aware of it. That interested him. Outdoor pictures were suggested. He set aside his book, rose alertly to his feet, which was the best impression of all.

His face gives the only sign of age. It is patterned with soft lines, an exquisite spider web of human character. He stands erect to his six feet, his broad

And the secret of his physical perfection is simple living, a living that is just plain common sense. He is impatient with anything that is not sensible.

Every morning he rises at 6, and then, for almost an hour, he says private mass and thanksgiving in the private oratory off his bedroom. Until three years ago he used to swim every day in the private bath at the harbor edge at the foot of the college grounds.

His breakfast consists of eggs, tomatoes, and milk and soda. He never drinks tea or coffee.

### Strict Diet

THERE is a close relation between correct diet and health. His Grace has found the foods which agree best with him, and in his self-disciplined way, he eats nothing else.

At lunch he has poultry, green vegetables, and then stewed apples and cream. He never eats mutton or beef; always white meat.

For tea he has eggs and tomatoes again, and then raw fruit—apples, pineapple, peaches, oranges.

Between meals he lives a routine to the minute. He studies, opens all his mail and answers it in longhand, then holds interviews, mostly with his clergy. After lunch, which is dinner to him, he rests for an hour, then sets out in his car with David Hickie for an hour, usually up the coast road to Palm Beach, which is his favorite drive.

Afterwards there are more interviews, more study, then a walk through the college grounds. There are endless walks and many seats under old trees. His favorite is one from which his keen eyes can sweep right up the Harbor to Bradley's Head and into Rose Bay, a majestic panorama.

Plain foods, exercise, eight hours sleep nightly, and a busy mind sustain



IN THE QUIET of his Palace on the Manly hills, and in the supreme peace of its magnificent grounds, Archbishop Kelly, Primate of the Catholic Church in Australia, keeps himself physically and mentally fit for his tremendous leadership. In the photograph above, specially taken for The Australian Women's Weekly on his 86th birthday, his Grace is shown reading on his favorite bench, which commands an unbroken panorama of Sydney harbor.

and preserve the life of this giant among men, who will be known to Australian clerical history as Michael the Builder.

He wonders why men and women want to be extravagant. The body and mind were meant only for reasonable living. With great care, year in year out, he cherishes his God-given physical and mental strength.

It is fitting that such a giant should lead the Catholic Church in Australia. Under his guidance it has grown to world recognition, and from Rome has reaped rich rewards.

## DON'T BLAME YOUR SHOES IF FEET ACHE

PUT THEM RIGHT WITH

# Zam-Buk

DO you throw off your shoes with a sigh of relief as soon as you get home from work, shopping, or after a dance? Nine times out of ten it's not the fault of your shoes, but simply that you're not looking after those hardworked feet of yours.

If you want feet in perfect condition, free from soreness, burning pain, and other discomforts, bathe them in tepid water and after drying thoroughly, gently massage with Zam-Buk. Do this every night, especially during the hot weather. It only takes a few minutes but it's surprising what immediate relief it brings. As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin.

**Pain, Swelling and Inflammation** are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, and joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Zam-Buk also keeps the tissues sound, the muscle pads flexible and is soothing to the nerves. Start with Zam-Buk to-night and have comfortable feet all day.

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"Being on my feet 12 hours a day in hospital duty made them ache and burn terribly. After application of Zam-Buk my feet were quite easy and comfortable. During rest time nurses use Zam-Buk for foot treatment." — Nurse F. Ross

"For soothing and healing tender, blistered heels, I have found nothing to come up to Zam-Buk. Rubbed well into the skin, Zam-Buk is best for keeping the feet sound and healthy." — Miss L. Sinclair

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night!**



# VIV. McGRATH Tells About "BIG SISTER" of Davis Cup TEAM

Cliff Sproule, as "Stern Father," will Command, but—

MRS. CRAWFORD A GREAT HELP, TOO!

Australia's Davis Cup players have been told by player-manager Cliff Sproule that they must obey his commands while they are on tour, "or he will wipe his hands of the whole business and return home." So, virtually, he has become the "father of the team."

But if we are to take heed of the opinion of no less a person than Vivian McGrath, then any credit the team wins overseas will have to be shared by Mrs. Jack Crawford, who, in McGrath's own words, has been a "big sister and source of inspiration to Quist and myself, as well as to Jack."



A CHARMING NEW STUDY of Mrs. Jack Crawford, described by Viv. McGrath as the "big sister" of the Davis Cup team.  
—Photo by Rembrandt.



Look at the eight articles on the table in this picture. Then shut your eyes. How many of the articles can you remember by name? It's interesting to test your memory in that way.

The reason why most people remember Bushells Blue Label Tea so well is because they have enjoyed its fine flavor so often. Its bud-leaves are rich and fragrant.

**Bushells**  
BLUE LABEL'S

**The Tea of Flavor**

A SPORTING sensation was caused in 1932 when Jack Crawford stated that he would not be available for the Davis Cup tour unless Mrs. Crawford accompanied the team. The decision of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association to accede to the request created an even bigger stir.

To-day Mrs. Crawford is regarded as a permanent "member" of the team. When she leaves for America by the Niagara on March 26 she will be setting off on her fifth Davis Cup trip.

Very definitely she has proved herself of inestimable value, not only to her husband, but to the other members of the team, and the A.L.T.A. should regard her expenses as a very wise investment.

## Happy Family

MRS. CRAWFORD always denies that she has done anything for the team. She says she regards the trip as sheer enjoyment and that they are a very happy family. But a talk to McGrath or Quist is far more enlightening on the subject of Mrs. Crawford, Vivian McGrath, who has been a member of the last three teams, describes her as a great help to the team in every way.

"She rarely misses one of our matches," he said, "and when she does or is away from us for a day or two we realise just how much she means to the team."

"Knowing tennis as she does, Mrs. Crawford has been of great value in witnessing the play of future opponents and trying to pick out their weaknesses. She has helped me in this regard, and I know Jack relies on her judgment."

"I was very young when I made my first trip abroad, and that it was so completely enjoyable was largely due to Mrs. Crawford's happy and thoughtful nature."

"She is best described as a great scout, and a real big sister to the boys."

That is McGrath's praise and Adrian Quist has frequently echoed the same sentiments.

Despite Mrs. Crawford's denials there is no doubt that she has been invaluable to her husband who at

times has suffered severely from asthma. He is usually troubled on the long sea voyages, and had particularly bad bouts in 1933 and 1934.

Adrian Quist, too, suffers from the complaint, so Mrs. Crawford must nearly be ranked as an asthma expert.

Jack Crawford has often paid tribute to the assistance he has been given by his wife. As Miss Marjorie Cox she was an outstanding figure in Australian tennis, and with the opportunity of watching the world's best players in action she has developed sound judgment on the game.

Often when her husband is playing she watches his future opponent, and Jack has often been able to turn her shrewd observations to good account.

Quite apart from the playing angle she has relieved her husband of the thousand and one petty worries inseparable from the constant travelling to which he has been subjected.

That he has been able to stand up to so much severe tennis under all sorts of conditions and with perpetual travelling has been largely due to Mrs. Crawford's care.

## Part of Team

SO it is not hard to realise why this dainty little lady has become such an accepted part of our Davis Cup entourage. On her fifth trip she carries the best wishes of the tennis-loving public that she may bring "her boys" back with the Dwight Davis bowl in their possession.

When spoken to she was almost shocked to think that she should be regarded as an asset to the team.

"I love these trips," she said, "and I love watching good tennis, particularly when our boys are playing. And I also love diving into the shops overseas on a clothes hunt. So you see, I'm a pretty useless person for them to cart round."

However, if the team is successful, there is nothing more certain than that she will have earned a goodly share of the plaudits.

—Photo by Rembrandt.



# SACKCLOTH into SILK

Illustrated by WEP

**F SLOPP**  
**OTHING**  
**& SOLD**

WARWICK DEEPING'S  
Greatest Novel Since "Sorrell & Son"

THE theme of this fine serial, by Warwick Deeping, is mother-love—woman's greatest love. Rebecca Slopp, a second-hand clothes dealer with three sons, finds that two of them, Augustus and George, are but poor material. The youngest, Karl, is clever, and she senses his future genius. Knowing that the two elder boys will go their own way in life, she concentrates on Karl—the best beloved.

Hers is a story of mother-love and self-sacrifice. In every crisis Karl finds his mother by his side. She grows with him in greatness, weeps with him in adversity. From early struggles to ultimate triumph she is always planning for Karl.

It is a moving story, which grows in its intensity chapter by chapter, creating for us an unforgettable figure in Rebecca Slopp—mother of Karl. It is the story of every mother of a gifted and ambitious son.



SOME of the child's memories of the house were strange and capricious. They might have been described as infantile memories, save that they remained with him like sinister studies in black and white. The house was narrow, and dark and starved. From the side door and passage beside the shop the stairs ascended, carrying with them a warm feeling and a smell of old clothes. Shabby people climbed these stairs and went into his father's room. Sometimes he would listen to their voices.

An imaginative child, a sensitive, dark, mercurial little creature, he had a fondness for the window on the first landing and the strip of linoleum-covered floor. He used to pretend there. He was in his castle, or he was the captain of the ship, though the window showed him nothing but a backyard and piles of old packing-cases, and the shed in which his father's bicycle lived, and the backs of other houses. They were dastardly in their ugliness. Possibly it was their destiny to teach him that ugliness can be as provocative as beauty, and perhaps more potent in his inspiration. As an artist he was never to forget its significance.

He used to wonder about things. Even about his Christian names and surname. Karl Augustus Slopp. How did a person come to be called Slopp?

He used to wonder at his father's face, white and still like the face of death, but with eyes that were infinitely sullen, or smouldering with sudden fury. His father had a high, bald forehead, and a little black, woolly beard. There had been a time when his father had gone regularly to work from that previous house in Camomile Street. Karl had understood that his father had worked in a shop. Then something had happened to his father's legs. His father's walk had become strange, a kind of careful and deliberate shuffle.

His father had ceased to go to work. His father had sat about, sallow and silent and gloomy. Always he had been reading a book by a man named Marx. Something was happening to his father's hands. They were becoming like his feet. They looked like claws—but his father was always scribbling with a kind of venomous haste, holding the pencil pressed between forefinger and thumb. There were old exercise books on the bed.

At the bottom of the stairs lived his mother and the shop. Karl was too young to appreciate the appositeness of the name upon the fascia board. Rebecca Slopp. His mother sold second-hand clothes, clothes that had been bought in, mended and pressed. One of the most familiar smells asso-

ciated itself with the pressing board and the tailor's iron in the back room, and an odor of hot cloth. His mother's shop was an improvisation, and yet as a Jewess who had married a Gentile she had reverted to a world that was characteristic and familiar in supporting a sick husband and three boys. Rebecca had been in the trade. She had ghetto generations behind her. There were Goldsteins in Warsaw, Prague, and Heidelberg. A Goldstein had sold clothes to a tragic Heino.

The child was a little afraid of both his parents, but less afraid of his big, black-eyed and sometimes tempestuous mother than he was of that cold cantile of a father whose bitterness was burning itself out. His mother had bright, black eyes, a high color, and splendid hair. She was a woman of large emotions, and a deep voice.

It cannot be said that Karl grew up in an atmosphere of brotherly love.

## Our Splendid New Serial

Augustus was too much Esau. Karl was the beloved, Rebecca was not a woman who weighed out her passions and her prejudices. She was apt to be tumultuous and open-handed in her dispensations. Karl had his hair brushed by his mother. Karl was never given second-hand suits. Karl had a little attic bedroom of his own, whereas Gus and George shared secret physical antipathies in one room. Gus and George were always quarrelling, but since the truculent George had proved himself top dog in sundry roughs and tumbles, Augustus's assaults took the form of sneering. But Karl was the dark and favored flower in the stuffy house, and his brothers knew it.

His world began with the shops and pavements of the Essex Road. The Slopp shop stood compressed between a fruiterer's and a baker's, and to the eyes of the child both windows were wonderful. As neighbors, Mr. Smart, of the fruit shop, and Rebecca were not in sympathy. Brother George was greedy and a thief. In summer time cases and boxes of fruit were spread under the awning on to the pavement, and the temptation was obvious. George would open the side door of his mother's house, and with an old walking stick tip an apple or a pomegranate on to the pavement and rake it in.

Mr. Smart caught him fishing. The Essex Road was in those days a world of horses, and Mr. Smart believed in horse sense and the privileges of property. He dragged George out by the collar and cuffed him.

"I'll teach you to be a sneak thief."

Each day brought the war nearer their home. People began looking at Karl, he was five feet ten, and looked older than his age.

cherries like polished stones, purple plums, grapes. He just stood and looked, and Mr. Smart came one day to look at the child.

"Well—what do you—want, my lad?"

"Nothing," said Karl.

"Nuffin!" said Mr. Smart humorously.

"No—I just like to look."

Mr. Smart guffawed.

"Bad business for me, my dear, if all bally old Ishington was like you. Take your choice."

Karl asked a small head.

"I only want to look."

"Ere, have an apple."

Mr. Smart chose a red one, polished it on his apron and gave it to the child.

"You put your teeth into that."

But that is just what Karl did not do. He took his apple out with him for a walk, and looked at it, and held it against his cheek and smelt it.

HE carried it back with him untouched to his dream window on the back landing. And there George, stooping up the stairs, sighted the plunder and fished it from him. The beautiful thing was soon in George's mouth, but Karl did not bawl. He sat and watched the apple disappearing, and his brother's large mouth masticating.

George held his red knuckles under the child's nose.

"Don't you go and sneak, kid."

Karl said a strange thing for a child.

"I had the apple—before you bit it. I had all I wanted."

Karl's feeling about life was that there was always something wonderful round the corner. Even a street had its fascination, and the mysterious way it glided beyond your ken to disappear like a river between tall trees. The City Road was like that. Then there was the place where the Canonbury Road crossed the New River. When Karl put his face to the railings at one particular point and looked west he could see the water, green banks, gardens, a thorn, two or three ash trees, houses, and a stretch of green grass rising like a little hill. The water disappeared, and so did that stretch of grass, winding upwards to the right, to be cut off suddenly by the wall of a house. But Karl was sure that the river and the green slope went on and on. They were just the beginnings of some wonderful other world, and his child's fancy followed them. Bricks and mortar became a dark forest in which strange things happened. Karl had read about forests, but he had never seen one.

"I want to see a forest, mum."

His mother, caught in one of those moments when a woman recalls from drudgery and disillusionment, looked into the child's eyes, and saw her own dead youth in them.

"A forest, my dear?"

"Yes, mum."

Rebecca could think of nothing but Epping. It was the spring of the year, and Rebecca packed a basket, left old Mrs. Mutter in charge, and went with the child to where the white thorns were in flower.

Please turn to Page 30



# Wind Out of the South

By --  
**Antonia  
Cunliffe**

Everybody loves a circus, and Miss Hetty Lyndhurst was no exception. What if the village gossiped about her. Hadn't it brought her romance out of the South?



**T**HE wind came out of the south in great, warm puffs. It drove huge cloud galleons across the Indian summer sky, and whistled through the hedge and shook the heavy orchard boughs, so that apples fell in a hail of hollow, wooden thuds. It sent spirals of white dust spinning down the road.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon it brought a new sensation with it—a strange, tangy smell.

A smell that caused the Misses Lyndhurst's fat spaniel to rise and wander about sniffing uneasily; and that sent the horses in the paddock opposite stampeding down to the willows, where they stood pawing the ground and rolling their eyes nervously towards the road. It even, at last, became apparent to the younger Miss Lyndhurst, whose olfactory sense was nearer the animal than most.

She remarked upon the fact, wrinkling her nose faintly.

"Smell?" demanded the elder Miss Lyndhurst, straightening abruptly from the flower-bed over which she had been bending with more diligence than grace. "What smell? Can't be the drains. We've just had 'em seen to."

"Oh no, it's nothing like that," said her sister, in her soft, bright little voice that contrasted so strangely. "It's—it's an animally sort of smell."

"Badgers!" exclaimed Miss Sarah triumphantly. "They're coming right down to the house. I tell you once and for all, Hetty, I'm going to do something about them. They'll be rooting in the garden and attacking Flush next."

Flush suddenly ran down to the road

gleamed fierce and red out of a mask of white dust. A dromedary followed; and then came several cages on trailers, containing seals, lions, and a magnificent leopard.

A string of horses came next. The riders, lean brown men and girls, flashed her friendly smiles as they passed. Several caravans and at last a very battered-looking Ford brought up the rear.

In the back of the Ford sat a dusky cherub, obviously the child of the mahout, and a complacent-looking man. The driver caught Hetty's eyes and raised his hat.

"I wonder," he said, "if you will give me a little water for my goat? She's cut her knees rather badly."

Hetty swung open the gate. "Certainly. Bring her up to the pump."

The goat picked her way daintily out of the car and minced up the garden path. The man and child followed.

"Susan hates riding in a trailer for long," the man explained. "So I let her out for a run in the charge of this young merchant here. But he is a budnaah and went gluing his nose to the sweetie-window, and Susan was left to try her steeplechasing prowess on a half-built wall."

Susan submitted to having pump water run over her knees with the air of an early Christian martyr.

"Are you going to give a performance in Lillington?" asked Hetty. "I hope so. I've written to your local J.P. but have yet to collect my permit from him. We find small villages particularly sticky. We come under the Vagrants Act, you know, and people who are here to-day and gone to-morrow are never looked upon with much favor."

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow!" she repeated softly. "How perfectly lovely!"

Susan had by this time become bored. She tossed her head and started off down the garden path again.

"If I come to your performance to-morrow, will you let me go behind the scenes and feed the animals?" demanded Hetty.

He smiled and handed her a card. "Do! Perhaps you'll stay to tea? We love having visitors."

As the Ford disappeared in a cloud of dust she glanced at the card. Spencer Ward! No address! How heavenly to have no address!

Sarah came down the path; she looked just a little bit like Susan. "What did he want?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Only some water for his goat."

"You should have taken it down to the gate. If you hadn't hung about in the garden he wouldn't have spoken to you. I dare say he only wanted to have a good look round."

"Oh, no," said Hetty quietly. "He's a gentleman."

The elder Miss Lyndhurst fell back a pace as though she had been shot. "A what?" she demanded. "Do you realise, Hetty, that that man was the circus proprietor?"

Her younger sister opened her mouth to say something, and then thought better of it. She turned and picked up her hat.

It never did to argue with Sarah.

Illustrated  
by  
**FISCHER**



"Will your circus give a performance at Lillington?" asked Hetty. "I hope so," said Spencer Ward; "but these small villages do not look on us with much favor."

"Take out your hand," whispered Spencer.

He held the chop over the top of the cage. Ranees leaped upwards like the whipping coil of a spring. She stood on her hind legs roaring and clawing at the bars—six feet of ravening lust for meat.

The little offering fell. There was a snarl, a crunch, a swallow—and Ranees dropped supine into a corner of her cage, dreamily licking her lips.

Spencer Ward's green eyes twinkled down into Miss Lyndhurst's. Very blue they were, he observed, and large with fascination.

"You wouldn't think she held a man's head in her jaws half an hour ago, would you?" he asked. "Nor that out of her element she's as nervous as a kitten. We had a fire once, and somehow in the confusion she broke loose. After we'd searched half the countryside we came back in the morning to find her crouching under my caravan petrified by all the noise and excitement."

There was something more than pride of ownership in his regard for the animal. Hetty watched his face as he murmured a few rough endearments, and saw that he worshipped her. And she felt a secret thrill of pride—that rather humiliated pride that one feels in connection with animals—when, as he took her arm to pilot her out of the tent, he remarked:

"There are not many people whom I

allow to handle her. Animals are quick to sense nervousness and it always unbalances them."

She felt that in some oblique way she shared the leopard with him.

"They had tea on a patch of grass in front of his caravan. Thin china cups, thin sandwiches, little cakes still warm in their crinkly cases, a silver tea-kettle."

Were it not for the faint tang that always differentiates the wild animal from the domestic, and the strangely garbed, barbaric figures that sometimes moved across the clearing, she might easily have been taking tea on the lawn of any respectable household in Lillington.

**W**ITH the difference that to Spencer Ward one could talk in Lillington one dared not do that. Hetty had a shrewd, dry sense of humor, and an ability to map in neat character sketches with a few deft phrases.

She found herself sitting in a row, like ineptus, Lillington's chief worthies, to be bowled over by Spencer Ward's laughter. It was unkind, but they had tried her so long and Spencer's laughter was so infectious.

She felt a sudden pang when she became aware that the shadow of the great tent had crept nearly to their feet. To-morrow? To-morrow this

young man, who lay stretched in his chair throwing back his head so joyously to the heavens, would be gone. And all that would be left of this glimpse of life and movement, this fleeting vision of color and romance, would be a ring of beaten grass, and wheel marks where caravans had rested.

They wrote to one another. Of course they did! Every week of the long year that lay between. Towards the end, every day.

Another burnished August morning came round and Hetty Lyndhurst looked up from the breakfast-table.

"Spencer Ward will be here next week."

"Spencer Ward?"

Sarah's tone was one of exaggerated mystification.

"The circus proprietor," said Hetty firmly. "I think we might ask him to dinner."

"You wish me—to ask a ring-master to dinner?"

"Why not?"

"Very well, Hetty."

Later she went down to the pantry to find the safe open and Sarah, in gloves and a butler's apron, cleaning the massive family plate.

"What's this for?" she demanded in amazement.

"Your visitor," said Sarah, through thin lips.

## "Independence"

**I** WILL never grow too fond of you,  
No fonder than you'll ever be of me,  
And should you weary of my comradeship  
I will depart forever, silently.  
There will be no last tears or lamentation,  
No questioning or anguish of farewell,  
Only a last deep look that I may give you—  
Nothing for me to ask, or you to tell.  
Only the final action of my going.  
Walking away from you, out of your sight,  
Into the laughing spaces of the highway,  
Into the cool embraces of the night.

—Yvonne Webb.

and started barking furiously. Rather quickly, and with two little pink spots in her cheeks, Hetty followed. It never did to stay and argue with Sarah.

She leaned over the gate and peered down the road. For a moment she felt she must be dreaming. Out of a cloud of dust at the end of the quiet Huntingdonshire lane loomed two enormous grey shapes.

Elephants! Hetty clapped her hands.

"It's a circus, Sarah! A circus!"

The elder Miss Lyndhurst dropped her trowel and beat a hasty retreat.

"For goodness sake, come in, Hetty!" she called. But her sister stood transfixed.

The elephants swayed by with their soft, shuffling gait, like that of eternally old Eastern women. The eyes of the mahout in charge of them

**T**HE outer tent loomed about them, a cavern of hot, green gloom. The pungent smell of wild animals, straw and canvas titillated Hetty's sensitive nostrils and sent little shudders of excitement creeping among the short hairs that curled on the nape of her neck.

Her brown hand was thrust firmly through the bars of the leopard's cage, scratching the great cat's head.

"Isn't she a beautiful creature?" asked Spencer Ward.

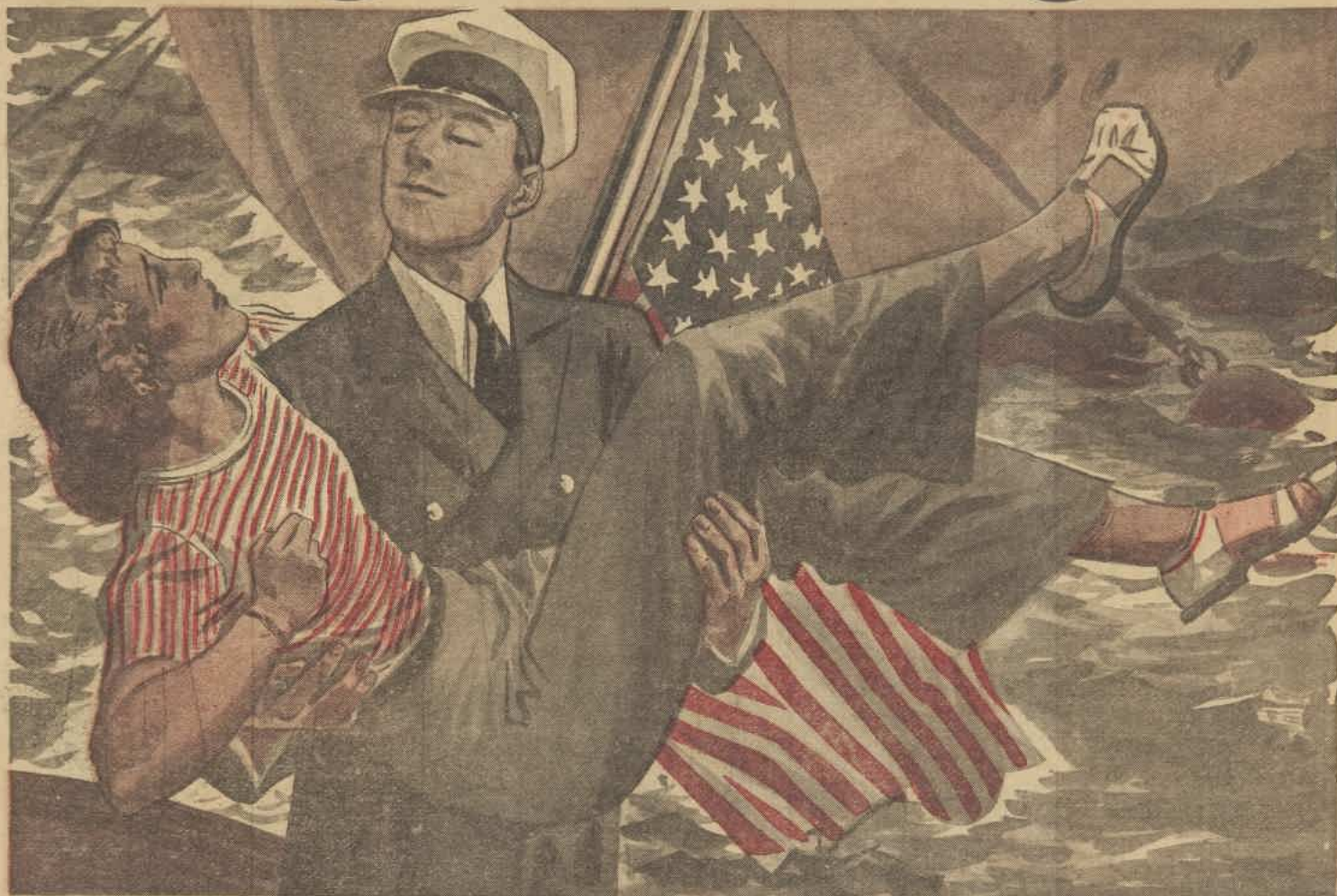
"Lovely!" whispered Hetty.

Ranees growled, a deep, menacing rumble of pleasure. Her great jaws drooled. Her amber eyes, half shut, turned now and again to Spencer, who held his hand behind his back. In that hand was a gift from Hetty—one very small chop, and Ranees could smell it

Please turn to Page 16



# LUCK of the SARDINE SAL



I was a fever day in Chinatown. If you shut your eyes and just listened, you could imagine that twenty miles away a war was being fought, and a city bombarded by big guns.

Toby Eggert didn't shut his eyes. He knew perfectly well that the bombardment was nothing but a few thousand firecrackers, and sure enough, when he turned on to Grant Avenue, the sidewalks were thick with their red paper bits. Up a dim cobblestone alley a red dragon reeled drunkenly, practising its capers for the parade, and lanterns overhead cast off a dull, ominous glow. Toby Eggert was built like a wedge. He had the big shoulders and the supple, hard body of the athlete. He walked briskly until the tourist bazaar gave way to the shops of the native quarter. Then he came to a blue-and-red gas sign that said "Len Sen's Chinese Food," and he thrust his weight against a heavy grille door and stepped inside.

It was like standing at the bottom of a well. Fifty-two steps led up between walls, without a railing, without a break, except one small landing precisely half-way.

He plodded up without stopping, but when he reached the top he was puffing, and for the first time in his life he felt a little faint.

Toby Eggert had been knocked cold more times than he could remember. He'd broken his nose twice, and his collar-bone once, and he'd played a whole quarter with a cracked wrist. But that was different. That was from sport, and this was from hunger. Then he opened a second door and stepped into a court, and immediately Len Sen saw him and came forward. "Velly nice. Velly glad," said Len Sen. "You hungry? Me catchem plenty food."

The question was strictly rhetorical. In the old days when Len Sen had ruled the kitchen of the big Eggert house on Beivedere Island, Toby had been harder to fill up than a man-eating lion.

It was meant for an insult and that was the way he took it. "All right," said Toby pleasantly, and he picked her up and heaved her into the bay.

Len Sen led Toby across the courtyard.

It was closed on four sides, open at the top, like one of these new salons on a canal steamer, where the roof rolls back and you dine beneath the stars.

There were no stars to-night, but there was green grass, water running into a pool where fan-tailed fish were sleeping beneath the water-lilies. And a little bridge, built like a half-circle.

On the bridge was a pretty girl, tottering on high heels, and squealing because the going-up had proved so much easier than the going-down.

Let her squeal! Toby followed Len Sen to a small wide table, and because they had been friends since Toby wore short pants, Len Sen sat down with him.

THEN a Chinese boy brought chicken with rice, bean sprouts with mushrooms, tomatoes with water chestnuts, and Toby ate. And presently he said: "Len Sen nothing is more defunct than a football player with a sheepskin looking for a job."

If Len Sen understood one word he didn't show it.

"Of course," said Toby, with a swallow of Len Sen's best tea. "I suppose I can always go back and be assistant to an assistant to the assistant coach."

Whatever this meant, Len Sen knew that Toby didn't like it.

"On the other hand," said Toby slowly, "perhaps I could sell the Sardine Sal."

Len Sen let fly a string of Chinese, like a bunch of firecrackers exploding all at once.

"No, no, no," he replied. "Bad luck. Catchem trouble."

The girl, who had managed to descend the bridge, stuck her head out from behind the lacquer screen that shut off her table, only to draw it back in like a turtle.

Neither one saw her. Their minds had gone back many years to the time

when the tong was after Len, and he'd had to spend four days hidden off-shore in a tubby blue boat, and a small boy had rowed out each morning with supplies.

The big house was gone. The slim white sailing ship with the auxiliary motor was gone. Toby's mother was gone, and the grey-haired giant who had made his money in the China trade. But the Sardine Sal still rolled in the wake of the big ships that came through the Gate. And the aroma of her youth, acquired when she had sailed as far as the Farallones in the fishing trade, clung to her as firmly as her name.

Then Toby looked up and he saw that the girl had come over and was looking down at him.

"It was nice of you to come," she said gently. "At first I didn't recognise you."

He stood up. Her face was vaguely familiar, but he couldn't remember having met her, and he didn't know her name.

"My friend, Len Sen," he said, and

Illustrated by WEP

coastguard had to send a tug out, and haul it in."

She laughed, as if this had been a great lark, then sobered. "As a matter of fact, that's why father fired the last man. He said he should have had better sense."

She did it very well, Toby thought. So well he could almost believe it was real.

"Didn't your mother ever tell you not to speak to strangers?" he asked her.

It didn't ruffle her. Nothing could. "That's the way with life," she told him. "Just when a girl thinks she's doing well it trips her up. I suppose I should have begun by reminding you that I met you at the Polo Club two years ago last July."

She mused over this a moment. "Or perhaps I should have said, 'Aren't you the man who caught the pass and made the run that won the Stanford-U.S.G. game?'" She took it off to perfection. "It sounds like a nursery rhyme, doesn't it?" she reflected. "This is the cat that ate the rat that lived in the house that Jack built."

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By . . .

MARGARET  
CRAVEN

ing," she said. "There is a job, and there is a boat, and I'm looking for a man to run it."

"And you think it would be nice if I applied?" asked Toby evenly.

"I think it would be sweet."

He longed to slap her.

"I'm Claire Haydon," she informed him. "My father's meeting me for dinner. He's a little late. When he comes, I'll send him over."

Just like that! Then she went back to her own table.

Toby sat down. Len Sen appeared from nowhere, and sat down.

The name explained the peremptory manner. Haydon carried a tradition of prominence and wealth. Toby Eggert conjured up all he'd ever heard about Claire Haydon. Pictures in the papers—mink coats, orchids. Her mother was dead. She was an only child.

That was all there was, but it was too much for Toby. It wasn't unusual, he knew, for a girl like that to dine at a place like this. San Franciscans patronise inconspicuous restaurants, stick away in strange streets.

"To a man burdened with a woman, one mile is as six," said old Len Sen slowly.

"I think I'd better leave," replied Toby. "While I'm still calm."

It was too late. A nice-looking elderly man had come in, and the girl was talking to him eagerly. Toby couldn't hear what she said, but he didn't need to. It was, "Oh, Dad, I've found the sweetest football player to run my boat," or something similar.

Then the elderly man came over, and he said: "You're Toby Eggert?"

"Yes."

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## A Long Complete Story

Len Sen bowed, smiled, and disappeared.

She sat down and so did Toby. She had the look of having been wrapped in cotton wool all her life, and since he had spent three months looking for work and not finding it he resented this.

"Of course you understand the job doesn't pay much," she told him, almost with an air of apology. "You see it isn't a very large boat."

She smiled. When she smiled you forgot all else except looking at her. "It isn't even a yacht," she admitted. "It's just a motor launch really, with a cabin and a tiny galley and it's never even been out the Gate except once, and then it broke down and the

It did. It always had to Toby Eggert.

"As a matter of fact," she told him candidly, "I heard you tell the old Chinaman that you'd been looking for work."

"Don't call a Chinese a Chinaman," said Toby in a voice that should have warned her.

"And of course I guessed right away you must know something about boats when you mentioned the Sardine Sal. It couldn't very well be a horse, or an automobile, with a name like that, could it?"

"A boat is not an it, but a she," said Toby coldly.

She ignored that, too. "Well, anyway, it's worth consider-



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,  
sketched by Petrov



● **THIS** attractive outfit is sketched from a Schiaparelli model. The quaint waisted jacket is of coral wool. It has a new flared basque jutting out at the back. The skirt of coral wool is slim-fitting.



● **OVER** a crepe dress in two tones of brown is worn a full jacket, finger-tip length, of moss-green velvet. The piquant little hat accompanying it is also of moss-green velvet.



● **SHEER** black wool or crepe for this afternoon dress with draped bodice and sleeves. A long scarf of yellow crepe loops through the belt, and is caught to the hem underneath.



● **TWO** bias strips of nigger-brown velvet are threaded through gathered slots on the collar and belt of this pink crepe dress. They finish in simple, pointed ends at neck and waistline.



● **VELVETEEN** and wool, red and bright navy, are two new combinations seen in this suit. The red velvet jacket is edged with blue braid. The wool skirt has four gores.

## Suggestions for Your First Autumn Ensemble!

**YOUR** first cold-weather purchase should be chosen with an eye on your winter wardrobe. If it is a dress you will wish to wear it later under your winter coat.

If it is a suit, you will want the accessories to go with other things later on. Therefore, before you make up your mind, decide upon your winter color scheme.

Dresses follow two trends—the first is military and suits only the young and slim. Here you see one-piece frocks like a military uniform, slim and tailored, with high, stiff collars, braided epaulettes, braided or velvet frogs up and down the front of the bodice, yoke trimmed with yards and yards of black soutache braid, shoulders rather square, sleeves straight, skirts slim and straight.

These dresses can be in two pieces, the hip-length jumper looking like a military jacket.

Black, in dull heavy crepe or sheer wool, will be favored for these dresses. Their color contrasts are military-red and hunter-blue for belts, collars or braid trimming.

Gold buttons in the shape of gold frame pieces or gold crowns will be fashionable fastenings. Black astrachan is the most popular trimming after braid.

## Cream of Coming Season's Wardrobe Wisdom

The second type of frock is more intricate in cut, but additionally becoming, and very feminine. Draped bodices, high necklines, slim skirts, or skirts with all the fullness centre-front, wrapped skirts. Drapery and shirring is handled to give straight lines. There are pleats, usually in the centre-front.

Full sleeves, big at the wrists and caught into a band, wide at the armhole and narrowing towards the wrist, pleated or shirred into the armhole will also be features of this type of frock.

### Some Waistlines

**WHEN** the skirt is draped across, the hips are slightly lower than the present mode, but the majority of dresses have wide belts which are placed high.

Necks finish with little standing collars or twisted yokes and scarves of the fabric.

Belts are of gold chain, gold kid, embroidery in bright wools on crepe, of velvet and velvet, and of colored leather.

Lacing is a favorite fastening—at the neck, back and front, at both sides of

### DAYTIME DRESS JEWELLERY

**FLASHING** jewels or bright-colored stones on your daytime dress are chic. No one cares that the stones are not real, as long as they are bright. Clips and brooches are big and decorative. Jewelled buttons, belts, and collars are smart. Jade, coral, topaz, and gold are worn on black frocks.

the skirt or bodice, laces of cord, crepe, or velvet in a contrasting color to the dress.

Jewelled ornaments are attached to day dresses in the shape of clips, buckles and buttons. Gold is a popular accessory color to black frocks—for belts, buttons and jewellery.

**AMONG** materials will be dull crepes with rough, crinkled surfaces, silky-haired surfaced wools, sheer wools, all soft and easy to drape, shirr, or tailor. Dull satins will be used for late afternoon frocks, velvet for any hour of the day, velvet for "dressy" frocks.

Wools have flecks and patterns in bright colors if they are sombre, with shiny or white hairs if they are bright. A combination of two fabrics in a dress is good, such as wool and satin, wool and velvet, wool and velvet, crepe and velvet, or crepe and wool. Browns, tan to dark nigger, every possible shade of green, bright, royal-blue, red—from darkest wine to bright coral—will also be worn. You may mix two colors in your frock, contrasting belt or scarf, gloves or hat.

### Draped Fullness

**A** BLACK wool jersey dress, with softly draped fullness twisted across the bosom, brought over one shoulder, and allowed to fall back, can be worn with bright yellow gloves or with a royal-blue hat and black gloves.

There are several styles for suits—trim military jackets, with high col-

lars and closing up the front with frogs, Louis XIV suits, with skirts and jackets kicking into flares centre-back, suits with tailored, fitted jackets, little velvet collars, braid-bound edges, double or single-breasted. Skirts are straight and slim, with low pleats or a wrap-over. They must be short—twelve to fourteen inches from the ground.

Sleeves are always plain in suits. Wools and velvet are suit fabrics, and the jacket and skirt often contrast, such as a deep red wool skirt and emerald wool jacket, black wool skirt and coral velvet jacket, brown skirt and mustard jacket, cornflower-blue skirt and ruby-red jacket.

A coat, jacket or cape over a crepe dress is a good autumn ensemble. They are made of wool or velvet.

Full-length coats are slim-fitting and button centre-front. Fingertip-length jackets have full backs and fronts and big sleeves. They can be smocked or shirred at the shoulders to give fullness. Capes can be any length from the waist to the hem of the dress.

Two colors are again used—such as a royal-blue coat or loose jacket over a Chinese vermilion-red dress, an emerald-green wool coat over a dark red dress, a yellow velvet jacket over a black dress, a moss-green wool cape over a tan dress, hunter's-green jacket and yellow dress, slate-blue jacket, and black dress.



# NEW SPORTS CLOTHES . . .

Swing on to Fashion's Fairways!



• (ABOVE) A Matita model. For the less formal moment, Matita brings this two-piece suit in black. The smooth-fitting wool skirt is topped by a jersey-weave jumper in a heavily-embossed ripple design, and the whole is given a distinct air by the white Staunton chessmen fastenings.

• THE knitted suit at top is an Anny Blatt model, hand-knitted in grey wool, with a red collar and a red leather belt. The chevron ribbing makes it extremely slender.



Photographs and Article from MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from Paris.

MID-SEASON collections in Paris and in London are over, and it is fairly easy to predict the general silhouette for the spring and summer.

This is a period when tweeds and jersey weaves take precedence over all else, and the clothes that are being made for the country are, from a practical standpoint, the best that we have seen for years.

The line remains smooth, but slits and very narrow skirts have given way to skirts which have a couple of deep inverted pleats at the front and one at the back, so that the hem swings with a grand air when the wearer walks, emphasising the slenderness of her hips and waist.

Tweeds are colorful, and there are many checks, bold and amazingly effective when combined with one or two plain colors. Tufted fabrics are featured with dark striped motifs on light grounds, and among colors emphasis is laid on soft, midway shades of a pastel character with great softness and depth.

For the moment, in England, women are wearing neat little suits beneath fur coats, and frocks which have the appearance of suits are popular. They are made in cheviots, in jersey, in fine face-cloths, or in matt velvet, and they are worn with very simple or very elaborate blouses as the occasion demands.

Creed, who is one of the oldest and best-known tailors in Paris, is, like Worth, originally of English stock, and he always shows a preference for British tweeds. He is making little, double-breasted jackets, cut with high revers and bound with braid, and worn with narrow skirts, absolutely plain. His personal preference is for bright-colored

scarves and matching hats, but many women are wearing this suit with a heavy oyster-colored satin jabot, for lunching out at well-known restaurants.

There are still a certain number of loose coats, but they hang without fullness, almost straight at the sides.

For the most part they are classically tailored, cut low at the front and fastened with a single button, with a half-belt across the back—or double-breasted with two imposing pockets on either hip.

Knitting, too, plays an important part, and even evening frocks come into this category. Anny Blatt is, of course, a supreme artist in this direction, and how little the hand-knitted garments of to-day resemble the stretchy frocks from which we have all suffered so much may be seen in the photograph of her grey dress collared and belted in red.

Sweaters are extremely simple in line, but intricate stitches are used with amazingly flattering results.

To sum up, walking suits and tweeds are comfortable—and therefore good—for the real test of any fashion is its suitability for the purpose for which it was designed.



• THE lovely Matita suit at the left shows the modern two-piece cognate at its gayest. The skirt is in wine, which is also the basic color of the little coat jumper. Novelty is lent to the suit by the loose wool-ends, scattered crazy fashion over the jumper, in green, orange, and mauve.

• FOR air travel. This air-minded traveller is wearing one of the new Dorville travel suits in a warm, soft tweed of nigger and beige miniature check. The tailored dress buttons down the front with covered buttons. The coat is lined with brilliant royal to match the scarf.



"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant. Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable. Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs.'—'Califig' and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning. You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system, saves stomach upsets and biliousness. If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed

well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once. Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' Mrs. Grant. I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realize that 'California Syrup of Figs' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

**"California Syrup of Figs"**  
"NATURE'S OWN" LAXATIVE



# An Editorial

FEBRUARY 22, 1936

## PEACE AND THE WOMAN



THE world has been horrified these last few weeks at the revelations made by witnesses under cross-examination by the commissioners comprising the British Arms Inquiry in London. These revelations have followed hot upon those brought forth before the United States Congress Arms Inquiry.

Thanks to these inquiries, we have learned an aspect of war more terrible even than war's own essential ghastliness. Here we find war discovered as commercialised massacre, where dividends are won and paid literally in blood and tears, with callous carelessness as to whether those dividends are derived from the slaying even of one's own kith and kin.

The peoples of the earth have been thus steadily aroused and consolidated into a bitter antagonism against any further war, or even the anticipation of such conflict among themselves.

Then out of this clearing sky there comes a bolt from the blue, in the news that Great Britain is to spend from £300,000,000 to £400,000,000 to put the kingdom in a position of air, land, and sea safety.

A military appropriation bill is introduced into Congress at Washington for a record appropriation of £114,000,000. And Australia is now to spend £19,500,000 on defence.

This rearming of the English-speaking peoples upon a footing of preparedness never before dreamt of can spell but one thing—the imminence of another war. The veriest pacifist must admit that, just as equally as that same pacifist must admit that in the appropriation of these millions upon millions lies our first safeguard against the incidence of conflict.

Our first safeguard, certainly. But not the only one; not even the surest.

There can be but one perfect way of avoiding war, and that is a rearmament of the women of the world against war: a rearmament of the forces of the spirit of humanity rather than of the spirit which "puts its trust in reeking tube and iron shard."

A big task, the biggest in this present world. But for the woman who has achieved motherhood there could be no greater task to achieve than that—none dearer to her heart than this new and insistent motherhood of peace.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Way In and Out

WITH the surf-bathing season in full sun and sand blast in all the States, it is interesting to note that South Australia proposes to go one better and goodier in its beach regulations.

Already in that State the men and women are compelled to sit at least two feet apart from one another on the beaches. Now it is suggested that one sex should bathe on one beach and the other on another. Wouldn't it do if they let the men go in the water and the girls stay on the beach, just like they do in New South Wales?

## One a Minute.

HEREWITH a few new complaints discovered in the interests of American proprietary medicine preparations:

Acid Mouth, Acid Skin, Conversation Lines, Crepey Throat, Dated Skin, Detective Tongue, Dirty Linen, Skin, Flour Face, Lipstick Paraphing, Paring Knife Finger, Piggie Hair Bristles.

Well, of course, the Great Skin Game was invented in U.S.A.

## Out of the Mouths . . .

DENTISTS have established the fact that hanging on to wisdom teeth may bring about lunacy.

Which just simply establishes the wisdom of the old saw, that genius is akin to madness.

## More in Sadness

IT is now revealed that just half a dozen men, acting as scouts for the major film companies, are entrusted with the task of finding new talent for the talkies.

Most interesting aspect of this is that there really is some selection process.

## Wet Logic

ABOLITION of prohibition in U.S.A. has had a strange sequel in Scotland.

It has meant an increase in the salaries of those ministers of the Church who are still paid according to the ruling price of barley. Some stipends have appreciated as much as £100 a year.

We may yet read "Comin' Through the Rye" among "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

## Compulsory

A LITTLE while back, Sir James Barrie, author of "Peter Pan," asked a gathering of 70 children under the age of 10 what sort of stories they liked best.

Only six plumped for fairy stories. As a matter of fact, it's not until men and women are married that they believe in fairy stories. Then, of course, they have to.

## The Supreme Law (?)

SLUMS, of course, do not exist in Australia.

Any politician will tell you that. It is therefore interesting to note that, as revealed at one Sydney suburban council meeting last week, just the bare 179 people were living in five houses, while in the same neighborhood eight families shared the one roof.

The alderman who ventilated these facts explained that the Works and Health Committees of the council was powerless to act under the present constitution. As against this, during the same week, a citizen of Melbourne was fined £2 for permitting a house to be so overcrowded as to endanger the health of the inmates. In this case it was established that 38 people were using the same premises.

If the various States will not take up the housing problem seriously, it is the plain duty of the Federal authorities to step in and legislate for the health of the community. The only catch in that is that Canberra, the model city, has its own unsightly slum area which the Federal Capital powers have refused to clean up for these years past.

## That Accent

MANY of us have often been puzzled as to what this "Australian accent" really is. Sufficient unto us is the fact that we are able to understand each other and that the more cultured among our English visitors have conversed with us on more or less equal terms of intonation—or whatever you call it.

Here is one such, S. B. E. Johnston, Dr. Etym., of the teaching body at Winchester (Eng.) University. In an illuminating letter to an Australian wireless periodical on the pronunciations of local broadcast announcers, he concludes:

"May I speak of one other thing—the so-called Australian accent? It has been my experience, during my short stay here, that the educated Australian's diction is purer and pleasanter to



NINA MURDOCH in characteristic pose. She has a bright smile and vivid personality.

—Photo by Montgomery-Dunn.

the ear than the harsh accents of the Englishman. When I return to my work in England, shortly, I shall carry back memories of a hospitable people, who speak English better than the English themselves."

Surely this is not just an exemplification of the old Winchester motto: "Manners maketh man."

## Lyric of Life

### To a Portrait

THE chain of memory is long  
And the links are finely wrought;  
Perhaps the echo of a song,  
And perhaps a quiet thought,  
Still hold the heart in other ways,  
The dear and unforgetten days.

The years have passed and left their mark

On your hands, and heart, and face,  
On hair that blew so proudly dark,  
And the sweet and virgin grace,  
Yet all the promise of your eyes  
In age's ripe fulfilment lies.

And all your dreams in that far youth  
They have met within your day  
The double sword of time and truth  
That cuts the fatter thoughts away.  
So life goes on, we both are old . . .  
My dear, the tale, our tale, is told.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

# Nina Murdoch on Last Lap of Lone Travel

By BLANCHE d'ALPUGET.

Nina Murdoch, if anything more vivid, glowing, and alert than when she left Australia two years ago, is back in her native land.

She has packed the neat compartments of her capacious brain with data and impressions that have already found expression in two books—"She Travelled Alone in Spain," which is nearly through its second edition in London and was sold out in Sydney; "Tyrolean June," now in the publisher's hands—and material for two further books.

THESE, of course, will have to be written during leisure from house-keeping, for, in private life, the vivacious writer is Mrs. J. Duncan Brown, wife of the assistant editor of the Adelaide "News."

Nina Murdoch secured an admiring host with her first book, "Seventh Heaven," who looked forward eagerly to her next travel volume. Their faith was justified. "She Travelled Alone in Spain" is finishing its second London edition, and the Australian edition was sold out before Christmas.

It is just on two years since Nina made up her mind to go to Spain. After her return last week Nina talked vivaciously of her doings.

## Off the Beaten Track

NINA tells as brilliantly as she writes how she left the boat at Gibraltar and stayed at a little hotel and tried out her book Spanish on the staff, who spoke no English. She says the waiters and waitresses were very helpful and most patiently corrected her, pointed out objects and told their names in Spanish, read the menu to her, and tried her out next day to see how much she remembered. After a fortnight of this simple tuition she went from Algeciras to Ronda, and from Ronda to Granada.

"Really, no one in the world was more astonished than myself to find that I understood everything that the porters and hotel-keepers and staff said, and, more still, they understood me," she relates. "I think that anyone who thinks of going to Spain should make an effort to learn the language. With no Spanish one has to stick to the beaten track and go to the first-class hotels, and so miss such a lot of interest and joy. I was so pleased with my attempts that I went back and picked up my luggage."

Well, all that Nina Murdoch did in Andalusia is contained in her book. However, though it sounds a bit paradoxical, she did say that she does not regard Andalusia as Spain.

"It's not really Spain to me; it's Africa—Moorish—comic. North I found the real Spain. The Castilian, dignified, a hard worker."

"The Castilian has a climate that needs strength of character, as well as powers of physical endurance. At Avila the winter is so severe that the stones of the cathedral are frost-bitten. They have a proverb which says THREE MONTHS' WINTER AND NINE MONTHS' HELL. Out of that country came The Old, who drove out the Moors."

## Magnificent Portuguese

FROM the north Nina went into Portugal where she found the Portuguese as indignant if confused with the Spanish as the Canadians are if confused with Americans, and the New Zealanders if confused with Australians.

"It was pleasant to get long hazel eyes, instead of the big round brown eyes of the Spanish—and clean-shaven men after the stubble which always made the Spanish men look dirty," she added. "They must have shaved sometimes, else they'd have had beards, but evidently I never encountered any of the shaven."

The picturesqueness of Portugal was striking. The women are so vigorous and vital, and never do anything slowly. They stride along with a flowing shawl and a milk-can topped by

a basket of vegetables on their heads. Always there was a brilliant bunch of flowers tucked in the side of the vegetable basket, the woman's last purchase at market. They always seemed to manage to save sufficient for the flowers. They go barefooted or wear heelless slippers. A law forbids bare feet, as so many got tetanus from neglected cuts, but once out of view of the police, off come the slippers and they, too, are perched on the marvellously-balanced head lead."

Nina came home via Panama, and at the beginning of the journey was struck by the worst storm the captain of the Mataroa had encountered in thirty years of navigating. Then she encountered the tail-end of the dreadful storm that recently did such damage in Auckland.



# BLONDIE

Sometimes Sailors Do Care!





# LOWER is Missing ... on all 2-4-6-8!

Last Seen in Search of Lord Ullin's  
Daughter at Wiseman's Ferry

By "MO." from the Lower-berth. Illustrated by WEP.

Lower is missing!

Missing from all his usual and, more particularly, his *unusual* haunts.

When he does a job he does it thoroughly. You must hand it to him for that (among other things).

Other people have disappeared from human ken; but Lower has disappeared even from the ken of those who ken John Peel, and anyone who kens John Peel kens what he's kenning about; especially at that time of the morning.

LOWER'S movements have been traced as far as Wiseman's Ferry. The various ferry-men deny all knowledge of Lower further than the southern bank of the river. They deny it with a certain amount of passion. It appears he held up all the cars on the ferry approach in search of Lord Ullin's daughter, whom he declared, he had been commissioned to ferry across the water. At very irregular intervals he recited a version of the famous poem, and a very irregular version at that.

This kept him in oysters and cigarettes for a few days, until, despairing of Lord Ullin's daughter turning up, he registered for rations at the local police station as Lars Persena of Clusium, and asked to be directed to the great house of Tarquin,

where, he said, he had a steady job waiting him punching holes in the locally-bred Gruyere cheese.

Lower was directed to the residence of an Italian fisherman, since when he has not been seen, though a good deal has been seen of the Italian dashing about the village trying to exchange a handful of League Club Football tokens for half their face value.

## Midnight Madness

WHEN questioned by the police, the Italian told an unnerving story about being visited at the dead of night by a dark-moustached desperado who claimed to be Ras Das Halle and Farewell Selassie Lower, just back from the Abyssinian front. Ras Das, etc., claimed to have become sickened with the slaughter of

so many Italians, and was now sworn to a penitential pilgrimage among the Italians resident in Australia. He had pressed the metal tokens on his host in exchange for six bottles of Chianti, two yards of salmi sausage, one knot of garlic, 87 feet of spaghetti, 1lb. of cheese, and a pillow-case, and then passed on into the night.

Passing into the night at Wiseman's Ferry makes any hope of tracing Lower all the more remote. There's more night to the square inhabitant at Wiseman's than in any other part of Australia. Tom Moore wrote "Oft in the Still Night" in memory of Wiseman's Ferry, and many of the stills are still there. In fact, there may be still more if Lower has decided to settle down there. He is the still-waters-run-deep type.

No reward is being offered for the capture, apprehension, or finding of Lower. Anyone doing so does so at his or her own risk. So don't say we didn't warn you. At the same time a few pointers on his general appearance and habits may not be amiss; they'll give you a chance of seeing him first, anyhow.

## Very Diffident

WHEN he left this office he had 3/- on him. But he's not likely to have that much on him now. We doubt whether that would see him over the first week-end; just about over the street, we'd say. He does not carry a watch, having no need for same. If anyone asks Lower if he has the time he just says: "Yes, have you got the price?" Anyhow, watches just annoy him, particularly if they have a Swiss movement. Lower fell off an Alp once, and has hated the Swiss ever since and all their movements.

Lower is short of stature and most other things, but is well set up if you can only get him wedged in a corner. Complexion dark and bitter, especially on Thursdays. His hair is inclined to wave if not cut regularly every six months, and there are signs of a moustache under the infra-red ray and the left nostril. The right half was worn out in a vain endeavor to curl it.

His outstanding characteristic is his diffidence. He really doesn't seem to be all there, is the impression you get from this diffidence. Very deprecatory gestures with his hands, as if washing out everything he may have said or suggested. A Chaplinesque resignation to the fates that be, including relations and the Income Tax Department.



Tank Corps in search of Lower. The bloodhounds are put in just to make it harder.

Stephen Leacock once described a man who went through life looking as if he was simply inviting somebody to drop half a brick on his face. Make it a hod of bricks, and you've got Lower.

One certain clue to his identity is his singlet. It buttons up on the left shoulder, just like an old-fashioned dickey (or is it dickey? You know those

starched things we used to wear on Sundays). Lower was scratching his left shoulder with his right hand one day, when the wind changed, while a cross-eyed woman was looking at him, and he's been like that ever since. About singlets, anyhow.

We're not saying anything more about him than just the bare word "Beware!" If you should happen to come across him, breathe it to us very gently, or even lower than that.—Mo.

How did she  
get so  
SLIM



IT'S hard to believe that a short while ago she was putting on weight—quite rapidly too, until she was advised to take Bile Beans.

Now her figure's as lovely and slim as it ever was, and she takes good care to keep it so by taking Bile Beans nightly. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

You, too, can regain your slim line and keep a lovely fashionable figure by taking Bile Beans nightly.

# BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM.

"Taking Bile Beans every night got rid of my surplus fat and reduced my weight by nearly four stones, and this without having to cut out any of my food. Bile Beans are a fine rejuvenating medicine, too. Everybody says how well I look now both in figure and health. I feel twenty years younger." Mrs. M. Smith.

"After taking Bile Beans nightly for six weeks, I am delighted to tell you that I have lost fourteen pounds of unwanted fat. Another result is wonderfully improved health and I feel brighter and more energetic than I have been for years." Mrs. K. Blacketter.



# PROGRESS

1817 - 1936

Australia's population was about 33,000 in 1817, when the Bank of New South Wales was established. Trading was difficult owing to scarcity of currency. Industry was in its infancy. Bullocks and horses were the means of transport.

The opening of the Bank completely revolutionised trading, gave a tremendous impetus to development, and provided financial facilities for overseas trade. In ten years, the population had more than doubled. By 1850 it totalled 400,000.

To-day we look back with pride on what has been accomplished since the establishment of the Bank, 119 years ago. In the light of past achievements we may look forward with confidence to the future.

The population of Australia is now over 6,500,000, and the annual value of primary production totals over £200,000,000. Factories numbering over 23,000 with an annual output exceeding £330,000,000, give employment to over 400,000 workers. Nearly 28,000 miles of railway and many thousands of miles of roads have been constructed, whilst air services are being rapidly developed.

In all this development, the Bank of New South Wales has played a vital part. Pioneering with the pioneers, it has constantly opened branches to serve new areas, and by continually extending its banking services has fostered the development of internal and external trade.

## Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

755 Branches throughout Australia, New Zealand, Pacific Islands, and London

1936



# SUMMER COLDS

Smash  
them  
with



End  
them  
quickly

## WITH DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus Extract

Do this before retiring—

Put 15 drops of DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus in a jug of hot water and inhale for five minutes. This will clear your head, and bring destruction to the Cold Germs in your system. Also take 3 drops of DOUBLE "D" on a lump of sugar—being pure DOUBLE "D" is safe to take internally.

CAUTION: Use only the genuine Double "D" Eucalyptus—it's pure, strong and safe. Refuse all substitutes.

9d. ————— ENORMOUS SALES ————— 1/3

## "GRATEFUL FOR THE MARVELLOUS RESULTS"



Rundown, nervy people turn to Clements Tonic to give them back their health. After a short course, their appetites are restored, their nerves are steadied and their health is improved "out of sight." Small wonder, then, that they are grateful to Clements Tonic—the natural restorative.

Willoughby, N.S.W.

"I have very much pleasure in writing these few lines, which I sincerely hope may be of some assistance in recommending your marvellous tonic. I have taken other tonics specially prescribed and I find none to equal the famous Clements Tonic.

"My work is very strenuous on nerves, as I am a phonogram attendant, and I can assure you I am more than grateful for the wonderful results I am getting from Clements Tonic, and I will certainly recommend it to all my fellow workers as a marvellous tonic for nerves."

(Miss) M.D.

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

Prices in Capital Cities, 3/- and 5/- a bottle, at all Chemists and Stores.



# CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

CTSS-128

# NEW BOOKS

## Woman Writes Saga of White Sails at Sea

Reviewed by LESLIE HAYLEN

Although the Maine coast of North America is the setting of Mary Ellen Chase's story of the last days of the old sailing vessels, the whole world is its playground. Her book, "Silas Crockett," is a real saga of the sea, with white ships on the ocean and scintillating lives at home.

IT tells of the sea when it was a man's whole world. When he took to it as soon as he could wear his father's reefer jacket, watched his own ship growing to full beauty on the slips, and the proud day he walked the quarter-deck as her master.

The author has captured the atmosphere of the old days in a vivid manner. All the Crocketts live. Old Silas fits his ship as snugly as the reefed sails on the top-gallant, and his descendants who roved like commercial buccaners the seven seas all followed the Crockett tradition of a fair trade and a hard bargain.

We get from the book an accurate account of the seaports of the period.

The wide-eyed lads who knew six continents clattering down the wharves with antiquities from China, ugly old Buddhas, or sandalwood brackets for their particular Solace, or Winsome or plain Mary Ann awaiting them quietly at home.

### Fine Women

THE womenfolk of the era are drawn with a sympathetic pen. In those days it was a man's job to roam the sea in the ever-widening circles of trade; it was the woman's task to wait patiently at home for the return of the rovers, when there was modified hilarity, a wedding or two, a child to be christened, a little sober love-making, and then the men went down to the sea again.

There is an acceptance of life about these women which is rather beautiful in its quiet dignity. There had been a

terrific storm along the wind-lashed coast. Every cottage knew that a ship containing dear ones was homeward bound. As the lamps were set in the windows at night every woman saw a picture of a gallant little ship with raised sails fighting its way through the grey-green rollers of the angry Atlantic. News came slowly. Perhaps the captain of a coaster had seen some wreckage; or by chance a vessel in port had sighted the overdue packet in some part of the ocean.

Then after weeks of waiting the tiny craft limped into port amid great jubilation. Or perhaps the little dancing figurehead came no more, arms outstretched over the calm waters of the harbor. That was all.

A woman or two wore a widow's cap, or a lass turned to a living lover. The hammers still rang in the shipbuilding yards, and brown-legged boys watched them broodingly, awaiting "The Day." Truly the Crockett women were worthy mates to the men bred on the hard sea-coast in the brave days of sail.

MISS CHASE has given us a fine, quiet-moving story which is at its best when dealing with the men and women of the times. She wastes a lot of sentiment on the passing of the era of sail, however, and surely even the old "lifers" themselves must have hailed the advent of steam after life on the wind-jammers. It takes a rare romanticist to keep his eyes on the glorious spread of canvas and the white waves waking when he knows that salt provisions is the complete menu for the rest of the protracted voyage, and brackish water his drink. The book should be read, however, for the slow beauty of its word pictures and the glimmer of old days which it brings back to life. (Collins 2/6)



MARY ELLEN CHASE, whose novel, "Silas Crockett," is a vivid and authentic story of the old seafaring days.

## THE CHEMIST'S ADVICE

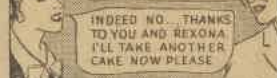
JUST LOOK AT MY SKIN, MOTHER. LINES, BLOTCHES, BLACKHEADS! WHATEVER CAN I DO?



ASK THE CHEMIST, DEAR HE OUGHT TO KNOW



YOU NEED REXONA SOAP. IT'S MEDICATIONS THOROUGHLY CLEANSE THE SKIN, AND THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP IT CLEAR.



I'D HARDLY KNOW YOU FOR THE SAME GIRL! NO SKIN TROUBLE THESE DAYS?

INDEED NO... THANKS TO YOU AND REXONA I'LL TAKE ANOTHER CAKE NOW PLEASE

MORE THAN A SOAP... A REAL SKIN TREATMENT

Every time you wash with Rexona Soap, its special medications penetrate deep into the pores, and carry away dust and germs before they can give rise to irritating blemishes. Rexona clears your skin and keeps it clean.

SOAP 9d. per tablet OINTMENT 1/6 per tin (City and Suburbs)

2/10/36

## Easy to REDUCE

THIS SAFE NO-THYROID WAY!

OVERWEIGHT spoils charm and endangers health! When heart throbs—when nerves get ragged and digestion upset—when joints ache, and head throbs—remember these are among the most serious penalties of excess fat. No doubt about the danger. Ask any doctor. Learn how often only fat works health.

Why Be FAT? Take off 1 lb. a Day Enjola turns fat into energy! Without thyroid or any dangerous drugs! Without starvation diets or exercises! Without sweat, you can be attractively SLENDER. Enjola rejuvenates and re-creates as it takes off fat. Bulky waist and bust, ungainly hips, puffy arms, thick ankles, double chin—these disappear as Enjola silos. No risk of excessive dieting. When normal again, you stop taking Enjola, and reduction ceases. You BOLD the new, slim lines you've won! Your outlook changes... your popularity increases, for all admire a slim, attractive figure.

No Thyroid! No Risk! Why hesitate? Enjola succeeds where other things fail. Enjola forms no habit; it is the most modern, efficient SAFE Reducing Medicine ever devised. Suitable for all over 15. Enjola is 6/6 at the Chemist's, or you may obtain by post if you send the Coupon, and add 9d. towards postage (N.Z. and Overseas Orders, add 2/-).

COUPON... NAME... ADDRESS...

## SHORT REVIEWS

### "AUSTRALIAN STORIES FOR CHILDREN."

Kit Murray. This is a posthumous publication, the writer having died in Sydney more than two years ago. Miss Murray was one of Sydney's well-known war workers, particularly in War Chest activities. She wrote for the sheer love of writing in her leisure hours. It was not until after her death that some of her children's stories were submitted to a London publisher, and these in book form have now reached Australia. It is a delightful little volume, and one that Australian children will appreciate. The illustrations, some in color, are the work of Edward Scott-Snell. (Moore's Book Shop. 3/-).

### "RETURN TO COOLAM." Eleanor Dark.

The whole of this story covers a two days' motor journey from Sydney to a place called Coolam, and in this space of time Mrs. Dark cleverly exploits a mental flash-back whereby the four occupants of the car relive the story of their lives. As the road unfolds so does the story develop to its conclusion in a manner which is most artistically satisfying. There is good terse character-drawing in this novel, with perhaps the introspective touches a little overdone at times. This novel from the pen of an Australian woman has for its highlights a fine literary sense and strong dramatic values. The local color is subsidiary to the story which, in a worth-while novel, is just as it should be. (Collins 7/6).

### "LETTERS FROM ROME." H. M. Moran.

In this booklet Dr. Moran, a prominent Australian, gives his views on the Italo-Abyssinian situation. He is not a sentimentalist, and he claims that Italy's expansion policy in Ethiopia is justified by history. A home must be found for the surplus population of Italy, and Abyssinia is the next logical step in that regard. A virile people must have an outlet, and history records, says Dr. Moran, not a few instances of this which were not frowned on by the rest of the nations.

The League of Nations, which is referred to as "Half a League onward," is not thought highly of by the author. There is praise for

## BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

THE BOOK: "Minor Medical Mysteries," by Leonard Williams, M.D.

If you are suffering from an overdose of fiction, here is a doctor-author for you with an ideal tonic and a wonderful book-side manner.

HAVE you wondered why Henry is so tall and his brother Herbert so small? The doctor will explain that to you. In fact, he'll tell you all about giants and dwarfs and other minor medical mysteries. The book is full of answers to an inquisitive woman's prayers, and the advice is nicely flavored with a rare good humor.

WHY Auntie puts just a dash of henna in the last rinsing-water when washing her hair is given a new significance by this doctor who can't keep a secret.

NIDISTS are not popular with Dr. Williams. In fact, he literally tears the shirt off their backs. Fact-fitting, too, is explained in a barefaced manner by the doctor, who realises that a sense of humor is more effective than a stethoscope in certain cases.

He tells you about your dreams; but you had better read that for yourselves.

GIRLS AND GAMES and women's sport give the author plenty of scope and he is rude enough to disagree with the ladies on certain points.

It's a cheap prescription at 5/6. Our review copy is from Angus and Robertson, Ltd.

Mussolini in the book, and a sympathy with Italian aspirations. While not attempting to be impartial, the author presents the case for Duce succinctly. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Ltd.)



What a difference  
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# The ABDUCTOR

Another Complete Short Story of  
"THE THREE JUST MEN"

By ....  
**Edgar WALLACE**

I was a year since Lord Geydrew invoked the aid of the Just Men who lived at the sign of the Triangle in Curson Street. He was a narrow-headed man. The first time they met with him, Polcart hazarded the opinion that he was constitutionally mean. The last time they met it was not so much an opinion as stark knowledge, for his lordship had most boldly repudiated the bill of expenses that Polcart had rendered—even though Manfred and Gonzalez had risked their lives to recover the lost Geydrew diamond.

The Three did not take him to court. Not one of them had need of money. Manfred was satisfied with the experience. Polcart was cock-a-hoop because a theory of his had worked home. Gonzalez found his consolation in the shape of the client's head.

The most interesting recession of the parietal and malformation of the occiput, I have ever seen," he said enthusiastically.

The Just Men shared one extraordinary gift—a prodigious memory for faces and an extraordinary facility for attaching those faces to disreputable names. There was, however, no credit due for remembering the head of his lordship.

Manfred was sitting in his small room overlooking Curson Street one night in spring, and he was in his most thoughtful mood when Polcart—who invariably undertook the job of butler—came hobbling in to announce Lord Geydrew.

"Not the Geydrew of Gallat Towers?" Manfred could be mischievously ironical. "Has he come to pay his bill?" "God knows," said Polcart piously. "Do peers of the realm pay their bills?" For the moment I am less concerned about the peerage than I am about my ankle—really, Lord is a careless devil. I had to take a taxi."

Manfred chuckled. "He will be penitent and interesting," he said, "as his lordship. Show him up."

**L**ORD GEYDREW came in a little nervously, blinking at the bright light that burnt on Manfred's table. Evidently he was unusually agitated. The weak mouth was tremulous. He opened and closed his eyes with a rapidity for which the bright light was not wholly responsible. His long lined face was twitching spasmodically. From time to time he thrust his fingers through the scanty, reddish-grey hair.

"I hope, Mr. Manfred, there is no—er—"

He fumbled in his pocket, produced an oblong slip of paper and pushed it across the desk. Manfred looked and wondered. Polcart, forgetful of his role as butler, watched interestedly. Besides, there was no need to pretend that he was anything but what he was.

Lord Geydrew looked from one to the other.

"I was hoping your friend—um—"

"Mr. Gonzalez is out. He will be back later in the evening," said Manfred, wondering what was coming.

Then his lordship collapsed with a groan and let his head fall upon the grain that lay on the desk.

"Oh, my God!" he wailed. "The most terrible thing... it doesn't bear thinking about."

Manfred waited patiently. Presently the older man looked up.

"I must tell you the story from the beginning, Mr. Manfred," he said. "My daughter, Angela—you may have met her?"

Manfred shook his head.

"She was married this morning. To Mr. Gunthelmer, a very wealthy Australian banker, and an immensely nice fellow." He shook his head and dabbed his eyes with a handkerchief. Light was beginning to dawn on Manfred.

"Mr. Gunthelmer is considerably older than my daughter," his lordship went on, "and I will not conceal from you the fact that Angela has certain objections to the match. In fact, she had very stupidly arrived at some sort of understanding with young Sidworth—a good family, and all that, but not a penny in the world... it would have been madness."

Manfred now understood quite clearly.

"We had to hurry the marriage, since Gunthelmer is leaving for Australia much earlier than he expected. Happily my daughter gave way to my legitimate wishes and they were mar-

ried this morning at a registrar's office and were due to leave for the Isle of Wight by the three o'clock train.

"We did not go to see her off, and the only account I have of the occurrence was from the mouth of my son-in-law. He said that he was waiting up to his specially reserved carriage when suddenly he missed my daughter from his side. He looked round, retraced his steps, but could see nothing of her. Thinking that she might have gone ahead, he returned to the carriage, but it was empty. He then went back beyond the barriers. She was not in sight, but a porter whom he had engaged to carry his baggage, and who came on after him, said that he had seen her in earnest conversation with an elderly man, and they walked into the booking-hall together and disappeared. Another porter on duty in the courtyard of the station saw them get into a car and drive off."

**M**ANFRED was jotting down notes on his blotting-pad. Polcart never lifted his eyes from the visitor.

"The story the porter tells—the outside porter, I mean," went on his lordship. "Is that my daughter seemed reluctant to go, and that she was almost thrust into the car, which had to pass him. As the car came abreast, the man was pulling down the blinds, and the porter says that he has no doubt that my daughter was struggling with him."

"With the elderly man?" said Manfred.

Lord Geydrew nodded.

"Mr. Manfred—his voice was a wall—I am not a rich man, and perhaps I would be wise to leave this matter in the hands of the police. But I have such extraordinary faith in your intelligence and acumen—I think you will find that cheque right—and in spite of your exorbitant charges I wish to engage you. She is my only daughter."

His voice broke.

"Was the number of the car taken by the porter?"

Lord Geydrew shook his head.

"No," he said. "Naturally I wish to keep this out of the Press."

"I'm afraid you've failed," said Manfred, and took a paper from a basket that was at his side, pointing out a paragraph in the stop press.

"Reported Abduction of Bride."

"It is reported that a bride, just before leaving Waterloo on her honeymoon trip, was forcibly abducted by an elderly man. Scotland Yard have been notified."

**P**ORTERS will talk."

Manfred, leaning back in his chair, "Have the police a theory?"

"None," snapped his lordship.

"Has Mr. Sidworth been interviewed?"

Lord Geydrew shook his head vigorously.

"Naturally that was the first thought I had. Sidworth, I thought, has persuaded this unfortunate girl—"

"Is he an elderly man?" asked Manfred, with a twinkle in his eye which only Polcart understood.

"Of course he isn't," snapped his lordship. "I told you he was young. At the present moment he's staying with some very dear friends of mine at Newbury—I think he took the marriage rather badly. At any rate, my friend says that he has not left Kingshott Manor all day, and that he has not once been on the telephone."

Manfred rubbed his shapely nose thoughtfully.

"And Mr. Gunthelmer—?"

"Naturally he's distracted. I have never known a man so upset. He's almost mad with grief. Can you gentlemen give me any hope?"

He looked from one to the other, and his lean face brightened at Manfred's nod.

"Where is Mr. Gunthelmer staying?" asked Polcart, breaking his silence.

"At the Clayborough Hotel," said Lord Geydrew.

Please turn to Page 14

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"ANOTHER point—what was his present to the bride?" asked Manfred.

His visitor looked surprised, and then:

"A hundred thousand pounds," he said impressively. "Mr. Guntheimer doesn't believe in our old method of settlement. I may say that his cheque for that amount is in my pocket now."

"And your present to the bride?" asked Manfred.

Lord Geydrew showed some signs of impatience.

"My dear fellow, you're on the wrong track. Angela was not spirited away for purposes of property. The jewel case containing her diamonds was carried by Guntheimer. She had nothing of value in her possession except just a few odd pounds in her handbag."

Manfred rose.

"I think that is all I want to ask you, Lord Geydrew. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, your daughter will come back to you in twenty-four hours."

Polcart showed the comforted man to his car, and returned to find Manfred reading the sporting column in an evening newspaper.

"Well," asked Polcart.

"A curious case and one in which my soul rebels." He put down the paper and stretched himself. "If Leon comes in, will you ask him to wait my return unless there is something urgent takes him elsewhere?" He lifted his head. "I think that is he," he said, at the sound of squealing brakes.

Polcart shook his head.

"Leon is more noiseless," he said, and went down to admit an agitated young man.

**M**R. HARRY SIDWORTH was that type of youth for which Manfred had a very soft spot. Lank of body, healthy of face, he had all the incoherence of his age.

"I say, are you Mr. Manfred?" he began, almost before he got into the room. "I've been to that old devil's house and his secretary told me to come here, though for the lord's sake don't tell anybody he said so!"

"You're Mr. Sidworth, of course?" The young man nodded vigorously. His face was anxious, his air wild; he was too young to hide his evident distress.

"Isn't it too terrible for words—" he began.

"Mr. Sidworth"—Manfred fixed him with a kindly eye—"you've come to ask

# The ABDUCTOR

Continued from Page 13

me about your Angela, and I'm telling you, as I told Lord Geydrew, that I'm perfectly certain that she will come back to you unharmed. There's one thing I might ask—how long has she known her husband?"

The young man made a wry face.

"That's a hateful word to me," he growled. "Guntheimer? About three months. He isn't a bad fellow. I've nothing against him, except that he got Angela. Old Geydrew thought I'd taken her away. He rang up the people I was staying with, and that was the first news I had that she'd disappeared. It's the most ghastly thing that's ever happened to me."

"Have you heard from her lately?" asked Manfred.

Sidworth nodded.

"Yes, this morning," he said dolefully. "Just a little note thanking me for my wedding present. I gave her a jewel case—"

"A what?" asked Manfred sharply, and the young man, surprised at his vehemence, stared at him.

"A jewel case—my sister bought one about a month ago, and that was the only thing I had that I had an exact copy made."

Manfred was looking at him absently.

"Your sister?" he said slowly.

"Where does your sister live?"

"Why, she's at Maidenhead," said the young man, surprised.

Manfred looked at his watch.

"Eight o'clock," he said. "This is going to be rather an amusing evening."

The clocks were striking the half-hour after ten when the telephone bell in Mr. Guntheimer's private suite buzzed softly. Guntheimer ceased his restless pacing and went to the instrument.

"I can't see anybody," he said. . . .

"Who?" He frowned. "All right, I'll see him."

It had been raining heavily and Manfred apologised for his wet mackintosh and waited for an invitation to remove it. But apparently Mr. Guntheimer was too preoccupied with his unhappy thoughts to be greatly concerned about his duties as host.

He was a tall, good-looking man, rather haggard of face now, and the

hand that stroked the iron-grey moustache trembled a little.

"Geydrew told me he was going to see you—what is your explanation of this extraordinary happening. Mr. Manfred?"

Manfred smiled.

"The solution is a very simple one. Mr. Guntheimer," he said. "It is to be found in the pink diamond."

"In the what?" asked the other, startled.

"Your wife has a rather nice diamond brooch," said Manfred. "Unless I am misinformed, the third from the end of the bar is of a distinctly pinkish hue. It is, or was, the property of the Rajah of Komitar, and on its topmost facet you will find an Arabic word, meaning 'Happiness.'"

G

UNTHEIMER was gazing at him open-mouthed.

"What has that to do with it?"

Again Manfred smiled.

"If there is a pink diamond and it is inscribed as I say, I can find your wife, not in twenty-four but in six hours."

Guntheimer fingered his chin thoughtfully.

"That matter's easily settled," he said. "My wife's jewels are in the hotel safe. Just wait."

He was gone five minutes and returned carrying a small scarlet box.

He put this on the table and opened it with a key which he took from his pocket. Lifting the lid, he took out a pad of wash-leather and revealed a trayful of glittering jewels.

"There's no brooch there," he said after a search, pulled out the tray and examined the padded bottom of the box.

There were brooches and barm of all kinds. Manfred pointed to one, and this was inspected—but there was no pink diamond; nor was there in any other brooch.

"Is that the best you can do in the way of detective work?" demanded Mr. Guntheimer as he closed and locked the box. "I thought that tale was a little fantastic. . . ."

Crash!

A stone came hurtling through the window, smashing the glass, and fell on the carpet. With an oath Guntheimer spun round.

"WHAT was that?"

He grabbed the jewel box that was on the table and ran to the window. Outside the window was a small balcony which ran the length of the building.

"Somebody standing on the balcony must have thrown that," said Guntheimer.

The sound of smashing glass had been heard in the corridor, and two hotel servants came in and examined the damage without, however, offering a solution of the mystery.

Manfred waited until the distracted bridegroom had locked away the jewel box in a steel trunk, and by this time Guntheimer was in a better humor.

"I've heard about you fellows," he said. "and I know you're pretty clever; otherwise, I should have thought that story of the pink diamond was all bunkum. Perhaps you will tell me what the Rajah of Who-was-it has to do with Angela's disappearance?"

Manfred was biting his lip thoughtfully.

"I don't wish to alarm you," he said slowly. "But has it occurred to you, Mr. Guntheimer, that you may share her fate?"

Again that quick turn and look of apprehension.

"I don't quite understand you."

"I wondered if you would," said Manfred, and, holding out his hand, he left his astonished host staring after him.

When he got to Courzon Street he found Gonzalez, head in one deep armchair, his feet on another. Apparently Polcart, who had reached home first, had told him of the callers, for he was holding forth on women.

"They are wifely, they are unreasonable," he said bitterly. "You remember, George, that woman at Cordova, how we saved her life from her lover and how we barely saved our own at her infuriated hands—there should be a law prohibiting women from possessing firearms. Here is a case in point. To-morrow the newspapers will tell you the harrowing story of a bride torn from the arms of her handsome bridegroom. The old ladies of Bayewater will shed tears over the tragedy, knowing nothing of the aching heart of Mr. Harry Sidworth or the great inconvenience to which this strange and tragic happening has put George Manfred, Raymond Polcart and Leon Gonzalez."

Please turn to Page 26



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GOLFER: Where's the caddy I had yesterday?  
CADDY: Gone fishing. He didn't like to waste the worms you dug up.



SHIPWRECKED BRIDE: John, I'm sure there are cannibals here, I can hear them beating their tum-tums.



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"SOMETIMES I think my husband's got tired of me, Mrs. Smith."  
"Why do you say that, Mrs. Jones?"  
"Well, he hasn't been home for three years."

THE foreman, who had a grim sense of humor, had found one of his men sleeping in the shade.  
"Sleep on," he murmured, "sleep on. So long as you sleep, you've got a job; but when you wake up you're out of work!"

INDIGNANT WOMAN (at post office):  
Look here, your mistakes are getting too bad.  
Postmaster: How's that?  
Indignant Woman: My husband went to Brisbane on business, and this morning I got a letter from him with a Katoomba postmark. You really should be more careful.

MR. SMITH: Do you know, dear, I was reading the other day that an ostrich can see very little and can digest anything.  
Mrs. Smith: What an ideal husband.

"MY friend," remarked the doctor, "you are suffering from a chronic complaint."  
"I know it, doc, but please lower your voice," cautioned the patient. "She's in the next room."

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"BUT we never use this even for the Charringtons." "We know the Charringtons." The lopsided meal was dragging to its close when suddenly the door burst open. A red-faced circus hand stood awkwardly on the threshold of the room.

All three rose to their feet. "Ranee's loose, sir! One of the elephants backed against her cage and knocked it over, and she was down the road and out of sight before any of us could do a thing."

"Ye gods! Does the village know?" "Afraid so, sir. The constable's already out with his gun. He's calling up all the farmers and telling them to shoot on sight. I told him she wouldn't hurt a fly, but he says she's a dangerous animal at large, an' e'll bring her back dead afore morning."

Spencer turned to the elder Miss Lyndhurst.

"Will you forgive me? I'm terribly sorry, but I must go." The younger one made a little movement for him to pass. He stared down and saw reflected in her eyes the consternation in his own. She was thinking of the great head that had lain unprotesting beneath her hand; of the magnificent black and yellow body,

# WIND Out of the SOUTH

Continued from Page 6

lying inert beneath the foot of some self-complacent farmer or his lad, who saw in the act his name go down to village posterity.

She laid a hand on his arm. "Can I help?" "Hetty! Certainly not!" exclaimed Sarah. "You shall not go outside this house until the leopard has been found."

It must have been past twelve when Hetty Lyndhurst woke up. She lay for a minute thinking that the wind had risen and she had heard it in her sleep. But when she rose and looked out she saw the outline of the trees on the Ridge as still as a dugger-rectangle.

A great full moon lolled in the sky, as glowing and round as a Halloween's moon. How bright—how horribly bright she was to-night! Black and yellow! Black and yellow! You couldn't miss them in a light like that! She turned from the window—and stopped.

There was no wind to-night, and yet—there it was again! Ranee!

Ranee in the Ridge Wood, giving vent to her terror and loneliness in long, low, melancholy roars. Hetty slipped into a coat and a pair of shoes. She crept out of the house and down the garden, through the field gate and over the meadows to Ridge Wood Hill.

She was a fleet, light runner, and in a quarter of an hour she was topping the last sandy slope and plunging into the dark undergrowth. An unnameable fear tugged at her heart now. Ranee's roars came more frequently. They came from the same spot and there was pain in them.

No trap—that was, no trap within the law—could hold out against a leopard's strength.

She came to a little clearing. There, in a pool of moonlight, lay Ranee; her forepaw smashed in a great, vicious trap.

It was the sort of trap that keepers sometimes set secretly for poachers' dogs; and farmers, illegally, for foxes. At the sight of Hetty the great cat flattened her ears and bared her teeth with a snarl; her tail flayed about her like a whip. It was impossible to go near her.

Hetty regarded her with dismay. Her every roar must be weakening the countryside. Perhaps a keeper was on her track even now. She must—must get Spencer here before anyone else.

The faint creaking of a cart came up from the road. She ran to the edge of the trees and peered down, and saw in the moonlight one of the circus trailers creeping past with two men plodding behind. She called and waved frantically and started scrambling down the slope.

Two minutes later she was climbing up again with Spencer Ward, the trailer following by a cart track.

"Quickly!" gasped Hetty.

And as they broke through the bushes into the open patch the voice of the constable called out:

"Stand back in the name of the law!"

He stood with a young farmer in line with the now raging leopard, his rifle raised to his shoulder.

"Stop!" shouted Spencer Ward. "She's quite safe, and I've got a trailer coming up!"

"You stand back!" warned the constable. "My order was to shoot, and I'm shouting!"

His head went down. "You shan't!" screamed Hetty.

She sprang forward. Someone caught her by the arm. There was a flash and a roar. Ranee sprang upwards, twisted horribly and fell sprawled across the trap.

"Oh!" sobbed Hetty. She found herself lying against Spencer Ward's broad chest, his hands rovingly patting and caressing her shoulders. She heard the creak of the trailer, the threatening shouts of the circus hands, and Spencer murmuring against her hair:

"Oh, my darling, you shouldn't have done that! If anything had happened to you, my darling!"

The rest of the story is local gossip and takes its color quite a lot from the people who tell it. Let us then be frankly Lillingston and get all we can out of the maid, Jessie, who, after all, should know.

It appears that about one o'clock in the morning Miss Hetty returned and, having said good-night to someone at the gate, entered the house looking pale and dishevelled, with Mr. Ward's coat about her shoulders.

"Well," greeted Miss Sarah, "I hope you're satisfied at having kept Jessie and myself up half the night."

"It was shot," said Miss Hetty, pushing past her into the sitting-room.

"And I'm going to write to the R.S.P.C.A."

"Don't be a fool!" said Miss Sarah crisply. "What can the R.S.P.C.A. do now?"

"It was caught in a trap—a dog trap!" said Miss Hetty, through thin lips. "Someone has been setting traps for dogs in Ridge Wood!"

THE elder Miss Lyndhurst went a dull red.

"Very well, Hetty," she said quietly. "You can do what you like, but you will be inflicting your own sister."

Miss Hetty turned in amazement. "You ordered dog traps to be set?" she whispered.

"I didn't specify dog traps. I said traps for badgers. Do you suppose I—"

But Miss Hetty had risen without a word. She went upstairs, with Mr. Ward's coat still about her shoulders.

It is authentically reported by several witnesses that a few days later she caught an early train for Sherrington, when she returned in the evening looking quietly radiant. Owing to a short and heated passage of words between the sisters during dinner, Jessie was able to state that she had there met Mr. Ward.

The following Monday morning Mr. Moopa, the stationmaster, found the

younger Miss Lyndhurst on the platform with a large suitcase, waiting for the market train.

And that was the last thing Lillingston saw of Hetty.

It might have been the last they heard of her, too (for Sarah Lyndhurst shuts up like a clam whenever you mention her sister's name), had not Cynthia Kelsey gone touring South Devon with her husband a few years later.

They were some way out of Totnes when they came across a prosperous-looking travelling circus. At the end of the cavalcade, mounted on magnificent white Arabs, rode a man and woman, and behind them on a wicked-looking little Shetland trotted a sturdy, brown boy.

The woman, attracted Cynthia's attention the most; she sat so proudly and lightly in her saddle. She wore riding breeches and an open-necked shirt, and every inch of her was as brown as a berry.

Something about her serene, regal expression caused Cynthia to look again sharply. It couldn't be—and yet it was—Hetty Lyndhurst!

Well, of course, Cynthia shouted and stopped.

After a few minutes the man rode on and left Hetty to chat. Cynthia always sympathetic, wanted to get her to talk about some of the hardships she had to endure; but Hetty wasn't giving anything away. She actually expected Cynthia to believe that it was fun mountebanking over the country in a caravan!

And then she suddenly wheeled about, shot out a lean, brown arm, and picked up the small boy out of his saddle.

"This is my son, Dicky," she said, planting him on the running board.

The child seemed healthy and happy enough, and really behaved quite nicely; but, as Cynthia said, you never could tell.

But most of the villagers prefer to believe that in a moment of dark insanity Hetty Lyndhurst ran away with a ringmaster, and that now she sleeps in ditches and is probably beaten by a brutal husband.

And you must admit that for a village full of old ladies, of both sexes, it is a safer and more comforting thought! (Copyright)

## "Doctor-Will these PIMPLES leave Scars?"

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# DON'T MISS THIS

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- Dunlop Sandshoes are wonderful value—smarter looking, better feeling, harder wearing! And their value is rounded off by amazingly low prices. Let's go and try on a pair or two!

# Dunlop SANDSHOES

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Product of Dunlop Perforated



# Dinah Hordern and Bridal Entourage!



LITTLE EDWINA HORDERN, who will act as train-bearer at the Meeks-Hordern wedding. She is the bride's step-sister.



JOCK HENTY, who, as page, will support his little cousin, Edwina. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Henty, of Ocean St., Woollahra.



AN EXCLUSIVE PICTURE of Miss Dinah Hordern, second daughter of Mr. Anthony Hordern, of Retford Hall, and the late Mrs. Hordern. Miss Hordern's marriage to Mr. Harry Meeks takes place this Tuesday.



MRS. ANTHONY HORDERN, who will act as hostess at the wedding reception.



THE BRIDESMAIDS at the Meeks-Hordern wedding: Left to right, Miss Beatrice Meeks, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Marjorie Wilson, daughter of the Governor of Queensland and Lady Wilson, and Miss Mary Hordern, the bride's sister.



MRS. SAM HORDERN, senior, grandmother of Miss Dinah Hordern.



## Baby Never ill Mother Gives Reason

Mrs. C. writes:  
"My little boy is now three years old and has never had a real illness, for, if he seemed a little peevish, I always gave him an Infants' Powder. He cut all his teeth without the slightest pain or irritability and I always recommended your wonderful Infants' Powder to my friends."



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# LUCK of the SARDINE SAL

Continued from Page 7

"ANY relation to Tobias Eggert?"

"He was my father."

"Then there's no use asking if you know the bay and can run a boat. You do and can. You were graduated at Stanford?"

"Yes, business administration. The only thing they forgot to teach me was that there isn't any business."

"H'm—you think you'd be interested in running my daughter's boat?"

"Your daughter wouldn't interest me in the least," said Toby quite clearly.

"We have little in common. At the moment I'd be interested in eating."

Mr. Haydon looked as if he liked this.

"I knew your father," he said gently. "Seventy-five dollars a month. Come up to my office to-morrow morning, and I'll send a man down to the docks with you."

He didn't wait for an answer. He knew Toby would take it. He said "Good evening," and walked away.

The boat was exactly what Toby had expected, only worse. She was connected with the dock by a little gangplank, like a runway leading into a chicken coop. She had a steering wheel like an automobile's, and a mahogany dashboard in a wheelhouse upholstered in maroon velvet.

In front of this and down three steps she had a cabin with two blue velvet divans that turned into berths, and a trick dressing-table with a mirror set in the wall.

He filled up the Skylark as he might have filled a pen, wiped off the mahogany, used the carpet-sweeper in the cabin, and swept off the back porch—pardon me, the deck. Then the telephone rang. "Captain Eggert? This is Claire Haydon. Dad and I want to go over to Paradise Cove for supper. Do you know where that is?"

"I do."

"We'll bring the food with us. Will

you put a couple of bottles of ginger ale on ice?"

"I will."

"You don't need to sound so positive about it," said Miss Haydon. "After all, I'm not asking you to marry me."

"No, indeed," said Toby in a tone that was meant to convey it wouldn't do her any good if she was. "Is there anything else?"

She said: "No, thank you. That will be all."

After all there was nothing to do but wait.

"A soft job, and a short one," thought Toby grimly.

"You know," said Claire Haydon, when she came on board, "I'm going to like you. You're different."

"Thank you."

"And now it's your turn. Do you think you're going to like your new job, when you know it better?"

She wasn't thinking of the job, and she knew it, and so did he.

"I know all about it at this moment," replied Toby, heading across the bay.

"A complete mastery in two lessons. I'm not very sure that's flattering. May I ask what you've learned?"

"On your own responsibility."

She leaned back against the cushions. "Well," she said.

"Lesson Number One," announced Toby. "You weren't smacked enough when young."

The financial section behind which sat Mr. Haydon didn't move. Claire Haydon didn't move either. Not as much as an eyelash.

"Very illuminating," she commented, "and what would you advise?"

"Sessions with the hair brush, but it's too late now."

"Anything else?"

"Plenty. When you were six months old you howled for a rattle, and got it. When you were six years old, you howled for a tricycle, and got it. You've been howling and getting ever since. You treat a man as if he were a trained seal balancing a ball on his nose just for you, or maybe a circus dog jumping through a hoop."

"In your own subtle way, I suppose you're trying to tell me that I'm spoiled. Is that it?"

"And I might add that you shouldn't speak so disrespectfully in Chinatown restaurants, even if you do know who they are."

She was angry now. Little spots of color came out in her cheeks.

"For a nickel I'd fire you," she told him quickly.

"Oh, no, you won't," said Toby. "Not until you know what's in Lesson Two."

Miss Haydon retired to the rear deck. Mr. Haydon went on reading his paper. Toby ran the boat.

She didn't speak to him all through supper. She didn't ask him to join them. She let him eat in the galley. All the way back she ignored him.

Toby manoeuvred the Skylark behind a ferry boat, in front of a freighter, and past the breakwater into the yacht harbor. She didn't speak to him until he'd made fast the boat. Then she fired her big shot.

"Captain Eggert," she said politely, "do tell father all about the time you won the U.S.C. game."

It was meant for insult, and that's the way he took it.

"All right," said Toby very pleasantly, and he picked her up and heaved her out of the boat into the bay.

He didn't wait to see Mr. Haydon rescue her or to fish her out. He walked up the dock to the street. He didn't stop until he reached Len Sen's.

Len Sen was in a back room, eating his supper.

"To a man burdened with a woman, one mile is as six," said Toby, sinking wearily into a chair. "Well, Len Sen, I stood her as long as I could, and then I dumped her in the bay."

"She got wet?" asked Len Sen. "She catchem cold?"

A China boy set a platter in front of Len Sen, who held his old nose in the steam, and rubbed his hands, as if the aroma pleased him. "Mong cho," explained Len Sen. "You like some?"

"Mong cho! That meant black beans, and black and striped beans were out of season. Not that it made any difference to the Chinese."

"I thought mong cho was out of season," said Toby slowly.

"Quite so. Uncle Sam say no catchem."

"Well, isn't there a warden to check up on whether you do or whether you don't?"

Len Sen nodded. "Cousin Lee come every day. Wear nice uniform. When he come, hide fish under bed."

"And then he has to go get a warrant to look-see. Is that it?"

Len Sen looked as innocent as a newborn lamb. "When he come back, fish gone," he explained. "Cousin Lee black leg. Too bad. So sorry."

Please turn to Page 24

## WOMAN FELT LUCKY THEN WON £1000 PRIZE!

JUST because she felt lucky, Miss Kathleen J. M. Bowman, of 5 Albany Road, Strathfield, while reading about some lucky prize winners, decided to send for a ticket.

She spent 1/- and won a prize valued at £1000!

Miss Bowman had long desired a trip to Scotland to see her people again. The "lucky feeling" which prompted her to send for a ticket made her trip possible.

Prizes worth over £20,000 have already been handed to lucky winners by a well-known Sydney Art Union, conducted for the benefit of one of the greatest causes of all—the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children. In a few days' time prizes worth £1500 will again gladden the hearts of their lucky owners. The First Prize is a Necklace of Diamonds, guaranteed to be worth £1000. The Second Prize is a beautiful £300 Ladies' Troussseau, specially selected from McCallum Ltd., and there are over fifty other prizes ranging in value from £40 to £2.

If you feel lucky as you read this true story from life, follow Miss Bowman's example. Get a pair of scissors, clip out this paragraph, attach a Postal Note for 1/- and a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address (don't forget this) and post it to the Hon. Secretary, Deaf and Blind Children's Art Union, Box 4120W, G.P.O. SYDNEY, or you can send a Postal Note for 2/6 for three tickets—that's a special offer.

By return mail you will receive your ticket. (NOTE a book to sell in the above Art Union, which will be drawn under Police supervision at the Sydney Town Hall at 3 p.m. sharp on Friday, the 28th February, and there will be POSITIVELY NO FAVORITISM!)

To-day may be your lucky day! Send for a ticket straight away!

If you have been unlucky in the Lottery this very Art Union may change your luck—you have only a few days to wait for the results and you help this most worthy appeal for the afflicted children.

Main prize winners will be sent a wire on the 28th February.

Winners who have Art Union books are urgently requested to return all cash, butts and unsold tickets as soon as possible.\*\*\*

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## What I think about TEA

by

*Benji Batchelor*

WELL-KNOWN WRITER AND JOURNALIST

NO one knows better than a writer (to take the kindest view of my case), that Tea is the best of all beverages, and the only drink that like gorse or kissing-time, is never out of season. It is, and I ought to know, the one and only drink that begins by stimulating you—and doesn't end by depressing you.



You can drink as much of it as you like, getting fresh stimulus and inspiration from every cup, and with never a bad after effect. You needn't even fear to lose that modern North-to-South figure; for tea is that rarest of delights—a refreshing drink that does not put

on weight. (It doesn't of course, take it off—I am a living proof to the contrary. Though now I come to think of it I have lost seven pounds since I made the new favourite, Iced Tea—with a slice of slimming lemon—my summer drink; and this loss of weight is quite as likely to be due to what I drink now as to what I've given up drinking!)

Tea is so simple that it is not beyond the intelligence of even an undomesticated batchelor to make it—I mean, of course, a batchelor; but what is a Batchelor without his t(ea)?

It makes me thirsty

even to write about this cooling drink. "Tea for Two" says the song—and Tea for Two is my order. But—one advantage of being a batchelor—I shall drink the lot myself.

Here's the way to make good tea to secure all its benefits:

BE SURE TO SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA!

You'll find that it will pay you in the long run!

Then boil fresh water. Warm up clean teapot.

Put in one teaspoonful of tea for each person and don't forget the one for the pot.

The moment the water comes to the boil, pour it on the tea.

Let the tea brew for 5 minutes

Issued by the Tea Market Expansion Bureau.



TS18G

TEA

KEEPS YOU COOL



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

# So They Say

Do you mind being called by your Christian name at a first or second meeting — a gross breach of etiquette in France, according to one So They Say contributor this week? Send your opinion on this interesting topic to So They Say.

## WHY BE MEDIOCRE?

WHY are we so often content with mediocrity when, by the exercise of will-power, patience, and enthusiasm, we might definitely excel?

For example: The housewife who is guilty of serving uninteresting and badly-cooked dishes instead of profiting by cookery lessons or magazine articles; the girl who "runs up" a frock just anyhow when she might learn to cut and sew expertly at evening classes; the merely "average" musician or sportswoman; all these people, through lack of initiative or perseverance, are missing opportunities.

If we cannot hope to excel in all we do, let us determine to do at least one thing really well. Results will make the effort worth while.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. E. Hammond, 23 Francis St., Bondi, N.S.W.

## USING CHRISTIAN NAMES

IN the course of a conversation with a Frenchman, I learned that he was amazed at the casualness with which young Australian people address one another by their Christian names even at the first meeting. He informed me that it would be considered a great breach of etiquette in France for a young man to use a girl's Christian name, or vice-versa, even if they had known each other for years.

I think the custom creates a feeling of camaraderie. I feel at ease immediately if I am introduced and addressed by my Christian name. What do other readers think?

Miss Mavis Coombs, 106 Roscoe St., Bondi, N.S.W.

## DESCRIBE A LADY

"HOW would you define a lady?" I was asked recently. To my idea, a real lady is a woman of principle and refinement. One showing a becoming modesty in her speech and manners. Always tolerant and mindful of the feelings of others. Loyal in her friendships and ideals. Incapable of scandalising, and above degrading herself by actions of a mean or petty nature.

P. J. Bell, 51 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

## WELCOME MIDDLE-AGE!

HOW often have we heard the expression from women friends: "I hate to think that I'm beginning to look old!"

My mirror reflects the fact that I am on the verge of middle-age, but no tinge of regret crosses my mind, for I have lived and profited by experience. The gradual broadening of life's outlook through the adolescent stage to the present day has provided a priceless education, procurable only in the college of "life," giving me the inspiration and determination to utilise that gift in the years to come, feeling sure that there are even better times in store for me.

How many have the same perspective in connection with this most important question?

W. J. Bayes, 24 Olive St., Launceston, Tas.

## UNDERSTANDING PARENTS

WHY do so many girls complain that "Mother does not understand" their problems? For I believe when the tie is broken between mother and daughter, when the first friendly words are spoken, they can settle almost every problem. In other words, while most mothers do understand their children, I believe most fathers don't. Fathers have an exaggerated sense of protection towards growing daughters and sons, which blinds them to the innate decency of most boys, and to the ability of daughters to take care of themselves. They forget they were young themselves once.

And I think if parents gave their children a little more freedom, any barrier between them would be broken, and problems would be brought home to be discussed.

Mrs. J. H. Erwin, Forest of Knitpo, via Meadows, S.A.

## Tilts At Modern Brides And Bridal Groups

RE Miss Liddicoat's letter (1/2/36). There is a tendency towards the theatrical in many of the bridal groups we see, and the impression we receive is that the bride has more thought for her appearance than feeling for the man she is marrying.

Yet, the old-world custom of a veiled bride and a ceremony in which there is dignity and charm are surely worth keeping. It has, I think, a valuable influence for good on the future life of those who have feeling for the traditions of their forebears; but simplicity in this observance is essential to its beauty.

Miss M. de J. Robin, 29 East Parade, Kensington, S.A.

## Each to Her Own Taste

WHY the tilt at modern bridal groups? Surely a girl may have a photo of her wedding group as a memento of her happy day without being thought vain.

Most brides love to have a "bit" from mother's wedding-dress. Sentimental, perhaps, but what a hard world this would be without a little sentiment! Some girls prefer a quiet wedding with a snap of the group taken by a friend while others like more formality and ceremony. Well, each to her own taste. After all, it is her day.

E. H. Provan, Clifton, Qld.

## Simple Dignity

MISS LIDDICOAT asks if modern weddings are becoming too formal (1/2/36).

They are certainly becoming too ostentatious. Many brides, apparently, try to outdo other members of their set. Consequently, what should be a solemn ceremony becomes an exhibition of finery.



BRIDAL PROCESSION—or mannequin parade?

It is time our brides realised that simplicity is much more dignified and fitting than so much show. Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

## Just Fashion Parades

I READ with interest the article on pompous weddings, and I do think things have just about reached their limit.

Weddings to-day are more or less fashion parades. A girl's ambition is to have a bigger and better wedding than that of her friends, even though she cannot really afford it.

A wedding is really sacred, and should be treated as such, with just a selected few to see the ceremony performed and a quiet reception to follow.

Miss B. Thorburn, 15 Massey St., Gladstone, N.S.W.

## Establish Special Halls

IS it right that our churches should be used by people who wish to create a sensation as a background for their wedding pageantry? Weddings are held in churches in order that the young couple may ask God's blessing on their union. Should this solemn occasion be marred by the effort to "go one better" in the way of showiness? If that is all the actual ceremony means, why not establish "marriage halls," as well as churches, where brides may show off their finery, and leave the churches to those who realise the full significance of marriage?

Miss Lenore Westman, 2 Stephen St., Geelong, Vic.

## Treasured Custom

THE age we live in, Miss Liddicoat, is barren of sentiment, and little attention is paid to most of the traditions and customs that were sacred to previous generations. Surely then it is not too much to ask that one at least of these many treasured customs of other days should be allowed to survive?

"The little bits" put on the wedding dress by a sentimental mother in no way spoil the bride's appearance, and it does the groom no harm to wear stiff and formal clothes for one day in his life.

Mrs. A. Parker, 7 Ann St., Willoughby, N.S.W.

## Finest Job in the World—Housekeeping!

I QUITE agree with M. C. E. Langlands that housekeeping is an important job. Not only must a woman spend wisely the money her husband earns, but she must study economy strictly. She must also buy the things required for good health and run her home systematically and peacefully.

To run a business successfully it must be worked by system. So it is with housekeeping. Work must be done methodically and on set days. No man likes to have to stand by waiting for his shirt to be ironed, or for holes in his socks to be darned before he can dress. A man's success in life depends largely upon his home life. The training and environment of the home influences a child's character. All rests with the wife and mother.

B. Beak, Taylor St., Toowoomba, Qld.

## Getting Best Value

HOUSEKEEPING does not mean merely the ordering of necessary supplies—anybody can do that. It consists of getting the best value for one's money, co-ordinating family income with family requirements, making in many cases, sacrifice do the work of a shilling so that even those "in the know" do not realise the time and thought expended on the family budget.

Loss of women have to worry over nagging affairs that take toll of nerves and health, and most men do not realise just how brave and self-denying many wives and mothers are.

J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn, E. Vic.

## Another Man Praises

I AGREE with you, Mr. Langlands, about housekeeping being the most important work in the world. Any man who has had to "bach" soon arrives at that conclusion. Contrast a well-cooked dinner with

Mrs. Gwen Porter, 59 Yillwra St., Auburn, N.S.W.

stinting cutlery and snowy napery, the comfort and freshness of a cleanly-swept house, with a burnt steak on an overturned plate, a littered floor, and a lumpy bed, to say nothing of a buttonless shirt and a crumpled collar.

Yes, housekeeping is a craft to which I pay homage.

Albert Ball, 301 South Terrace, Adelaide.

## IS CO-EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM WRONG?

SHOULD not something be done by the Education Department to provide separate schools for secondary pupils?

At present in most country High Schools boys and girls from 11 years of age are put together in the one class, with the result that, distracted by the presence of the opposite sex, the pupils neglect their studies.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. A. L. Bowe, 75 Janet St., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

stinting cutlery and snowy napery, the comfort and freshness of a cleanly-swept house, with a burnt steak on an overturned plate, a littered floor, and a lumpy bed, to say nothing of a buttonless shirt and a crumpled collar.

Yes, housekeeping is a craft to which I pay homage.

Albert Ball, 301 South Terrace, Adelaide.

## Requires Brains

MR LANGLANDS' letter on "Economics" hits the nail on the head. Good housekeeping is the source of national success, and does not mean leaving large debts for unborn generations to pay.

Making the income meet the expenditure, and keeping a little by for a rainy day are the whole-time jobs of most women, and require brains.

Women usually have less money than men upon which to mortgage, and yet who will say that they do not put up as good an appearance as any man?

P. G. Horsley, Sefton, Cleveland Rd., Morningside, Brisbane.

## Plea For Numbers On Gates Instead Of Doors

I AGREE with Miss Floyd that numbers of houses should be placed on the front gatepost. This would be much more convenient, especially if the numbers followed in order up one side and down the other.

Another urgent need is to have the names of all streets clearly marked up. At present, some street names are marked up, and others are not. Consequently, if you are looking for a particular street you must either ask a



WHY NOT COME out boldly with your number on the gate?

police-man or enter a shop, wasting both the shopkeeper's time and your own.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Mooltangi, Kolan River Road South, Bundaberg, Qld.

## Not Always Wise

RE Miss M. C. Floyd's letter, "Numbers on the gate."

The idea I consider is good in some localities, but in others, which are overrun by destructive schoolchildren and ruffians, it would be useless.

Quite recently I heard of a householder who complained that the hinges of his front gate had been removed. What chance would his house-number have?

Miss J. Dane, 1 Loftus St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

## Saves Embarrassment

I QUITE agree with Miss Floyd's letter on the necessity for house-numbers being on gateposts instead of front doors.

Who has not suffered the embarrassment, when looking for an address at night, of going right up to the front door, and on finding the wrong number, or "silently stealing away"?

I would also suggest that people state their number as well as the name of a house, when giving an address to anyone.

Mrs. M. Hines, 169 Johnstone St., Annandale, N.S.W.

## CASUAL "LISTENING-IN"

I seem a pity when one thinks of the splendid programmes which are arranged that so many people should treat radio entertainment so casually.

When planning a visit to the theatre, the programme is carefully studied beforehand, but the radio is just switched on at random.

Radio programmes are published to enable people to choose entertainment to suit their own particular taste and mood. Why not make use of them and thus derive the maximum of pleasure from your listening-in?

Miss E. Healey, 135 Raleigh St., Thornbury N.17, Melbourne.

## LOOK TO YOUR OWN

MANY of us have felt the urge for travel at some time or other, but in most cases circumstances prevent this. Then we console ourselves by consulting all travel books that come our way.

Books on overseas countries I literally "wallowed" in until, by chance, I took one on Australia.

If ever any book opened my eyes it was that one. While envying distant shores, I had failed to see the beauty of my own land.

This certainly is proof enough for me that casting jealous eyes at others' possessions closes them to the beauty of one's own.

Mary Douglas, 76 Collett St., Kensington, Melbourne.

## PETER PAN HUSBANDS

EVERY husband is a Peter Pan. Look at the things with which he fusses and amuses himself. If there is a garden, does anything else matter? Then he may develop a passion for chickens. He can't get away from them—nothing can you, who are always feeding and rounding them up, or trying to trace eggs laid in somebody else's garden!

Perhaps he may become interested in wireless. You have it going all day and night. He discovers oscillations that don't exist, for the joy of pulling it to pieces. But his car is the worst offender. Life becomes a thing of carburetors, spark plugs, and petrol.

The car was bought so that he could take it to pieces and put it together again.

All through life men are little boys who never grow up. When they're very young they play with lead soldiers. When they're older they take pleasure in remaking a car. If you want to see happiness out of life, you'll never see men grow up, so don't waste your time and energy trying.

Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Cres., Coorparoo, Qld.

## The Money Saving Hair Remover

at only 2/3



Tens of thousands of Australian women have tested and proved Creme La-ne-ta to be without equal for removing unwanted hair quickly, cleanly and without disagreeable odour. An extra large tube of Creme La-ne-ta now costs only 2/3, and is the best deplatory value. A bigger, better tube at a cheaper price. Compare the size, compare the price, compare the cream.

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We guarantee the efficiency of Creme La-ne-ta or money returned in full.

## BEWARE OF RAZORS.

Doctors deplore women using razors for removing hair. An under-arm cut is most dangerous. Hair that has been shaved away grows 3 times faster and 3 times stronger. Creme La-ne-ta eliminates the discomfort of prickly re-growth and the coarsening effect that razors have on the skin.

## Creme La-ne-ta

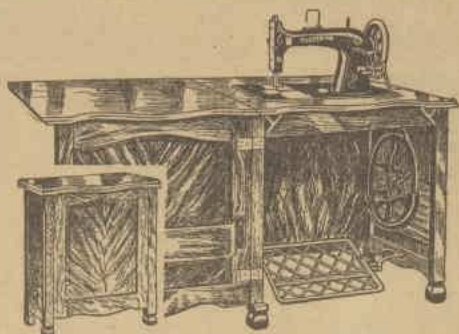
Creme La-ne-ta, the economical hair remover, creams away all blanching hair in under 4 minutes, discourages re-growth and leaves the skin velvet soft. An extra large tube of Creme La-ne-ta at 2/3 is excellent value and is the modern woman's way of adding to her beauty and her loveliness.

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Essayist  
Dancer  
Piper!

LEONI STEPHENSON, attractive 16-year-old winner of the Rural Bank's Domestic Science Scholarship, is an expert Highland dancer, and plays the bagpipes as well.

## SCHOOLGIRL'S Fine Essay On Our PIONEERS

Scholarship Winner A Highland  
Dancer and Piper, Too

The essay "Conquest of the Soil," which won for talented Leoni Stephenson, the sixteen-year-old Tamworth High School girl, the Rural Bank's scholarship in Domestic Science, is a remarkable piece of writing for one so young.

In a few hundred words she covered the history of the early pioneers, their struggles against nature in her pitiless moods, triumphs against adversity, and elation when good seasons brought bountiful crops.

In addition to a brilliant scholastic career, Leoni, who is the daughter of Sergt. Stephenson,

of the Parramatta police, is an accomplished dancer and the holder of several championships at Highland Gatherings.

Another of her attainments is the playing of the bagpipes, and until coming to Sydney to commence studies at the Burwood Technical College, Leoni was a member of the Tamworth Caledonian Pipe Band.

Leoni's essay is so meritorious that some of her word pictures deserve publication. Dealing with the struggles of early settlers she wrote: "These sturdy pioneers, men and women of the finest calibre, came to this new land, and braved all the dangers that an unknown country can present—starvation, flood, fire, drought, and the hostility of the natives. They overcame some of these dangers and started the work which was to build Australia up as she is to-day."

### Conquest of the Soil

"CROPS were planted and tended. Nature smiled, and the production rose. Cattle were bought, fences and yards sprang into being. The crops were harvested, and more were planted. Then when they were almost ready again, Nature struck. They watched their crops slowly shrivel and die, and their cattle weaken and then decrease in huge numbers before the ruthlessness of the Australian droughts."

"With one mighty sweep they were repulsed, to start their work once more, work that was hard and gruelling and for results that were poor and heart-rending."

At this stage in her essay, Leoni stressed the aid which the Rural Bank has made available to stricken settlers, and told of a fresh start and the coming of a flood which "blighted hopes, drowning the sheep and cattle, and rotting crops." Again the bank came to the aid of the farmer who had by this time looked upon the institution as his very own bank.

Perhaps the most attractive portion of the essay is that which conjures up a scene with two typical Australians, father and son, on horseback, surveying a scene of rural beauty, a fertile valley, with sheep and cattle, and drovers in attendance, with a fiery sun overhead. She told in a few words of these men riding to town, interviewing the manager of the Rural Bank and that evening chatting over events.

The essay ends with the old man saying: "Yes, Australia is a young country, made prosperous and famous by the men on the land, sturdy and independent, true descendants of the old pioneers, and behind them stands the Rural Bank in their great conquest of the soil."



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8/11 ptd. Matte and Cloque Crepes. 36 ins. Yd. 4/3  
6/11 Coloured Knoppe Matelasse. 36 ins. Yard 2/11  
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## HANDKERCHIEFS!

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Lawn Handkerchiefs with wavy coloured borders. No doubt they wear. Dot. now priced

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Beautiful quality pure Irish linen with rich coloured borders. Priced at, each. Limited Stock! You'll have to order early!

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White Opal Cloth with coloured corner embroidery. Special price for a dozen.

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White lawn Handkerchiefs with crisp lace edging. Good looking. Dozen for only

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Allover printed designs in bright colours. Suede Crepe is soft and smooth. Each.

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They're really lovely prints on sheer lawn. A dozen specially priced at only

## 7/11 Embroidered LINENS

6/- X 3/6 OF SIX  
Six snowy white linen Handkerchiefs for only 3/6! Corner designs embroidered in white. Quality!

## 1/11 Printed GEORGETTES

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Float-away pure silk Georgette squares. 17 inches in size, and gaily patterned. Hand rolled hems. Usually 1/11. Each, 7/2d.

## 3/11 Colored Border LAWN

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A good, soft quality with lots of happy colour combinations and striping designs. Usually at 3/11. Dozen now 1/11.

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3-inch width. Good range of colours. Special purchase price, doz. yards. No Phone or Mail Orders.

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Qualities, colours and designs that will brighten up the happy home. Yd. 3 1/2  
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## 12/11 Metal Lame

Plain and novelty surfaces in rich gold, old gold, silver, steel and even pastel tonings. 36 inches wide. Yard.

## 1/- Cruise Belts

Two-tone cord Belts with nautical fastenings as fresh as an ocean breeze. Hundreds of them. Ea-

## 1/6 Togo Belts

Don't you like a Togo Belt for sports? We do. Many widths and every colour you could want. They're priced at, each.

## LACES

well below Half

USUALLY 7/11 LACE ALLOVERS. Delicate eyelot designs in stiffened lace allover. Colours are very appealing. 36 inches in width. Priced at, yard. 1/11

HAND-MADE TATTLING LACE. Beautiful designs in white. Usually 8/11 to 21/4, according to width. Doz. yards now 2/11

USUALLY 2/6. Dark beige cotton Dress Nets. Excellent quality. 1/- 36 inches wide. Yard at 1/- No Phone or Mail Orders for above.

10/6. 12/11 LACE FLOUNCING. Popular allover designs. 36 inches wide. Yard at 4/11

USUALLY 7/11. SPOT TINSEL NETTING in a special shade of old gold. Blousest Capes! 36 inches wide. Yard, 2/11

TRIMMING LACES in a wonderful variety of designs. Usually 3/11, 4/11 and 5/11. A dozen yards now priced at 1/9 Early Phone Mail Orders only

USUALLY 1/3. 1/6 LINGERIE LACES. Reproduced Alencons in cut out and applique designs. Beige, rose beige. A 6 1/2d. yard now priced at only

USUALLY 2/6. 2/11. Reproduced Alencon Lingerie Laces in allover and applique effects. Beige, rose beige. Yard, 9 1/2d.

BEIGE AND ROSE BEIGE Lingerie Laces in delicate reproduced Alencon designs. Us. 7 1/2d. 9 1/2d. Yard now 3 1/2d.

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These goods will not be available till THURSDAY Feb 20!

## 5/11, 6/11 Spot Net Blouse

1/6  
Graceful, delicate little concoctions to sweeten a suit. Pastels. All sizes. Usually at 5/11 and 6/11. Now for 1/4

## 5/11 Triangle Scarves

1/6  
Good large size to tie in a jaunty style. Bright designs. Clear colours. Have one for 1/-

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1/6  
A style that's smartly cut from printed American silk. Useful! Get a good supply in now. None of above for Phone or Mail Orders.

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1/6  
They're exciting in colour and lovely in texture. Shair wool knits and winterweights at 1/6

## 4/11 C. de Chene Scarves, 1/6

Spot and novelty designs in Windsor shape. A quality Crepe de Chene that drapes and wears well. Good big sizes.

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They're imported Windsor styles in Crepes de Chene and Moroccan . . . every one of them a delight to possess.

## 7/11 Silk Linen Scarves, 2/11

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# What Women Are Doing

## Inherited Gift

MRS. E. R. MURRAY, of Western Queensland, whose verses, entitled "To a Child," were published in time for the Christmas-gift market, has four children. Her eldest, Everil, seems to have inherited mother's gift. She has had several of her verses in the Glennie school magazine.

## Newly-appointed Almoner

MISS M. URQUHART, of the Women's Hospital, Melbourne, has been appointed almoner for the Victorian Society for Crippled Children, which was established only last year. Miss Urquhart is well-known for this office. She had wonderful experience in organising when she was a voluntary helper in Guides' headquarters, and for five years divisional secretary to the Commissioner for Eastern Suburbs. Her chief work was organising conferences and meetings, as well as being in charge of various groups, principally of children from industrial suburbs. As Miss Urquhart will have house-to-house visiting to do, her previous experience should prove valuable to her.

## Old Stage Favorite Revisits Australia

MISS MAUD FANE, so popular here in 1920, as a musical comedy actress is revisiting Australia, and renewing old friendships. When asked how she retained her youthful mien and charm of manner she said, "Oranges and lemons." The game of eating them is several times daily. She is now the wife of Commander Knight of R.M.S. Excellent.

Mrs. Knight may do some film-acting while she is in Australia. Her two children are at school in England. Already Diana shows promise of becoming a film actress. Peter will follow his father's footsteps and enter the Navy.

## Child Guidance Social Worker

THE chief social worker in the Liverpool Child Guidance Clinic for nearly four years, Miss Margaret Ferard is in Melbourne. She arrived by the Cronulla, and she has lots to say about her work and the clinic of that great shipping centre that has gradually become impoverished and where the social worker sees the seamy side of child life. Miss Ferard said the Liverpool clinic is well staffed. There were two honorary medical psychiatrists, an honorary medical director, an honorary educational psychologist, two full-time social workers, and a clerk who attended to the office work.

Before entering on this work Miss Ferard studied at the London School of Sociology, where she gained her social science certificate, and did a further year's special work with the Child Guidance Council. These clinics have become most important around London, because of the psychological treatment of child problems there. Besides having the organising of the clinic and its immediate administration, Miss Ferard had charge of the observation room, where the reactions of the younger children were watched and accordingly treated.

## Sydney University Graduate In Film Work

MISS ALTHEA SIDDONS recently returned to Sydney to visit her parents. This Australian girl holds a most important technical position in British film studios.

Before leaving Australia, Miss Siddons, after outstanding performances in the Sydney University Dramatic Club, played in "J. G. Williamson and Allan Wickie's productions."

In England she was engaged in the film studios in continuity and cutting. The continuity expert notes every detail of a scene so that most minute errors are detected and eliminated. "Outlets" select from three or four "takes" of a scene and choose which parts of it shall be used.

On her return to England, Miss Siddons intends to make a special study of make-up and color photography.

## Novelist Turns Farmer

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW, the novelist famed for her South Sea island yarns, has taken up cattle-farming in New South Wales with her brother, Miss Grimshaw, who was born at Cloona, County Antrim, Ireland, lived for 25 years in Papua, after travelling alone in many parts of the world, mostly in the islands of the Pacific. She was the first white woman to travel up the Sepik and Fly rivers in New Guinea.

## She Teaches Film Stars to Sing

TEACHING film stars to sing is not the easiest of jobs, according to an exciting visitor from Los Angeles—Miss Lillian Wilson. She knows it is her job. Miss Wilson says that the stars are afraid that they will distort their mouths, or that their diaphragms will enlarge and spoil their slender lines. But at the same time many of them are charming—if erratic with their singing lessons.

Miss Wilson has come to Australia to visit violinist Cherniavsky and his wife. She expects to do a little broadcasting in Melbourne and Sydney, although this is really a holiday and health visit. She is a Canadian by birth, and she graduated as a lyric soprano and a pianist from the Toronto Conservatorium.

## Graduate Successful Broadcaster

MISS DOROTHY MANNIX, the youthful dramatic and comedy actress so popular with listeners-in to 2CH, began her career in plays presented by the Sydney High School for Girls.

Knowledge of several languages has helped her along the path to radio stardom. She has successfully adapted several foreign plays for the Old Girls Union of the S.G.H.S. It was her delightful performance of



Miss Dorothy Mannix.  
—Siddons Riley.

Alta Garande in John Longden's "Our Kind of Love" which led the author-actor to induce Miss Mannix to leave the stage for the air. After the first audition she was "found" by the 2CH production manager, Mr. Dion Wheeler, and now plays lead to Mr. John Longden on Tuesday and Thursday nights, at 8 o'clock, in the "Famous Loves" series.

## Australian Opens Monte Carlo Opera Season

ANOTHER name has been added to the list of famous Australian singers abroad during the last two weeks.

Norma Gadsden, who left Australia six years ago to study abroad, opened the opera season at Monte Carlo, in the role of Frika in Das Rheingold. The other stars of the season include such brilliant singers as Georges Thill, Lilli Pons, Chaliapin, and de Luca.

Her performance as Brunnhilde caused her to be re-engaged for next season.

The new star is a Melbourne girl, but spent most of her school days in Sydney. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, of Grong Grong, Toorak Road, Toorak, and the wife of Mr. Norman Gadsden.

The good news delighted her son, John, who is at Scotch College, and daughter Georgina, who is at St. Catherine's, Melbourne.

## Y.W.C.A. Plans Big Membership Drive

THE Sydney branch of the Y.W.C.A. is planning a membership drive for the first week in March. This promises to be particularly interesting both to members and outsiders for a varied programme has been arranged, including exhibitions of handicraft, and physical culture, fencing, and German dancing displays.

Two secretaries who have just returned from holidays, and are busy with plans for the three opening nights (March 2, 4, and 6), are Miss Newby-Fraser and Miss Dorothy Powell. The latter spent some time in January at St. Catherine's College, Melbourne, where she underwent a special refresher course arranged by the Melbourne branch of the Y.W.C.A.

## England Trains Deaf Mutes to Speak

THE Honorable Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who is visiting Australia, tells of a new method of teaching deaf-mute children to speak. The system is in use at the Infant Hospital, Westminster, where she is chairwoman of the appeal committee and a member of the board of management. She says this deaf-mute clinic at the hospital is the only one of its kind in Europe. The mutes are being taught to speak by several sense development methods. If, after tests a slight sense of sound is discovered, this sense is trained, or if no sound could be heard by the child, the sense of touch combined with lip-reading, is used as a substitute path to the brain.

Mrs. Gamage, who has a charming and vivacious manner, must be a wonderful organiser, as she has been instrumental in raising £50,000 during the last 12 years. She also includes welfare work among the employees of the General Electric Company, of which her husband is a director, among her many interests. Her Australian visit has no connection with her work, but she hopes to visit some of our hospitals.

## Visitor is Interested In Fairbridge Farm

LADY CARSON, who is making a round trip from England, is a delightful personality interested in everything human. West Australia's Fairbridge Farm impressed her so much, because she devotes most of her leisure time in England to charity work, particularly among the children.

## Conducting School Of Household Arts

MISS STENHOUSE has just arrived from New Zealand to direct the affairs of Sydney's first post-school course of household arts and science at Kilri-bili.

Before leaving her own country Miss Stenhouse was the Lecturer in Foods and Cookery at the Home Science School, University of Otago, Dunedin. There is no more on the scientific side for the training of teachers of domestic science.

The Kilri-bili home will stress the practical element and having their own home will be of inestimable value to the students.

Students must be 17 years or older and may be either resident or non-resident.



## Studying Eurythmics for Kindergarten Work

MISS EILEEN WILLIAMS, a graduate of the Sydney Kindergarten Training College, now visiting Adelaide from Brisbane, is planning to study eurythmics for kindergarten training. She worked for four and a half years in Sydney before going to start the all-day kindergarten in the Creche and Kindergarten Association of Brisbane.

Miss Williams says that in Sydney kindergartens are all-day schools, and the children have specially-prepared meals, and sleep for a certain time each day.

## Visitor Enjoys Our Scenery

LADY CARSON and her son, the Hon. Edward Carson, were the guests of Sir Colin and Lady Fraser at Wharfedale, Toorak, while their ship was in port.

Lady Carson enjoyed the mountain scenery when motored around the various beauty spots of Victoria. Lady Carson's lovely home in Kent has many priceless antiques.

She is most interested in charitable organisations to help children, particularly the building of seaside homes, so that children in industrial areas may have regular holidays away from congested environment.

## Revisiting Her Home Town

MRS. H. TALBOT HAMILTON has been revisiting Hobart, the town of her early years. Tasmanians will recall her as Sister R. Gibson, who trained at the General Hospital, Hobart, and went through such interesting experiences during the war. She was at the Gallipoli Landing, attached to the hospital ship, Osceon. Later she nursed at Malta, Gibraltar, Salonica, and in France.

Her daughter, Patricia, who made such a charming model for artist W. B. Melhuish, when he painted her portrait, has just left school. She contemplates a science course at the Melbourne University.

## Different Methods Of Teaching

MISS ANNE PETERSON, principal of The Hermitage Church of England Grammar School at Geelong, Victoria, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Peterson, of Brisbane.

A method of learning to write to music is being taught at Miss Peterson's school. The children write on blank paper so that their lettering is in no way cramped, and the letters are all linked together so that each line runs smoothly into one long word. They sing as they work, and the rhythm of the writing is gradually increased, so they are able to write speedily without the legibility being destroyed. This system of teaching was introduced to her own school by Miss Marion Richardson, art inspector for London County Council Schools.

Miss Peterson's girls design all the fancywork they do. Another study is the making of bamboo pipes upon which they are taught to harmonise and compose tunes.

Miss Peterson's girls design all the fancywork they do. Another study is the making of bamboo pipes upon which they are taught to harmonise and compose tunes.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP





*Discriminating to a degree . . .  
naturally she chooses*



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— wrapped in hygienic silver foil.

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of rich milk to make  
a single pound of  
Kraft Cheese*



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# KRAFT CHEESE

## "AUSTRALIAN SKILL COMPETITIONS" No. 2

# £40

### Cash to be Won by SKILL ALONE

COMPETITION No. 2: MAKE A DIAGRAM OF 100 SQUARES, AND INSERT IN IT, TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE, AS MANY NAMES AS YOU CAN FROM THIS LIST OF AUSTRALIAN CITIES AND TOWNS BEGINNING WITH "B":

BABINDA (7)	BEEAC (5)	BLACKALL (8)	BRIGHT (6)
BALLAN (6)	BELL (4)	BLAYNEY (7)	BRISBANE (8)
BALLARAT (8)	BENALLA (7)	BOMBAIA (7)	BUNBURY (7)
BALLINA (7)	BENDIGO (2)	BOORT (5)	BUNYIP (6)
BATHURST (8)	BERRI (5)	BOYHAL (6)	BURNIE (6)
BEGA (4)			

No dictionary needed. There is no set answer. An equal chance for everyone. THE JUDGES' DECISION MUST BE ACCEPTED AS FINAL.

#### HINTS FOR COMPETITORS.

The value of each word is given above. A 5-letter word gaining 5 points, a 6-letter one 6 points, and so on. Every blank square in the diagram after you have inserted all the names you can manage counts 1 point.

Select ANY NAME you wish from the list and insert it in ANY PART of your diagram. Then, from that start, insert as many other names as you can, using only one letter in each square, and making the names run in perpendicular or in horizontal fashion. In the example COMPLETED, but NOT COMPLETED, Brisbane was the first name, and from it "Bert", "Boort", and "Boort" were built up, then "Bega" and "Bell" were added. The six names shown on our diagram need not necessarily be included by competitors. It is impossible, of course, for all of the 11 names to be used on any diagram.

Any letter can do double service, (or, possibly, triple service in the insertion of different names, e.g. one "B" in "Brisbane" does service also in "Bega", while the second "B" also appears in "Boort"). The more one can make a letter do double service, the more points one can secure.

Do not insert any name more than once.

When your choice and arrangement of names satisfies you, fill in your diagram in ink; write the list of names you have inserted; give the total number of points claimed; enclose Postal Note for £/-, and if early result wanted send self-addressed, penny-stamped envelope. Write your name and address, and post to "AUSTRALIAN SKILL COMPETITIONS No. 2," Box 46, Queen Victoria Building P.O., York Street, Sydney.

No. 3 Competition and Results of No. 1 Competition will appear in The Australian Women's Weekly, dated March 7.



## LUCK of the SARDINE SAL

Continued from Page 18

ON Belvedere in the old days there had been a striped-bass club, and at the beginning of the season the chief of patrol used to nominate a couple of club members to be volunteer wardens without pay. Toby still had his badge stuck away somewhere. He remembered now that once the chief had placed one of these volunteer wardens on the regular roll to take the place of a warden who was ill. Suppose Toby went to him. . . Suppose he told him that he had an inside track in Chinatown. . . He forgot all about the Skylark, and the girl, and how angry she had made him. It was an idea.

Two weeks later Warden Toby Egger ambled towards Fishermen's Wharf in Warden Lee's neat little car. He wore a forest-green uniform. His legs were encased in shiny puttees, his head in a sombrero. Under his left arm in a spring holster he carried a revolver which he had never used.

Each morning Toby scouted Chinatown, and thanks to Len Sen, who was delighted to tip him off on some member of a rival tong, he had been fairly successful.

It was all very pleasant and friendly. The Chinese called him Cousin Toby, and bowed and smiled even when he caught them red-handed.

The fisherman liked him. Hadn't he brought over his own boat from Belvedere, and moored it at the foot of Hyde Street, next to their fleet? And though the superstructure of the Sardine Sal had been cut down and altered, couldn't any fisherman recognise her flaring Santa Maria bow, her low broad hull, and know at once that she'd spent her youth in his own trade?

Toby stopped to chat with the fishermen as they mended their nets, but presently he went on down the Marina intending to telephone to the chief of patrol, as was required each hour, and he passed the Skylark.

He had forgotten the Skylark, and he was so surprised, he stopped, climbed out, walked over to the dock, and stared.

The back porch had been stripped of awnings and cushions, and become a deck. The blue velvet divans sat forlornly on the floor. And as he stared, Claire Haydon came on deck with a pall of dirty water and sloshed it all overboard. She wore blue dungarees and an old sweater. Her hair was mussed, and her white arms were dirty to the elbow.

"If I'd known it was you, I wouldn't have wanted that scrub water on the bay," she greeted him.

"Don't tell me you're mad at me," begged Toby. "After all, I only took you in the water, and if you ask me it's a shame somebody didn't do it before." "That's what father said," she told him grimly. "He said you were the only young man I'd ever met in my whole life who had sense enough to put me where I belonged."

TOBY was very busy the next three days. He had to appear in court as a witness against Joey Balestreri, who had been using a gill net in the wrong district. Two tongs were mad at each other, and that kept him running to follow the tips Len Sen gave him.

He was late to dinner the third evening, and found Len Sen waiting for him.

"Miss Haydon come with poppa," Len Sen announced. "Velly sorry not to see you."

Toby could imagine if. "What did she want?" he asked. Len Sen didn't know. "She say she call," he replied.

The next morning there was a message at the office to call Miss Haydon, please, but Toby didn't do it.

There was a second message that afternoon—"Please call Miss Haydon without fail," which he ignored also. It sounded like an order. She ought to know by this time she couldn't give him orders.

When he reported to the patrol office for the last time that day, the chief ordered him to go out to Raccoon Straits after dark to look for net violators, and to take another warden with him. It was illegal to use a seine in District 12, but an occasional fisherman tried it.

This raid meant taking the Sardine Sal instead of the State launch, because at night she looked like any one of the fishing fleet.

Toby had dinner again at Len Sen's and told him about it, called up another warden and asked him to meet him at the Sardine Sal, and waited for night and the incoming tide.

It was dusk when Toby reached the wharf. The fishing fleet was moored

and deserted. The evening tide-fog lay like a ribbon down the centre of the bay. Over and above that ribbon, he could make out the outline of Mount Tamalpas, but Alcatraz was hidden, and he knew that inside that ribbon he would be shut away from the world.

Warden Bogart was there ahead of him, and silently they boarded the Sardine Sal, and started out.

The Sal, like most of the fishing boats, had a tiny high wheelhouse amidships a cockpit in the stern, and a small cabin aft, so low as to be hardly noticeable. Toby and Warden Bogart remained in the wheelhouse.

They were ten minutes out when Toby heard something scrambling along the deck outside, and stuck his head out to see Claire Haydon approaching on her hands and knees.

To put back with her meant that they would be late to reach Raccoon Straits. To put up with her meant the responsibility of a woman at a time when any additional nuisance might jeopardise the success of the raid.

He turned the wheel over to Warden Bogart.

"Get up," he ordered the girl. "You're going all, and I don't want a peep out of you."

"I'm afraid to stand up and walk," she wailed. "There isn't anything to hang on to."

Toby took hold of her shoulders and hoisted her.

"Now walk."

"Toby, there's something queer about a boat. I've been watching it for three days. I made Len Sen tell me where you were going to-night. Toby, please."

She grabbed the door of the wheelhouse and hung on. Toby pulled her loose.

"It's moored near mine," she wailed. "It has two 350-horse-power engines. It's made to go out the Gate and down the coast."

"Hurry now," said Toby. "Get moving."

"They never leave it alone. Not for a minute. It has a crew of lubbers. They don't look like yachtsmen, Toby. They look like . . ."

"Stop talking and concentrate on your feet," advised Toby, pushing her ahead of him.

"Please, Toby. They've made several short trips out in the bay, but they seem to be waiting for something. Just before dusk they tied a gunny sack over the exhaust, because I saw them."

"Why didn't you say so?" said Toby. This was too much for Claire Haydon. She let out a sound that was half a laugh and half a sob.

They made their way back to the wheelhouse and told Warden Bogart.

"If a man counted on a boat helping him, he'd make the try now while the alterations are still being made, and before the routine's well established," he said. "He'd make the try from this side of the island away from the main dock where the boats are kept. And he'd wait until night, when the tide-fog had come up because the rays of the searchlight bend in a fog."

The Sardine Sal had entered the fog now. They could hear the bell on the buoy off the west point of Alcatraz tolling dimly.

Toby slowed the engine, and they crept nearer and nearer. Then they saw the other boat dimly through the fog. She had no lights. She was practically at a stop near the big rock that marked the end of the reef. Something was being hauled over the side of the boat, something that looked very much like a man. And simultaneously the siren on Alcatraz began to wail.

There was only one thing to do, and Toby knew it. Warden Bogart knew it. Even Claire Haydon knew it.

Warden Bogart and Claire ran back into the open cockpit. Toby turned the wheel until the prow of the Sardine Sal was broadside of the other boat. At the last minute he ran back also. The other two had jumped. The crash threw him into the bay.

They didn't try to swim. They floated on their backs and paddled. The incoming tide would carry them toward the island, and not away from it, and a boat would be there soon anyway.

Toby kept to one side of the girl, and Warden Bogart to the other, but she didn't seem to be afraid. It was cold and dark. Toby's teeth were chattering.

"You didn't have to throw me in that time," she told him.

"You were small," he said humbly. "I'll be apologising for the rest of my life."

Please turn to Page 26



# Not only Warehouse Prices but also 2 YEARS to PAY



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£25 for 10/ deposit 5/ weekly. £50 for 40/ deposit 10/ weekly.  
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**15/- and 3/6**  
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This handsome modern Dining Room Set is another remarkable example of our Warehouse Values. The sideboard has contrasting veneers of polished figured Walnut, Caliche legs, and five-piece shaped mirror. Sit a set. Refectory Table has massive top. Your chairs (two only illustrated) have Caliche legs, spring lift-out seats, and backs shaped for comfort. Secure at This Week's Cash Price, £18/18/- or on Easy Terms.



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See this year's wonderful display featuring choice figured and maldred Veneers of Oak and Walnut at attractive prices. The Palm Box shown is 30in. high, in two-tone finish. Cash Price This Week is ...

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Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.

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Here is the Lounge Suite you have been waiting for. Of ultra-modern design, with air-flow arms, and upholstered in handsome Genoa Velvet. It has been built to give maximum comfort and faithful service. Five loose cushions are fully sprung, and every detail has been designed to please the most fastidious. Examine this superb suite at the Warehouse—You will be glad to secure at the Introductory Cash Price, £19/19/- or on Easy Terms.

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**OAK BEDSTEAD**  
This comfortable Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price **29/6**



A "Quality" Tromper Chest is desired by every young lady prior to "the Happy Day." Here is a new model with beautiful Walnut Veneers, Caliche legs and full fitting. The redone Introductory Cash Price is **84/-**  
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This fully-fitted Longboy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, transverse rails, adjustable mirror and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this bargain! Special Cash Price this Week **59/6**  
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**VERANDAH BLINDS MADE UP FREE**  
We stock a splendid range of patterns, including latest Multi-coloured Ducks, for outside Blinds. Prices specially reduced to  
**4/11 5/11 7/11** PER YARD TWO YARDS WITH  
Measurements and Estimates are Free. All Blinds Made Up Free of Charge. Obtain your New Blinds complete, or put New Blinds on your existing window—WILLIE THILL OFFER. LATE: Phone M2249 (6 Lines)

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### BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET



**5/2**

This new 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet is fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, etc., and has artistic leadlight doors. It is faithfully constructed and no home should be without one. The Reduced Cash Price This Week is **79/6**  
Or on Easy Terms.  
Many other designs and qualities are in stock.

**20/-**  
DEPOSIT  
**4/6**  
WEEKLY

Distinctive in appearance, with contrasting Walnut Veneers, this handsome Bedroom Suite is a wonderful example of Warehouse values. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. Drop-centre, Knee-hole, Dressing Table and Double Longboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The artistic Dressing Table has extra-large, frameless Mirror and bow-front centre drawer. Do not miss this remarkable suite at the Introductory Cash Price, £19/19/- (Bedstead Extra)—or on Easy Terms.



### HALL CARPETS REDUCED

Width	Yds.	Now	Per Yd.
22in.	8/11	Now	6/9
27in.	9/11	Now	7/9
30in.	12/6	Now	10/6

**AXMINSTER**  
22in. 10/8 Now 9/2  
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Inspect our stock of Lawn Mowers and Garden Hose—all marked at Warehouse Prices.



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#### AXMINSTER CARPETS REDUCED

Size	Now	Per Yd.
8ft. 6in. x 12ft. 6in.	£3/15/-	£4/5/-
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#### GENUINE CORK LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE  
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 per yard

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TWO YARDS WIDE  
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8.15 P.M. TUESDAYS, "AUSTRALIAN HILMERS"  
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ONE DOOR FROM MARKET STREET.



# LUNG TROUBLE

If you are a sufferer there is good hope for you now, no matter what your age, or how long standing your complaint. In MEMBROSUS, A DRY INHALATION TREATMENT, you can be freed of these distressing symptoms which make your life miserable. You can do so many other sufferers have done by taking Membrocus Dry Inhalation Treatment, restores these painful nights you once enjoyed—free from intensive coughing spasms, night sweats, haemorrhages, etc.

The appetite improves; strength is regained and a new outlook on life obtained. You will be able to play games and live a perfectly normal life.

Here is a report received from a one-time sufferer, who used Membrocus:—

"In August, 1932, I became infected with Lung Trouble and went into a Sanatorium. Whilst there I heard of Membrocus and decided to give it a trial. I left the sanatorium and continued with Membrocus. My recovery was rapid and in February, 1934, I returned to Sydney for examination and was proved to be clear of all traces of the complaint, and capable of summing work again.

I have now been working for almost two years and have not had any trouble, even to cause me a day's loss of work."

IT IS JUST AS EFFECTIVE IN TREATING

## ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

Many chronic cases of up to 40 years' duration have reported "complete recovery without recurrence."

These two reports are typical of the majority of reports received:—

**ASTHMA** "I have spent weeks at a time in hospital with Bronchial Asthma, and the medicine was the only relief. It left me very weak. No one knows the agony I suffered. After only one week's treatment of Membrocus the Asthma left me and I have not had an attack since. I do wish everybody who suffers from Asthma could hear about Membrocus."

**BRONCHITIS** "A lady had been a sufferer to Bronchitis for many years, not able to lie down in bed. In less than three weeks she was lying down and sleeping well. Two months later she was able to walk up a slope comfortably and had lost the wheeze and was wonderfully well."

## CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble

DEFINITELY CONQUERED WITHOUT OPERATION

You need more than merely to clear the nostrils in the treatment of these diseases, you must get deeper down to the root of the trouble, and only a proved DRY INHALATION TREATMENT can give you these desired results.

The healing fumes, in addition to coming into direct contact with, and CLEANSING ALL NASAL AND SINUS PASSAGES, enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble.

Head noises disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored; the constant sneezing fits and running eyes and nose and the disgusting hawking and spitting are things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment.

Membrocus, the remarkable dry inhalation treatment, will do this for you.

## MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

For particulars call or send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint to MEMBROSUS, C/o (City Office) IRVINE'S PHARMACY (estd. 39 years), Gowing's Building, Room A1, 43 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

# LUCK of the SARDINE SAL

Continued from Page 24

HE tried not to look at the Sardine Sal. She was floundering somewhere over there in the dark. The other boat was floundering also, and men were swimming madly for their lives. Presently the searchlight found them. They could hear men shouting. They could hear the hum of a power-boat drawing near.

Old Len Sen was standing in the doorway of his Chinatown shop the next afternoon when Toby parked his car neatly by the kerb and climbed out. "They catchem thug?" he wanted to know.

"They did, and the men on the boat, too, but the old Sal's probably full of crabs at the bottom of the bay by this time. I didn't dare go back and look. I feel as if I've lost a friend."

"She come to honorable end," replied Len Sen. "How Missie Haydon?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to find out. I called the house, but the maid said she was down at the yacht harbor. She probably hasn't even a cold in her nose."

"To a man burdened by a woman," began Len Sen.

"Six miles as one," finished Toby.

"Maybe," said Len Sen, "and maybe not."

"If you have any thing cho under the bed you better eat it before I get back," Toby told him.

"Thank you velly much," said Len Sen. "I will do so. You be back?"

"I'll be back."

Toby didn't stop to chat with the fishermen. All the crabs could be understood for all he cared. He looked under no beds, watched for no licence numbers.

He drove down to the yacht harbor and drew up by the Skylark. She was deserted, but around the breakwater

puffed a launch pulling behind it the Sardine Sal. The Sal's nose was bashed in, and she couldn't run under her own steam. The launch hauled her into shallow water, and the crew tied her to the dock, and Claire Haydon thanked them, and stood looking down at the Sardine Sal, like an old hen fussing over a disabled chick.

Then she saw Toby.

"I worried about her all night," she told him. "I couldn't sleep for thinking of her floundering around out there, so this morning Dad called up Len Sen, and he arranged for the launch. He said she was a lucky boat, and we had to keep her if we had to build her all over again."

She smiled at him.

"I hope you're not angry," she said. "I'm not holding it as salvage. As a matter of fact, we didn't think you'd see her. We were going to fix her up and then—"

She looked at him closely.

"I don't want to be presumptuous. Not after that lecture you gave me. Dad said he was sure he could help you get a job, but I told him you'd probably be too proud."

"Too pig-headed," Toby corrected her. "Too stubborn like a mule. Too blind. Too dumb. Too..." His vocabulary failed him.

"There isn't anything I can say, is there?" he asked, humble as a worm. Claire Haydon considered this.

"Well," she said after a while, "you might ask me to ride on her when she's mended."

"Any day," he put in hastily. "Just practically any day."

Claire Haydon said: "I think that will be sweet."

(Copyright)

# The... ABDUCTOR

Continued from Page 14

MANFRED opened the safe in a corner of the room and put into it something he had taken from his pocket. Characteristically, Gonzales asked no questions, and it was remarkable and significant that nobody discussed the pink diamond.

The following morning passed uneventfully, save that Leon had much to say about the hardness of the drawing-room sofa, where he had spent the night, and the three men had finished lunch and were sitting smoking over their coffee, when a ring of the bell took Polcart into the hall. "Geydrew, full of bad tidings," said George Manfred, as the sound of a voice came to them.

Lord Geydrew it was, shrill with his tremendous information.

"Have you heard the news? ... Guntheimer has disappeared! The waiter went to his room this morning, could get no answer, opened the door with his key and walked in. The bed had not been slept in. All his trunks were there, and on the floor—"

"Let me guess," said Manfred, and held his forehead. "The jewel case smashed to smithereens, without a single jewel in it! Or was it—"

But Lord Geydrew's face told him that his first guess was accurate.

"How did you know?" he gasped. "It was not in the papers—my God, this is awful!"

In his agitation, he did not notice that Leon Gonzales had slipped from the room, and only missed him when he turned to find the one man in whom for some extraordinary reason he had faith.

"Geydrew never did trust you or me," said George afterwards.

"I'm ashamed to confess it," smiled Manfred. "That was sheer guesswork. The jewel case had the appearance of being jumped on—I don't wonder!"

"But—but—" stammered the nobleman, and at that minute the door opened and he staggered back.

A smiling girl was there, and in another instant was in his arms.

"Here's your Angela," said Leon.

IT was a long time before Geydrew was calm enough to hear the story.

"My friend, Leon Gonzales," said Manfred, "has a wonderful memory for faces—so have we all, for the matter of that. But Leon is specially gifted. He was waiting at Waterloo to drive friend Polcart home. Raymond had been to Winchester to see a surgeon friend of ours over a matter of a sprained leg. Whilst Leon was waiting he saw Guntheimer and your daughter and instantly recognised Guntheimer, whose other name is Lanstry, or Smith, or Malkin. Guntheimer's graft is bigamy. He is not an Australian, and Leon happens to know him rather well. A few inquiries made of the porter, and he discovered, not the identity of your daughter, but that this man had married that day. He approached Miss Angela with a cock and bull story that some mysterious body was waiting to see her outside the station. I will not say that she imagined that mysterious body was Mr. Sidworth, but at any rate, she went very willingly. She showed some little fight when friend Leon pushed her into the car and drove away with her—"

"Anybody who has tried to drive a car and control an infuriated and terrified lady will sympathise with me," broke in Leon.

"By the time Miss Angela Ginton reached Curzon Street she was in full possession of the facts as Leon knew them," Manfred went on. "Leon's one object was to postpone the honeymoon until he could get somebody to identify Guntheimer. The young lady told us nothing about her jewel-case, but we all guessed the hundred thousand pound cheque presented too late to be banked—before it could be cleared. Guntheimer would be well out of the country with any loot he was able to gather; in this case the family diamonds—and, of course, it would have been pretty easy to arrest him last night. When your lordship called yesterday, Leon was out finishing his investigations. Before he returned I learnt where I could get a duplicate jewel-box, and with Polcart made a call upon friend bigamy. Polcart was on the balcony, listening, and at an agreed word signal, he smashed the window, which gave me just the opportunity I wanted to change the jewel-boxes. Later, I presume, Mr. Guntheimer opened the box, found it was empty, realised the game was up, and fled."

"But how did you induce him to show you the box?" asked Lord Geydrew. Manfred smiled cryptically. The tale of the pink diamond was too crude to be repeated.

(Copyright)

Nettie  
powders



Nettie  
rouges, too



But she'll never have  
unattractive Cosmetic Skin



Every night—and before she puts on fresh make-up, Nettie removes stale cosmetics thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap.

## When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way you guard against ugly COSMETIC SKIN

NETTIE is up-to-the-minute in everything that concerns beauty! While she uses cosmetics—as most modern girls do—she never risks Cosmetic Skin.

"Why should I," she asks, "when it's so easy to protect complexion beauty Hollywood's way?"

"In a few minutes I can remove make-up thoroughly—take every bit of stale rouge and powder out of my pores—with Lux Toilet Soap. It's the simplest way in the world to keep a satin-smooth skin."

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless you leave stale bits of rouge and powder in the pores to choke them. Then the pores become enlarged—dullness

—tiny blemishes may result—signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its gentle lather is ACTIVE, removes every trace of stale rouge, powder, dust and dirt.

Every night—and before you put on fresh make-up during the day—wash with Lux Toilet Soap. Screen stars use this soap to keep their skin utterly lovely... you should, too!

A LEVER PRODUCT 6211.11



Yes, indeed I use cosmetics. But by removing them regularly with Lux Toilet Soap I guard against Cosmetic Skin

Miriam Hopkins  
SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR





# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Andrey Connell has chosen dramatic blending of plum and blue for her bedroom at family's new flat at Double Bay?

## Romantic Rowan Berries

FLOWER schemes original at wedding of Betty Florence and Ewart Allen at Temora during week-end . . . Bride, who combines dark brown eyes with fair hair and complexion, chose tawny tiger lilies as off-set for ivory lace gown . . . Maids attending her, Barbara Florence and Agnes Main, wore rowan berries in hair and carried berries and red gladioli . . . Frocks made of magnolia satin . . . Bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roly Florence, received country side at reception.

## White Is Vogue

WHITE was popular wear at Romano's on Saturday . . . Juliet caps also had following . . . Enmeshed pearls formed trifle worn on hair by Joan Waddell, and Jean Black had cap of beaded georgette in chalk-white to match frock . . . Peggy Royle donned white satin, Babe Cobcroft wore white and flowing georgette, and Mrs. Reg. Bettington also wore white . . . Popular resort needed elastic walls when theatre crowds arrived.

Mr. Fisher, master from North Shore Grammar, with wife and two children, recently returned from long tour of England and Continent. Toured British Isles in car and made trips up Rhine, visiting Italy, Vienna, and Prague.

## Tasmanian Holiday

CLARE BUTTER is having bright time in Hobart as guest of Mrs. Spencer Parsons at Wincanton Grove . . . Hostess' daughter, Pauline, is old schoolmate . . . Large dance held in honor of visitor during week attended by all bright lights of social world . . . Clare is keen art student and wields clever brush.

## Tally-ho!

HUNTING favorite sport of Marjorie McIlale, recently-arrived English visitor . . . Has ridden to hounds with same pack as King Edward . . . At present staying with uncle at Bondi in handy proximity to surf . . . Packs up again to spend round of visits with country friends about Yass and Binalong . . . Marjorie came to Australia several years ago and liked it so well that holiday lasted three years.

## Extensive Present

CABLE news from South Africa tells of arrival of son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Phil Yates . . . Mrs. Yates visited friends and relatives in Sydney last year . . . On her return to Capetown she found friend husband had completely furnished new house, with garden and staff complete, as welcome-home present.

Lady David expected home at end of month after holiday in Luncaton with daughter, Mrs. W. K. McIntyre.

## The Complete Secretary

BETTY LAMGAN-O'KEEPS, now on way to England, has many relatives and friends waiting to greet her . . . Betty is descendant of William Lawson, Australian explorer, figuring in history-books . . . Plans for the moment include course at Queen's College for Gentlewomen, London, and emerging with secretarial work at finger-tips . . . Several aunts, though Australian-born, live in Switzerland, and a cousin has just acquired gold medal at Oxford University.

## Calm Shattered

USUAL calm of Madame Pellier's exclusive salon shattered during week by excitement of Meeks-Hordern wedding. . . Details of wedding-gown and bridesmaids' apparel carefully-guarded secrets. . . Clientele not encouraged during hours of bridesmaids' fittings, and folds of white tulle, all ready for shirring, whisked out of sight of intrigued onlookers.

## Gay Supper Parties

GAY supper parties at Hotel Australia on Saturday night included Molly Street, Jocelyn Poynter and Tom McMahon. Mrs. John Gunning came along after picture show and apparently found that breeze warranted donning of silver fox furs . . . Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tait entertained party after viewing "Anything Goes" . . . Barnes sisters, bronzed from weeks at Palm Beach, also present.

Eileen Dinley, one of librarians from Sydney University, thoroughly enjoyed trip to Colombo. Eileen travelled with Mrs. John Mingway.

## Au Revoir Party

MRS. FRANK CLAYTON entertained at bridge party at Queen's Club during week with Miss Holloway as guest of honor . . . Miss Holloway sails this week for Singapore for European holiday . . . Flowers particularly lovely, with varicolored gladioli in bridge-rooms and dahlias in drawing-room . . . Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Meares, Miss Russell, Miss Maud Mackay, and Mrs. Pascoe among guests.



MISS LEILA MANNING, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manning, whose wedding to Mr. Sam Macdonald takes place this Saturday at St. Philip's Church, poses for our photographer against a flowery background.

## Friend of Dulac

ALL shades of green decorate smart London flat belonging to Dorothy Ward, well-known Sydney kindergarten . . . Dorothy runs kindergarten in Church Street, Kensington, and lots of fashionable little children attend . . . Dorothy has acquired interesting circle of friends, including famous artist Dulac, and Mrs. Dulac, the authoress . . . Australian pictures round walls are joy to visitors from "down under" suffering from homesickness.

## Canada in Spring

MERRILIE MARSH, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marsh, leaves for Canada next month . . . First trip abroad, so Merrilie very excited . . . Will travel with family friend, Mrs. Bloomfield, and hopes that England will receive visit before returning home . . . Lucky girl is having secretarial job kept for her during absence . . . Being daughter of such well-known tennis player, Merrilie should do well in all deck games connected with bat and ball.

Mrs. Gordon Robertson, of Bellevue Hill, leaves by Orion for Colombo next month. Attractive hostess full of wit and humor, so sure to enjoy trip. Son Sandy just passed medical exams, at University.



## Hardly Cricket

SEEMS hardly "cricket" to have two ladies masters of ceremony at forthcoming Robert Burns Society Leap Year party. . . Novelty of party will be Leap Year dance, and at least one engagement is expected as consequence . . . Very wary bachelors taking no risks and giving tickets to married friends and relations . . . Ladies much in ascendency, and music will be provided entirely by fair sex . . . Proceeds will benefit nurses' quarters at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

Of interest to North Coast is announcement of engagement of Aileen Maude Nicholson, of Murwillumbah, and Richard Cutler, only son of Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Cutler, of Newcastle.

## End of Summer

END of summer surfers at Terrigal include Harold White contingent . . . Daughter Joan, now Mrs. Doug Munro, with young hopeful in nearby bungalow . . . Dr. Hertford Weedon from Wagga with family, and his pretty sister, Mrs. Gordon Drummond, disporting on sands . . . Mrs. Weedon's brother, Frank Bragg, also plays host not far from surfing beach . . . Mr. and Mrs. Royce Lyaght, Mr. and Mrs. Val Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Binnie, and Mrs. Wallace Bowman make seaside resort cheerier for their presence.

## Dimples and Smile

LADY CARSON, possessor of curly grey hair, dimples, and charming smile, is visitor to Sydney . . . Being accompanied on travels by son, Hon. Edward Carson . . . Is keen motorist and intends seeing countryside from behind wheel of touring car . . . Finds Sydney peaches pleasant but in no way amazing, as same fruit grows to perfection in her walled garden in Kent . . . Lady Carson takes keen interest in welfare of London slum children, and says that conditions of late years have been tremendously improved.

Walter Taylor just returned from trip to Melbourne. While in South arrangements made for showing of Blamire Young's paintings in Sydney during season.

## Cocktails Sans Savories

MOLLY PATTERSON farewelled by friends and relations prior to sailing for England on Saturday . . . Cocktail party noticeable for absence of elaborate savories . . . "Twiglets" proved welcome substitute . . . Rooms at Ranelagh massed with profusion of red and pink carnations and roses for party . . . Molly's father will make Royal Sydney Golf Club headquarters until able to join family on other side . . . Mother and brother Kim, Rugby student, will meet Molly in England.

## Did You Notice—

Mrs. Doug Henty emulating Father Christmas out of season by carrying amazing number of parcels while on shopping expedition? All-black ensemble with wide-brimmed hat and three rows of pearls worn for occasion.

Jane Anne



*Slenderize Your Figure*  
TO IDEAL PROPORTIONS  
with the "Slimform"  
PERFORATED  
LATEX GIRDLE  
AND  
UPLIFT BRASSIERE

TEST THESE  
AMAZING  
GARMENTS  
FOR 10 DAYS  
WITHOUT COST

FIGURE  
QUICKLY

FAULTS  
CORRECTED

UNSATISFIED HIPS PER-  
MANENTLY BEAUTIFIED

FAT VANISHES  
CONTOUR RETURNS

SYMMETRIZES ABDOMEN  
AND DIAPHRAGM

SAGGING BUSTS  
INSTANTLY CORRECTED

You can TEST the Slimform Girdle for 10 days  
Without Cost

DOES excess fat rob you of the  
grace and charm that you  
desire?

Has unwanted flesh accumulated  
at waist, thighs and diaphragm in  
spite of all your efforts to retain  
that girlish slimmest? Then you  
will rejoice over the marvellous  
Slimform Girdle and Uplift Bras-  
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line to what you desire, by their  
amazing massage-like action.

No Diet, Drugs, or Exercises!  
The Slimform Girdle method of  
reducing is remarkable for its abso-  
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No Drugs . . . No Exercise . . . You  
Eat Normal Meals . . . and yet we  
Guarantee you will Reduce at  
least 3 Inches in 10 Days or it will  
Cost you Nothing.

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So Do Not Delay. Send 2d. stamp  
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SPRAYS... BUT ONLY ONE  
**FLY-TOX**  
THE INSECT SPRAY THAT  
**KILLS**

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spray, for Fly-Tox kills. Fly-Tox is recognised and  
used throughout the world as the best insect spray  
made. It is guaranteed effective: no flies, mosquitoes  
or other insects can live when it is sprayed.

Protect your family from sickness and your property  
from damage with genuine Fly-Tox. Economical  
because of its greater effectiveness.

COSTS  
NO MORE  
THAN  
ORDINARY  
SPRAYS

IT PAYS TO USE FLY-TOX  
IT KILLS ALL INSECTS.

## TEACHING Aquarians to be CAUTIOUS "Mixed" Year—But Success is Indicated

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society.

1936 is likely to prove remarkably "mixed" for most  
Aquarian people—those born between January 20 and  
February 19.

Yet, as the balance of planetary influences will be in their  
favor (unless the individual horoscope says otherwise) these people  
can look forward generally to a happy and successful year, especially  
if they take precautions in times of doubt.

They must look to their wives, husbands, or sweethearts with  
respect, for they can be instrumental in bringing much of this good  
fortune, and it will be wise to value their suggestions or offers of  
help.

Those born on February 2 or  
February 3 should be un-  
usually successful during late  
August and all September, but great  
caution is advised from the beginning  
of October onward, since the "luck" is  
likely to disappear rather suddenly.  
Large financial or similar commitments  
should not, therefore, be attempted by  
Aquarians during the last quarter of  
1936.

In general, however, Jupiter (the  
planet of Good Fortune) favors  
Aquarians during the year, especially  
during April. So plan ahead now, for  
enterprises and changes which you can  
put into operation (really begin) during  
April. Even May, which ordinarily can  
be expected to bring difficulties and set-  
backs, is likely to prove desirable,  
especially during the last nine days of  
the month.

Those born late in February are likely  
to have much to do with both old and  
new friends during 1936. Moreover,  
these friends can aid them during  
periods of unexpected difficulty.

July may not be the best month in  
regard to the health of Aquarians, par-  
ticularly those born about the middle  
of February. Be a little more careful  
than usual, particularly during late July  
and into August.

The last days of August are likely to  
prove momentous for those Aquarians  
born on January 31, especially if they  
are married or perhaps contemplating  
partnership of any kind.

All Aquarian people must be careful

### In the Looking-glass

**LIBRA PEOPLE:** Those born  
between Sept. 23 and Oct. 24  
are usually well-formed in body,  
and have the appearance of  
being tall in youth, but short as  
age creeps on, probably because  
of a tendency toward plumpness.  
Usually good-looking, with regular  
features, a youthful appearance,  
and frequently dimples. Libras  
generally small and well-pro-  
portioned.

They "feel" or "sense" an  
atmosphere, so should be among  
 congenial companions if they  
wish to look their best and hap-  
piest. None inclined to Grecian  
type, face rather round—or with  
a pointed chin.

Nice people, easily led or in-  
fluenced, but if upset can give as  
good as they get.

during the year in regard to travel and  
the handling of machinery of any kind,  
and do not forget that automobiles  
come under this heading. Take no  
chances: luck may go against you.

Similarly, in regard to speculation,  
gambling or investments. Be extremely  
cautious in (or avoid) stock-market  
transaction, particularly in regard to  
new commitments. On the other hand,  
business affairs of a slow, laborious or  
routine nature should prosper, providing  
Aquarians are awake to their chances.  
In the case of those in the employ of  
others, if promotion does not come of  
its own accord they should "chase" it,  
particularly during their "good" parts of  
the year. Aquarians should not be their  
own worst enemies (a characteristic of  
that Zodiacal sign). Enterprise and  
confidence should be cultivated.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE this information in your  
daily lives. It will prove both val-  
uable and interesting, excepting in the  
very few cases where the individual  
horoscope brings conflicting planetary  
influences. In any event, the informa-  
tion is worthy of a trial.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): 19th  
and 20th best, but quiet living advised.  
**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Go  
slow this week; 21st and 22nd a poor  
best.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Get  
busy. Plan ahead. Start new enter-  
prises. Good weeks ahead; 23rd and  
24th especially good.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Make

the most of the 18th (after 3 p.m.). Then  
sit tight, and try to dodge trouble,  
especially on the 23rd and 24th.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Careful  
on 19th and 20th. Better on 21st and  
22nd.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23):  
"Happy days are here again," as Feb-  
ruary changes into March. Plan ahead  
to begin things on Feb. 23 and 24.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22):  
Live quietly on 23rd and 24th. Better  
on 25th.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20):  
Quite fair on late 18th, all 19th, and 20th.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19):  
Quite fair on the 21st and 22nd.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Good  
weeks ahead. Make the most of this  
week after the 19th, especially the 23rd  
and 24th Feb. Even better next week.

## How Radio Waves Restore Health THERMO-RAY

Ultra-short waves properly directed  
stir up the hidden sources of defence  
in the blood, increase the red and  
white corpuscles, and destroy the  
poisonous agencies which cause sick-  
ness and disease.

Complaints such as arthritis, rheu-  
matism, pleurisy, asthma, eczema, etc.,  
are among the widely varied cases of  
more than 9000 treatments of Thermo-  
Ray given during the past two years  
in Sydney at the Thermo-Ray Insti-  
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Public Hospitals.

Each week we refer to different cases,  
but should you require information  
regarding any ailment you may be  
suffering from, our medical officers  
will advise you if Thermo-Ray treat-  
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The services of a fully qualified medi-  
cal staff and the Dutch scientist who  
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The VIBRAPHONE is  
not an artificial ear-drum.

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## HUSBANDS AREN'T ALWAYS WRONG

I MUST HAVE A NEW  
WASHING-BOARD FOR THE  
MORNING. WILL  
YOU BE SURE  
TO BRING  
ONE HOME?

DO WASHING  
-BOARDS  
ACTUALLY  
WEAR  
OUT?

IF YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE IT,  
TAKE A LOOK  
AT THIS

GOSH, IF THE  
BOARD WEARS  
LIKE THAT, I  
PITY THE  
CLOTHES

WHAT AN  
AWKWARD  
PARCEL  
TO  
CARRY!

WHY NOT TAKE  
SOME PERSIL  
INSTEAD, MRS. HALL?  
MY WIFE NEVER  
RUBS HER  
WASHING  
NOW.

ADVICE WELL TAKEN  
THEY CERTAINLY  
LOOK WHITER  
TO ME

THEY'RE  
SHADES  
WHITER...  
YET THE WASHING  
WAS SO EASY! AND  
ONLY FOR YOU I MIGHT  
NEVER HAVE TRIED  
PERSIL

Think how much longer the  
clothes must last without any  
rubbing to wear them. PERSIL's  
active oxygen-charged suds  
get the dirt out gently and  
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**GOODBYE CORNS!**

The wise woman does not experiment when a troublesome corn makes her life a burden—she knows it can be removed quickly and safely with

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**INVISIBLE MENDING**  
Damaged Garments INVISIBLY  
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# BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

## The One Girl who Didn't Bet on Cuddle

By BETTY GEE

I could have wept with disappointment at Canterbury Park on Saturday. Last week I urged you all to back Arachne in the Oakleigh Plate. Of course I risked a little of the house-keeping money myself.

Through the microphone at Canterbury Park came the joyful news, "The Oakleigh Plate was won by Arachne. I'll give you the places in one minute."

But when the official placings came through it was not Arachne first, but only second to Belle Silhouette, which might have been the name of a boat for all I knew—or cared.

I'm sorry, girls, but it was a pretty good tip wasn't it?

Well, we had a day and a half out at Canterbury all right. There were eight races there, and eight in Melbourne, and I had Dicky running sideways through the ring in a vain attempt to follow me while I bet on both programmes. And I had him fishing in his pocket for more money before the afternoon was very old.

Dicky, after my remarks about his dressing, looked a sartorial fashion plate, but after he had done a few laps of the ring his collar had wilted and his handkerchief was wet with mopping his brow. I consoled him with a remark that it would be good for his figure, but I don't think he appreciated the wisdom of it.

Well, about this racing: Polywin, the hairdresser's tip, carried my money in the first, but they ill-treated little Parions at the start, and that was the end of "Polly." Dan Dee won from La Chataigne, and both are trained on the track.

### Watch for "Locals"

Here's a good tip for you girls! At these suburban meetings, the locally trained horses generally win a couple of races. They seem to know their way about the place. Later in the day I backed Concilio for this reason. So watch them next time.

Well, I lost on Teddy Boy, but was waiting for the books with a hot tip for Dubonnet in the next. This was the direct "oil" via about nine people, from Mr. W. H. McLachlan who trains and half owns the colt. To my query the bookmaker replied "Take 6 to 4." Dicky explained that I had to put on six pounds to win four so I retorted "You'll take nothing" and backed Tuckerbox solely on its Gundagai reputation. Dubonnet won with Tuckerbox up the straight.

The "rot" continued with Dame Moab, the lady who always comes on the scene too late, and then Loud Applause, who tricked me out of my double the week before, bobbed up to beat Dulcedo, which Dicky had as a "lay down misere." But I was pleased that little Britt, who couldn't have left the kindergarten long ago, won his first race.

### Now for Newmarket

MEANTIME I had lost on three Melbourne races including a special "punt" on Dark Man, but then unannounced Keith Voltre brought home Cotys a winner to relieve the tension.

Heartened, I backed Florida, which won as handsomely as Mr. Mack Sawyer told me it would, and just had enough time to lose my money on Young Idea at Caulfield. Fancy any girl not taking "the office" and backing Cuddle. It serves me right.

Then I decided on a plunge on the last in Melbourne, and put 10/- each way on Bunsby Gate at 7 to 1. We didn't wait for the result, but when we got to town, found it had dead-heated at 25 to 1. I've told Dicky to give that bookmaker a real kick on the shins when he goes to collect.

Well, stick to old Closing Time for the Newmarket, girls, and the baker has more reassuring news about Amalia for the Australian Cup. So I may get the fox fur yet.

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Will I always be unlucky?  
When will my conditions improve?  
What is my Lottery luck?  
Will I realize my ambitions?  
What are my future prospects?  
All questions answered and Full Astrological Reading for 2/- Sent P.M.  
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# TE-SAL

OINTMENT

The newest discovery  
of Science!

A new weapon has been forged in the war against diseases of the skin—TE-SAL, Nature's Wonder Healer! Contains genuine Oil of the Tea-Tree, recently proved to possess germicidal and healing properties! Instantly sterilises and quickly heals cuts, abrasions, insect bites, eczema, and all forms of skin trouble. Buy a tin to-day—obtainable from all leading chemists—and keep it handy in case of emergency. Large size tins 1/6.

LARGE  
SIZE  
TINS



Note: If you are unable to obtain Te-Sal locally write direct to the manufacturers, Te-Sal Laboratories Ltd., 33 Hunter St., Sydney, mentioning the name of your supplier.

T.S. 424

# WARNING

Headaches, colds, flu, rheumatism and other pains have been relieved by genuine Vincent's A.P.C. so successfully, that many imitations have appeared. It should, therefore, be remembered that Vincent's A.P.C., by avoiding dangerous drugs and by strictly adhering to pure ingredients, has given results without after-effects. Vincent's A.P.C. is prepared on the scientific formula now in use in Australia's largest hospitals. See that you get Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powders or Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6. New pocket size tablets, 1/6 tin.

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**VINCENT A.P.C.**

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY — "VINCENT'S"



**OPENING  
APRIL 3rd**

# TROCADERO

THE OUTSTANDING  
Entertainment Event  
of 1936.

**THE OPENING OF THE  
PALATIAL TROCADERO  
for APRIL 3rd**

**PARTICULARS**

DRESS: ... FORMAL  
TIMES: ... 9 p.m.—2.30 a.m.  
RESERVATIONS: Please write J.C. Bendrodt, 251 Pitt Street, stating requirements.

CURTAINS: ... a L'Ameritane  
CHARGE INCLUSIVE: ... 30/-

**"POPULAR" PREMIERE, SAT.,  
APRIL 4th.**

Particulars Later.

AGAIN REMINDING—Organisers of Private, Semi-private and charitable efforts. All available dates are rapidly filling. May we suggest immediate enquiries addressed to J.C. Bendrodt.

A DELIGHTFULLY ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE  
OF THE TROCADERO IS AVAILABLE ON  
REQUEST.

It is not necessary in writing for the brochure  
to include return postage.



## Nervy? Irritable?

You're not actually ill — perhaps not bad enough to lay up — but you feel nervy ... irritable ... easily tired. It comes to many women, especially those over forty. Its name is "anaemia" and it acts subtly, unseen — like the insidious attack of the vampire bat of fiction — undermining your constitution, weakening your blood-stream. Trying to fight it unaided isn't a bit of use. Mere will-power can't create rich, young blood. But Wincarnis can — and will, if you take it regularly 3 times a day. Wincarnis has received over 20,000 recommendations from doctors and nurses. You should buy a bottle to-day. With the very first glass you'll feel noticeably better. Quarts: 7/5. Pints: 4/5.

**WINCARNIS**  
Puts New Blood in your veins



## Soothes at a Touch!

ONLY **Germolene**  
ENDS PAIN PAINLESSLY

The first cooling touch—and burning inflammation, throbbing pain, die away. But that's only half the story! The amazing speed with which Germolene conquers ANY skin trouble, however serious, is little short of miraculous. Thousands of sufferers have found glorious freedom from Skin Trouble with Germolene Skin Ointment. On the right is a typical letter—unsolicited, straight-from-the-heart gratitude. Read it. Then get your tin for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ECZEMA, BAD LEGS, PILES, SORES, ACNE, ETC.



**RASH**  
goes in 2 DAYS

"For weeks I have treated my rash with all sorts of things, but without success. Then a friend suggested Germolene Ointment. Within two days the rash had completely disappeared."  
—Miss R. S.

All Chemists  
and Stores

**Germolene**  
SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

## Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 5

KARL, holding his mother's hand, or sometimes running on ahead as though to discover where this illimitable green world ended, was like a child entranced. Birds sang, and his knowledge of birds was confined to sparrows and canaries. And what was it that smelled so sweet? He asked his mother, but Rebecca was no wiser than her Karl, until she happened to brush against a may bough.

"It's the white flower, Karl."

Karl had to be lifted so that he could put his nose to it.

"What's it called, mum?"

His mother did not know. She had a wonderful eye for summing-up a suit of clothes or a piece of fur, but she did not know one tree from another. To her city eyes all of them looked alike.

They sat on the grass by a thorn and unpacked the basket. Sausage-rolls, and jam tarts, and two bottles of stone ginger. Karl ate his sausage-roll like a child in a dream, but his dark eyes were bright. They saw much more than his mother saw. He gazed and gazed into an infinitude of greenness and blue sky. Why didn't men make houses green? The day was warm and still, and Rebecca took off her hat and reclined. Karl looked at his mother. Her eyes were closed, and he stole away and wandered. Here were old thorn trees whose interiors

were like caves. And then, suddenly, he felt lost; a delicious, terrifying feeling. Indians were after him. He ran this way, and he ran that, and then stumbled on the place where his mother lay.

"Asleep, mum?"

"No—my pretty."

She lay looking at the sky, and Karl, prone on his tummy beside her, bit at the grass.

"What are you thinking about, mum?"

"Oh, nothing," said his mother.

Yet how was Karl to know that even a stout woman of five and forty can be a child, and dream impossible dreams of love and adventure, or that there is a secret world in every woman in which she sometimes plays princess. Rebecca was in a Cinderella mood. But her prince had been a poor thing, a fellow who had sneered at all princeliness, and would have pulled down all beanstalks instead of climbing them. What—in the name of Jehovah—had made her marry Sam? Sex was a strange thing—yet sex had given her Karl.

She stole a look at the boy.

Would some she-Sam get hold of her Karl? Not if she could help it.

IN fine weather Rebecca's shop spread itself under an



WIDE-BRIMMED hat and dashing cloak combine to give a charmingly debonair air to this black-and-white winter ensemble. The cloak is caught with bracer effect in front and secured at the waist with a buckle. Note soft cowl of rain blouse in harmony with the full sleeves caught to a wide band below the elbow.

"I wondered why Corn Flakes tasted so much better"



Mrs. F. E. Williams, of Double Bay, Sydney, says: "I've tried lots of ready-to-eat cereals and often wondered why Kellogg's Corn Flakes tasted so much better than any of them. I discovered that it's the flavour of corn which is so much more delicious than other grain."



THE marvellous flavour of these crisp delicious golden flakes comes from the heart of specially selected fresh sun-ripened corn. That's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste different—better than cereals made from other grains. They're so rich, so tempting and so satisfying! And Kellogg's are the only Corn Flakes sold in Australia! Busy housewives know that

## FREE Recipe Booklet

Delightful dishes can be made from Kellogg's Recipes. Send your name and address to Kellogg's, Box 8, Botany, Sydney—you'll receive this useful booklet by return mail.

Corn Flakes are popular, economical, and save hours of work because they're ready to serve—no cooking required. And they know, too, that Kellogg's are full of

nourishment but easily digested—a perfect food for our warm climate! Good with fresh or stewed fruit, or cold milk or cream. Order Kellogg's Corn Flakes today and serve them regularly!

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**

awning across the pavement in an ordered confusion of underclothing, shirts, socks, boots, and trousers. A gangway led through to the shop door, and here Rebecca sat rather like a black spider in the centre of her web, watching the world and her property. Business was prospering, so much so that she was thinking of joining the new to the old, and of engaging an assistant. Saturday afternoons were becoming too crowded.

"Ow much for the pants, mother?"

The Essex Road needed watching when you had the shop to attend to, and those bargain counters on the pavement were being explored by ladies with light fingers and capacious shopping-bags. When his mother had suggested to Augustus that he should sacrifice his Saturday afternoon and play the part of casual assistant, Augustus had demurred. He was following in the footsteps of his father; he had a creed and an urge. Augustus could be superior and facetious. He was not going to waste his time in helping an old woman to plant cheap pants upon the proletariat when the world's problem was to put an unbroke democracy into the seats of the mighty. Augustus wore a red tie. As the son of his father he should have been seen more often in the sick-room up above, but though Augustus and his father were full of the same windiness, they were not in sympathy. Both of them wanted to talk, and neither to listen. George—of course—was impossible. George had discovered girls, and for the moment nothing else interested him.

Moreover, a paternal society refused Rebecca the services of her third son. He was of tender years. He was not yet of age for the market. But the Law could not deny Rebecca the quickness of a child's eyes.

"Do you want to help your mother, Karl?"

Karl was more than willing.

"Yes, mum."

She gave him a stool in the doorway. He was allowed his book, but his business was to observe the hands of the loiterers. His mother explained that honesty was only the best policy when it was watched. If Karl had any cause for suspicion, and his mother happened to be within, he was to shout—"Shop."

So, on Saturday afternoons and evenings the child sat patiently on his stool and watched his mother's property. By nature an observant child, this attention to business made him more so. He became very quick, in his studying and summing up of faces. Almost, he was like a sensitive plant placed in the doorway. Even as a child he had a flair for faces, and for the quality of the human stuff behind them, the mean, the surreptitious, the sly, the brazen. The business became a game with him, in which his wits were pitted against those of the plunderer.

"Shop, mum."

One Saturday he did accuse a large and alcoholic lady of having slipped a vest into her bag. The woman blustered. Shop-lifting?—Not she!

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# THE MOVIE WORLD

February 22, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 31

## CALLING Australia!

### Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES, Our  
Special Representative.  
BY SPECIAL CABLE

#### Cagney Jumps Traces

THERE are ructions on the Warner lot. James Cagney has filed a suit against the brothers for the cancellation of his 160,000dol. a-year contract. His grounds are that the agreement stipulated four pictures annually, whereas Warners are asking him to make five. Cagney says that more than four would be detrimental to his popularity.

Cagney, who has usually been cast for tough roles in his pictures, is now turning tough in reality, and is holding out for what he claims are his rights. If he goes ahead with this action, it may break up an association which has lasted since

#### March, Hepburn Teamed

This is exclusive, and not yet generally announced. R.K.O. have signed up Fredric March to co-star with Katharine Hepburn in "Mary of Scotland."

As the first film in which these two stars have appeared together, great interest should attach to it.

No supporting cast has yet been chosen, but I can say definitely that John Ford, famous for his direction of "The Lost Patrol" and "The Informer," will direct this Hepburn-March production.

1931, in which year Warner Brothers first took him up, and started grooming him for stardom.

His pictures include "Taxi," "Hard to Handle," "Footlight Parade," "Here Comes the Navy," "Devil Dogs of the Air," and "Midsummer Night's Dream." "Ceiling Zero," his last, should soon be seen in Australia.

Meantime the question is: Will Cagney continue work on what was to be his big picture of 1936—"The Adventures of Robin Hood"? Nothing definite is known about this at the moment.

#### Another Divorce

Add another to Hollywood's 1936 divorce list. Ethel Atwell has just been granted her freedom from husband Ray, after an uncontested suit.

Ray Atwell will be remembered as the stuttering comedian of the films. So far, even the local gossips have not provided either of the severed parties with a future partner, but that maybe is because they're still busy with the Barrymore-Barrie rapprochement.



GLADYS SWARTHOUT, Metropolitan Opera Singer. Secured by Paramount for their picture, "Rose of the Rancho."

#### The War Again

MARCH is in demand at present. The ink is not yet dry on the contract he has signed with Fox to make a picture called "Wooden Crosses." Warner Baxter is also to appear in it.

Special interest attaches to this story because of its author, William Faulkner, one of the most significant of contemporary American novelists. Faulkner wrote "The Sound and the Fury," "Light in August," and "Soldier's Pay," among other well-known works.

"Wooden Crosses" is a war story, and should be particularly strong in its treatment if Faulkner carries his methods as a novelist to the screen.

#### New Tibbett Picture

HARRY BRAND, 20th Century-Fox executive, passes on the advance information that Tibbett has been snared for another picture, work on which will commence virtually immediately.

It is to be a semi-musical production, thus giving Lawrence a chance to unleash his famous baritone, and the background is to be a large construction project.

From this it would appear that Tibbett will be cast as the singing cement-mixer, or the operatic crane-operator. On the other hand, he may just be a nice young civil engineer who "likes good music."

#### Margaret Gets Mad

THE latest assault in Hollywood was brought off by Margaret Sullivan. Leaving a theatre with Henry Fonda, she came face to face with a newspaper cameraman, who promptly photographed the two of them together.

The talk that has been going the rounds about these two has, apparently, got under Margaret's skin, for she immediately jumped at the photographer, seized his camera, and smashed the plates it contained. The newspaperman in trying to defend his equipment did not emerge scatheless.



# HOLLYWOOD is RICH ... in CRAZY JOBS

## Film Studios A Refuge for the Family Eccentric Who Needs Money



GEORGE DALY—a studio "big shot," in the real sense of the word.

IS THERE any member of your family who chases imaginary moonbeams, or habitually wheels a wheelbarrow about upside-down, or cheats at Patience?

Don't have him certified; pack him off to Hollywood — there's pretty sure to be something crazy for him to do in the studios.

He may become a sky-searcher, or a floor-pounder, or a garment-unraveller, or a bullet-sprayer, or some equally mad thing such as a moonbeam-greaser, a barnacle-builder, a train-shaker, or a wave-starter.



A CAMERA is not the only thing they shoot with in Hollywood. Sylvia Sydney has had to stand up to real bullets.

BELOW IS DICK POWELL. Every song he sings has to be O.K.'d by another expert—the studio musical man, who knows more than 50,000 songs, and checks everything up as a guard against copyrights infringement.

ALL these functionaries (some of whom have only part-time work, it's true) command very decent wages, and are held in respect by their fellow-craftsmen; besides, as a place of residence Hollywood is usually considered preferable to a padded cell, although there are strong points of resemblance.

To watch these curious-sounding people at work is to have a cross-section of the film industry. They represent, to a great extent, that illusion upon which the whole edifice of film production is built.

The sky-searcher may be recognised anywhere by his stiff neck, caused by his continually walking about with his head tilted back, looking for clouds.

These are comparative rarities in a Californian sky, and when a particularly good formation appears he hastily "shoots" it for inclusion in some future picture.

A floor-pounder, for some unexplained reason, wears white overalls—perhaps to distinguish him from a paint-ager, whose overalls are usually no longer white.

The floor-pounder's job, as might be reasonably expected, is to pound floors—not to render them nice and soft for stars and executives to walk on, but to stop squeaks.

For instance, during production of the Marlene Dietrich-Gary Cooper film, "Desire," the chief sound engineer detected a slight squeak as Dietrich crossed the floor.

### Moon-Greasers

THIS would kill a dramatic scene stone-dead if it got into the soundtrack, so the floor-pounder was summoned, and pounded the floor until the squeaks vanished.

The moonbeam-greaser's job is in one respect rather like that of the man who makes his living by putting the crosses in hot cross buns—he has long periods of resting.

As a matter of fact, so far he has worked on only one production—"A Midsummer Night's Dream"—but that kept him pretty busy.

It was his responsibility to see that the moonbeam down which the fairies slid was kept well greased. When that production was over he went sorrowfully back to his everyday job as prop-man, but his life has been changed by his momentary importance, and he now restlessly awaits the return of the fairies.



Frequently a scene is supposed to represent a very old and shabby building on which new paint would be completely out of place, and it is then that the paint-ager trots along with his cans and implements and proceeds to make the paint look shabby and old.

We fully expect some thousands of readers of The Australian Women's Weekly to write in, advancing their small songs or daughters' qualifications for such a job; but we are afraid they won't get it. Paint-agers are usually master-painters who understand the chemical content and reactions of various paints.

An artist whose job is technically different, but its effect much the same, is the cobweb-spinner. He is particularly in demand for "thrillers" and "horror" films. As soon as we hear a certain piece of "background music" we know the cobweb-spinner has taken a bit of overtime pay home to his wife.

### Spinning Cobwebs

TO him, too, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" proved a dream of delight. Robert Martin, who invented a machine for spinning cobwebs, had his work cut out to keep it for himself; William Dietrich, the director, saw him spinning webs in the woodland and sprinkling them with tinsel for dew—and he was so delighted that he spent hours wandering about with Martin's machine, spinning webs on everything and everybody in sight. (Well, you know how you were yourself with your kid brother's meccano at Christmas.)

The gentleman who greased the moonbeam might reasonably have been named Greasette, but he wasn't.

Instead, David Greasette is a barnacle-builder on the Warner lot.

You'd think when you'd made a barnacle or barnacles that would be that, and you could go home, but not so. Apparently anyone can make a barnacle. You just make a mould of a real one, and then turn out plaster copies as fast as you want 'em.

But when you've done that you've got to group them in the way they naturally are, and you've got to make 'em stick. Easy enough to persuade a live barnacle to stick, but a plaster imitation has to be handled so-o-o-o tactfully.

There are several curious jobs connected with animals, birds, reptiles, and insects.

Chief bird-fancier is Orin Cannon, who turns hawks into falcons by training them to catch other birds. Orin roams the mountains in search of hawk's nests; some of his falcons performed in "Cleopatra" and "The Crusades," and will be seen again in "Samson and Delilah."

### Grim Job

A GRIM job among the maker-brigade is that of the man who makes bodies. When an actor falls or is hurled from a great height to certain death, we may not always realise in the excitement of the moment that the star is in no real danger, but the body-maker remembers. He is watching that hurtling body with a critical detachment, observing whether it seems to struggle in the air as a living victim might.

He made it—as he also makes the bodies that are in cars when they plunge into ravines, the bodies that are hanged, the bodies that are blown sky-high in explosions.

When a studio sea has to be rough it requires an experienced hand to stir it into whitecaps without stopping over, and this the "wave-starter" does expertly, ruling the waves quite as efficiently as Britannia ever could.

Perhaps the bullet-sprayer has the most nerve-racking job in the studios.

On the Paramount lot this functionary is an Irishman named George Daly. His job is to spray machine-gun bullets into walls, floors, and doors, a few inches from the heads of Hollywood's brightest stars.

### Sharpshooting

HE stands from 10 to 20 feet away from the players, and has a wood backing eight inches thick, which stops the bullets.

On "Mary Burns, Fugitive," he fired 16,000 rounds, for which he received £20 a day while shooting round Sylvia Sydney or Wallace Ford, £5 to £10 for misbehaving lesser folk.

In ten years he has had only one accident, when a piece of glass fell on his hand and cut his finger. And none of the people he has "shot round" has had any accidents either.



# THERE'S GOLD In Them THAR FRILLS

## ● Frocks for . . . Sophisticated Films Cost Big Money

By JEANNETTE MACMAHON

"BUT, MY DEAR, I haven't got a thing to wear!" Trite words! Trite because you've said 'em and I've said 'em time and time again, whether we meant it or not.

Mostly, though—that is, if you're anything like me—you DID mean it, and if the invitation was finally accepted, there was the resultant rushing to and from the modiste, the scrimping and saving to wipe off the darned expense, and finally, the ecstasy of appearing at that bridge party to an accompaniment of "Too, too charming, my dear!"

AND that's where you and I differ from Hollywood, garish town of big ideas, big salaries . . . and BIG expenditure—particularly on the divine creations that adorn the shapely backs of our Harlows, our Lombards, and our Crawfords! And that's why a little insight into the money that's spent by such lasses as these, in addition to the enormous amounts for clothing paid by the studios for whom they work, may prove interesting!

There's a select little band of gentlemen in Hollywood, who, when they chop into a piece of material with a pair of half-dollar scissors, are cutting hundreds and hundreds of dollars in half. And when they get to work with sewing-machine and cotton, they're joining them together again in the shape of drapings for the forms of the beauties that make the likes of you and me go perfectly green with pardonable envy. The gentry in question are Adrian, head fashion designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Orry Kelly, in a like capacity for Warner Bros.-First National; Travis Banton, Paramount's ace fashion creator; and Bernard Newman, pride of



JOAN CRAWFORD, now one of the screen's most glamorous women, but nothing to look at until the studio dress experts took her in hand.

money to spend on dresses, the color of which you can't even see in the finished picture, unless, of course, it's technicolor, which "Roberta" wasn't.

But Bernie is that kind of a guy! He has long suffered with a phobia against impractical ginger-bread picture clothes as are wished on some of our nicest actresses. He thinks that the raiment worn on the screen has such a profound influence on the fashions of the world that it must be practical and in impeccable taste. "Why steer 'em wrong?" asks Bernie—and why, indeed? We have never known!

Which reminds me that it's not only Mrs. General Public that's swayed by screen fashions. The big-wigs of that so-called city of feminine clothing culture—gay Paree—also admit that the "alive, alert, romantic, beautifully-groomed women of the screen" cannot help but influence them in their creations.

I remember reading something that Marcel Rochas, exciting new lord of Parisian fashion, once wrote:

"In 'Little Women,' Katharine Hepburn was so charming in those old-fashioned clothes that her charm naturally drew our eye to them as well. So pleasing were they, and so apropos at a time when everyone was feeling the need for something 'new,' that these types of clothes offered the solution.

### Exquisite Stars

"LET me add here that the movies have greatly influenced me in developing a new type of mannequin, so exquisite are the stars, and the manner in which they carry their clothes. I have types resembling such favorites as Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Ginger Rogers."

And coming from such a sewing-machine maestro as Rochas, that's sumpin'! The same thing you feel when you see your favorite movie star, and decide to adopt her style is influencing the Parisian dictators of fashion. So be true to your feminine hunches and "go" Crawford or Rogers, if it suits you. You won't be out of style!

But to get back to the number of greenbacks that are spent in Hollywood on dresses . . . the broadcloth cloth used in several gowns worn by Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life" cost twenty-five dollars a yard. And don't spare the scissors, said Adrian.

### No Faking

IRENE DUNNE, in "Roberta," wore a head ornament in the "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" number that cost 6000 dollars. That doesn't make her a lady, in case you misunderstand me—but the fact that the jewels were real all helps the feeling that a lady wears none but authentic jewels, laces or furs. If she can't afford real ones she doesn't wear any.

None of the studio fashion experts will stand for faking. They refuse to pass off dyed skunk for sable, an idea which could quite easily be pulled. Joan, in "I Live My Life," wears a gorgeous wrap of silver fox which cost 19,800 dollars. . . .

My, oh, my!! That's MONEY! But, then, it just goes to show that the creations for the screen are not synthetic, but are honest-to-goodness and very important details, which must be just as correct as any piece of historical data which is culled by the research department of the studio for a period picture.

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YES, CAROLE LOMBARD is allying, but would she be able to carry off so well this situation with Fred MacMurray if her clothes were not just right?

LEFT: One of the men responsible for the fashions that set the fashions—Adrian, famous designer, who is under contract to M.-G.-M.

the R.K.O. lot. Between them they manage to carve up enough material in twelve months which, if placed end to end, would make the cutest little stepping for all the elephants that ever appeared in "Bring 'Em Back Alive" and "Congorilla" put together.

And the money that they spend. Where! Maybe it'll surprise you to learn that our friend Bernie, from R.K.O., was held down to a mere 250,000 dollars on clothing for "Roberta." The pikers!!

But that piece of information, brief though it may be, serves to illustrate that all the money spent on a picture doesn't go on exorbitant salaries for its stars, nor for lavish interior sets and bizarre decorations. A very, very large cut of any production budget, especially for the more sophisticated, smartly-dressed type of film such as "Roberta," is allocated to dresses for the leading lights of the story.

Strange that these creators of feminine fashion, whose ideas may well be said to dictate the fads of the fair sex throughout the English-speaking world, are all men . . . men who make home-grown women look the way a Grand Duchess would like to look, and in doing so earn nearly as much money as d—Clark Gable.

Strange, too, though probably perfectly natural when you analyse it, that they've all got that gift-of-God "family" manner which makes haughty stars take down their hair, release the skeletons

from the closet, and ask them what to do about it. The staggering part about it is—they tell 'em . . . yes, they tell the Great Stars, whom you and I worship, what to wear and when! And the stars do it, humbly, gratefully. These gentlemen designers want all of their charges to look nice and well-bred and distinguished. So the best way to do it is to design the clothes they wear, and each star is regarded as a personal problem.

If you met Adrian, Orry Kelly or Bernie Newman, they'd leave you breathless. I rise up and state without reservation that they're lambs. Not sweet lambs. Take off your glasses before you call any of them sweet! Speaking generally, they're nice, big, masculine lambs, who look as if they wouldn't know a gusset from a hole in the ground.

Perhaps that explains why they've got that nice manner that enables the feminine luminaries of the talking-screen to take their advice completely, in the knowledge that if a man who specialises in clothing likes a certain thing, why shouldn't ordinary Mr. Man?

### Paris Influence

WHEN I said that Bernie Newman was allowed 250,000 dollars of dresses for "Roberta," that was no exaggeration. Of course, "Roberta" was an individual picture, inasmuch as most of its story hinged around beautiful frocks. But nevertheless, it's a heck of a lot of





LONDON on the AIR

# STUDIO TEAM Fight Elstree BLAZE

## Huge Loss, But Calamity Averted

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London.

BY BEAM WIRELESS.

When Elstree started to blaze, the infant British film industry was faced with what could have been a terrific disaster. As it was, the blaze caused damage estimated at between £450,000 and £750,000. But for an amateur studio fire-brigade, the loss to British Imperial Films and British Dominion Films could have been crippling—temporarily, at least.

Joe Grossman, studio manager for B.I.F., and his amateur crew were on the job four minutes after the discovery of the outbreak, and twenty minutes before the London brigades arrived. The amateur fire-fighters saved Elstree from being blown up.

IN the vaults beneath the two studios are stored hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of celluloid—completed pictures and film.

Had the fire got near this material nothing could have stopped an explosion that would have blown Elstree sky high. As it was, Grossman and his boys, by being on the spot, were able to put a wall of water around the storage vault, and thus keep the flames at bay.

Those twenty minutes during which the studio brigade worked alone were invaluable. Had nothing been done until the London fire-fighters arrived, the damage, even putting aside the almost certain explosion of the vaults, would have been immeasurably greater.

As it was, B.I.F. actually saved all their equipment with the exception of that on one set of a new production, "Our Selves Alone," which was completely destroyed.

British Dominions suffered

heavier loss, but rescued most of their equipment and all completed films. The Ned Sparks-Gordon Harker picture, "Two's Company," was saved by a lucky chance. Every completed section had been removed, only the day before, from the old studio. All shots, sets, and scenery were saved; the only thing destroyed was one of Mary Brian's frocks, but the studio dressmaker has a copy of this and is already re-making it.

Although the fire has been disastrous—mainly to the insurance companies—it will not cause a hold-up in either company's schedule. Work has already been resumed on all pictures that were in production at the time of the catastrophe.

For this both B.I.F. and British Dominions can thank Joe Grossman, who, at last, has the laugh on everyone else at Elstree.

For years Joe has been drilling his amateurs, and for years he and his men have had to stand the chaffing of actors, executives, and workmen every time the brigade turned out.

This unpaid organisation was no easy one to form. Elstree village has never boasted a fire-brigade. Grossman, with vivid pictures in his mind of what would happen in the event of an outbreak, set about making one.

The necessary funds were raised by giving concerts and holding sports meetings. Executives were dunned. At last sufficient was raised to equip the brigade.

Then came the laughs. Every full-dress appearance for drill was greeted by loud laughter from everybody within eyeshot. It was one great big joke until the fire happened, and Joe and his volunteers got on the job within four minutes.

Now Grossman and his men are the heroes of the hour. Just what rewards will be handed out has not yet been announced.

### Escaped from Hollywood

HARRY  
LANGDON,  
versatile J.C.W.  
comedian, who  
has just broken  
loose from films  
to return to the  
stage.



## HARRY LANGDON Holidays from HOLLYWOOD

### Eighteen Years Earns A Break, Says Comedian

Harry Langdon, J. C. Williamson comedian, whose story appears below, has come straight to Australia from Hollywood, where he lived and worked for eighteen years—years which marked the greatest growth of one of the greatest industries in the world.

By HARRY LANGDON

ALTHOUGH I'm in Australia now and trying hard to be as "dinkum" (that's the word, isn't it?) as the great folk I've met since I've been here, I still keep up one or two old American customs. For instance, I still read my "Esquire," a real he-man American paper. And going through it last night, I noticed an article by a very old friend and co-worker of mine: Frank Capra, one of the finest directors in the film business.

Quite apart from its contents, that story of Frank's made me think, "Why, say?" I said to myself, first thing, "Here's Frank busting into print. Why, it's only the other day..."

Well, I pulled myself up in time. That other day was quite a few years ago. Things move so fast in Hollywood that time seems to jump by you. The eighteen years I spent there went in a flash; it is only yesterday, to me, that I was working on the old Mack Sennett lot, turning out comedies that the public of those days went into fits about and grabbing off a sandwich between scenes with men and women who've since become world-famous.

But it was Capra's name that started me off on this. Good old Frank—a fine guy if ever there was one. Wonder if he has time these days to remember the way the two of us worked together when he was starting off in the business as a gag-man, and I was everything from director to cutter and emergency scenario writer for the small producing

company that paid both of us our dough. Maybe he's too busy, although I hardly think so. Last time we met up—middle of last year it was—we spent a few hours and some canned beer going over those days.

And Frank's not the only one who could trace back to a start like that. Lots of the ace directors, at to-day began the reel (pardon, it's tough, I know, but then, I'm a comedian) part of their lives as gag-men.

There are others, not directors, who kicked off in just as small a way. I remember very clearly standing on the lot one day waiting for a new hand to turn up—a girl who was new to screen work. I'd been doing the casting for "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and had picked this kid for a part—I forget now just which part it was.

Well, now we were all ready to shoot. Right on time along comes this baby, a round-faced, plain, nice little kid—I liked her. We got on well together, and she did good work in that picture. Nothing to set the world abuzz, you understand, but good enough to get her more jobs in Hollywood. Nobody who saw that plain nervous beginner that day would be able to pick her portrait from a bunch of 1936 star-stills. Nobody, that is, who hadn't followed her career. Joan Crawford was her name.

### Gable's Start

TAKE Clark Gable. Yeah, the going hasn't always been easy for that guy either. It's not hard for me to remember him when first he hit Hollywood. He'd played in stock companies before deciding to give the films a try, but he had to start in again at the bottom when he tackled the studios.

He worked for me as an "extra" and bit-player. Then he started to climb. He passed out of sight of the small producers then; now he's on top of the world. I saw quite a deal of him before I left America, and I can say this: "Clark was a swell guy when first I knew him, and he's a swell guy still."

Claudette Colbert, Garbo, Bill Powell—yes, they're part of eighteen years of my life, too. I worked on a picture once in which Claudette was featured. Temperamental? Why sure, most of 'em are, but a peach of a girl for all that. And Garbo? Well, no one sees much of her these days, but she still remembers enough about the tough sledding of the early years of the colony to say, "Hello, Harry," if we happen to meet some place.

As for Bill Powell, there's a real teller. I don't know anybody who's got a grudge against him, and that's saying plenty—for Hollywood.

I've been asked, since I arrived in Australia, just why I quit films after spending so much time in the business and learning so much about it. Actually,

### Close-up of a Comic

Name: Harry Langdon.  
Disposition: Very approachable.  
Vices: Golf.  
Amusements: Late hours; beer and sandwiches; conversation.  
Enthusiasms: Harry, junior; Mrs. Langdon; travelling; Harry, junior; and Harry, junior, again.  
Record: Not known to the police, so far.

I haven't quit. I'm still under contract to Columbia. But I figured it was time I took a holiday.

Eighteen years is a goodish time, and—the pace in Hollywood is hot. It's go for the lick of your life all the time, and take care that the man on the next rung doesn't step on your face. They say the theatre is a hard game. Believe me, at the moment I'm enjoying myself. After what I've been doing, getting back into the old role of comedian is like coming home after a long term in gaol.

At any rate, that's how it seems now. Maybe I won't be able to keep away from celluloid, but I should worry—yet



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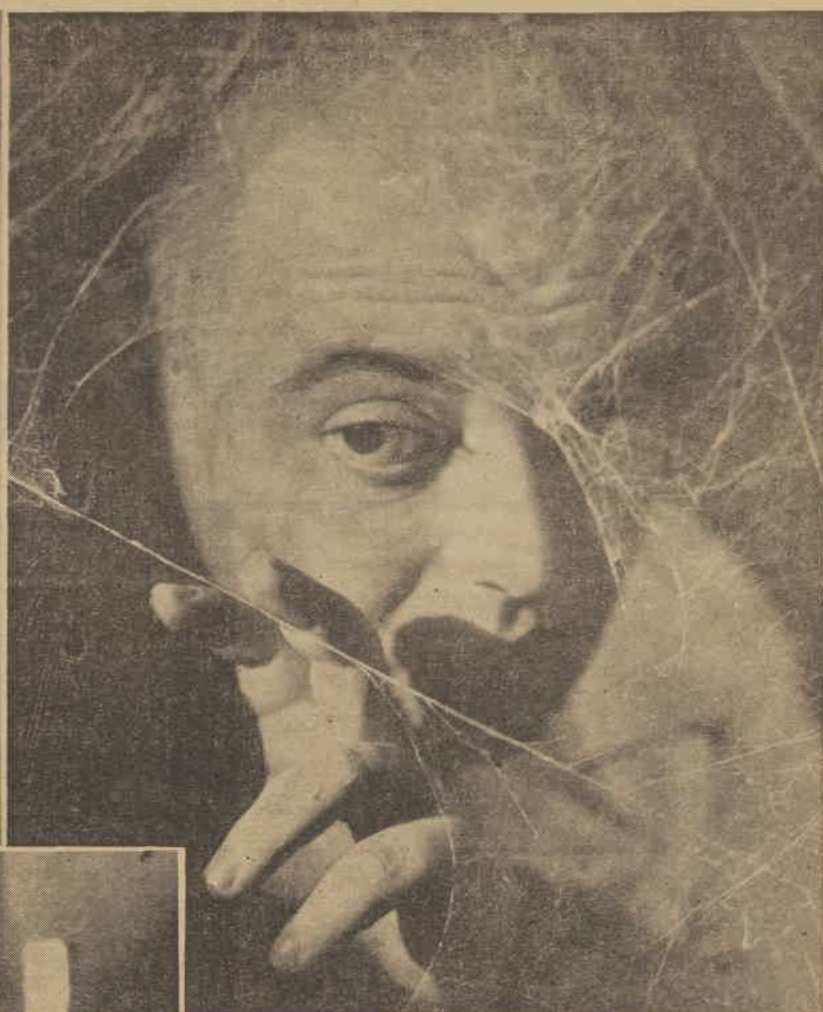
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## RUSSIA'S GREATEST NOVELIST On SCREEN



**D**OSTOIEVSKI'S great work, "Crime and Punishment," has been adapted by Columbia for the screen. It is said to be a most powerful piece of work, and, if the cast is any indication, it should at least equal expectations. Lorre, whose pictures as he is and as he appears head the page, has the principal role. With him are lovely Marian Marsh, Douglas Dumbrille with Tala Birell, and that fine actor, Edward Arnold, who is here shown in a dramatic scene.



# HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY,  
Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives.

**MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS** was shortly to have left London for Hollywood, under mutual agreement between her present company, Gaumont-British, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But the visit is now off.

**GAUMONT-BRITISH** reserved the right of approving the story and other details of the production assigned to Miss Matthews in Hollywood. In other words, there was to be no doubt about Miss Matthews being the leading star.

THE following cable from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company has been received by Gaumont-British: "Regarding necessity of starring part for Jessie Matthews, we believe our story will not suit your requirements, as the script provides for five or six equal roles, and cannot be changed without materially affecting the merits of the story." So Jessie will stay in England.

**CAMEROST** and his orchestra, who are already very familiar to lovers of gramophone records, and the "how-how" Western Brothers, replete in old school ties; Harry Tate, with his monstache, and the 16 Tiller girls, British rivals of the Ziegfeld lovelies, are now engaged on the British Lion production of "Soft Lights and Sweet Music." Fifteen-year-old Jimmy Fletcher, who made a hit at the last Royal Command variety performance, when he did the vocal parts for "Sandy Powell's harmonica band, accompanies the band in this picture, which is an "all-musical."

THERE are many happenings in England at this juncture which will make available to cameramen a wealth of material steeped in tradition. One ceremony which should be a good subject is known as the "Ceremony of the Keys" at the Tower of London. The earliest record of this place of Tower ritual goes back to the reign of Edward III, although the custom was probably part of the Tower routine centuries before that. Every night when the Chief Warden locks the gates, he is challenged at the Bloody Tower by a sentry with the words, "Halt! Who comes here?" "The Keys" is the reply, and the sentry asks, "Whose keys?" Now, after 25 years, the reply is once again: "King Edward's keys!" "Pass, King Edward's keys," says the sentry. The Bonifera's picturesque costumes, and the historic background of the Tower would help to make this a very worthy subject.

THE brilliant-eyed French cinema star, Lili Damita, reveals how she keeps her flashing orbs asparkle. As soon as she wakes up in the morning she gets a bottle of rosewater from the refrigerator and saturates pieces of absorbent cotton with the cold liquid. Then she lies down and soaks a wad of cotton over each eye.

When she returns home from the studio in the evening, she repeats the same procedure.

Miss Damita says it is most rejuvenating, refreshing, and relaxing. "It gets me in the best of shape for an evening of entertainment," she adds, "regardless of how hard my day has been."

THE current rage is to have children submitted to intelligence tests in order to gauge their mental ability. The intelligence quotient of 100 is normal. One hundred and thirty-five is considered the rating of a genius. The little dimpled darling of the screen, Shirley

## DOTS... and DASHES

• **AILEEN PRINGLE**, of the silent days, getting a part in "Wife v. Secretary." • **John Wood** enjoying the races at Santa Anita, his first in America. • **Wendy Barrie** drinking a quart of goat's milk a day to keep her weight up. • **Ann Harding** telling how she made her debut as Shylock in a school production of "Merchant of Venice" at the age of fourteen. • **Mary Lindsay** refusing to gulp raw oysters with Herbert Marshall and Ann Harding in a scene for "Indestructible Mrs. Talbot"; instead, the director let her nibble biscuits.

Temple comes through with a score of 155. Shirley's mother is very careful to keep her interested in the usual pursuits of childhood. Instead of lunching with the grown-ups at the studio, she eats with the little girl who serves as her stand-in.

The devotion of Mrs. Temple is unceasing. She will not permit another soul to arrange the curls of her little daughter's head. A beauty parlor has the privilege of shampooing it, and giving a slight bleach, and then mother does the rest with curl papers.

**KAY FRANCIS** is one of America's best-dressed women. She typifies the smart, modern New York woman-about-town. Her street clothes are unostentatious, but perfectly tailored, her accessories are correct to the minutest detail, and she has the poise to carry her head high, and walks with a sure, firm step.

How and where, you may ask, did Kay acquire her smooth, aristocratic manner? No doubt in the days before she became an actress, when she was social secretary to such prominent society women as Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. To-day, in her various screen roles she fits easily and convincingly into the background of the moneyed leisure class.

Kay is about to venture into marriage. She admits that she will marry Deimar Daves any day.

**Gene Markey** has been seeking a screen title for the British film "His Majesty's Pyjamas" in which **Clive Brook** and **Helen Vinson** are to star, and the good old box-office star, **Love**, has scored another triumph. "Love in Exile" is the name. And production will start next week, when Director Markey has recovered from the chill which has kept him indoors.

**HOLLYWOOD** is having an alarming influx of European nobility at the present moment. Altogether too alarm-

1900 period, silver fox fur, mink, and sable. Only the best material is used in these studio clothes, and everything is hand-made.

THAT building crane has certainly wiggled in under Dick Powell's skin. Not content with a luxurious mansion, with playroom, swimming-pool, and all the trimmings, Dickie has put a miniature recreation park in his backyard. No outside gym, with annual dues for Dick. Now he has his own tennis court, bowling alley, handball court, badminton court and basketball court just a stone's throw from his back door. And if I'm any judge of Hollywood, Dickie's popularity should soon be taking a good 30 per cent increase. That is if Hollywood's most popular young man can get any increase in friends.

FOR his assistance in making "The Country Doctor," which stars the famous **Dianne Quintuplets**, their doctor, **Alan Roy Dake**, refused to take any pay. At the insistence of **Darryl Zanuck**, of Fox, who wished to repay Doctor Dake for his help, the old gentleman mildly suggested that he would love a sixteen millimetre copy of the babies' picture for his film library. This will be presented to him on completion.

**GRACE MOORE** has done a bit of travelling. In fact, she has covered nearly every interesting spot on the face of the globe. And Spain, it seems, is her favorite location. She has a magnificent estate there, and is having a swimming pool built on it that will make history. When in the pool the swimmer will have the illusion that he is sharing the fun with countless tropical fish of every description. The fish are there all right, but they are separated from the humans by glass walls.

Nor are swimming pools Miss Moore's only concern. The scintillating singer is writing the story of her travels, and is including many anecdotes of the interesting people she has met and the strange dishes she has enjoyed, and even gives recipes. Something for the adventurous cook to look forward to.

Like many successful celebrities, **Grace Moore** has a superstitious conviction that her luck lies in a charm. In her case, it is a funny little clay donkey that she always has with her. Before stepping on to the stage, she never fails to scratch it between the ears. The charm seems to work.

THE Pavlova film, "The Immortal Swan," was shown to the public for one day only recently, at the Regal Theatre, Marble Arch, London, in aid of the Pavlova memorial in Regent's Park. The film shows Pavlova in many of her famous dances.



DEFINITELY "ONE OF THE BOYS"—Bill Powell, who, with charming *Luise Rainer*, has made such a success of "Escapade."

## SHIRLEY Competition Now EXTENDED

### Enthusiasts Request... and Get... Another Month

In deference to the large volume of requests we have received to extend the Shirley Temple competition, we now announce that the closing date for entries will be March 21—an extension of one month.

Competitors who have already submitted one—or even two—entries are, in many cases, anxious to send in still further attempts, and in view of this enthusiasm, as well as to help those others who have delayed sending in entries until the last minute, we are allowing the competition to run another month.

WE have run highly successful competitions before this, but none has created more interest and keenness than the Shirley Temple Competition. The simplicity of it seems to have recommended it to readers of all ages and sexes.

Just a fifty-word letter on "Why I Like Shirley Temple," that is all any competitor has to write. And the writers of the best letters will receive as prizes beautiful dolls, replicas of the little actress herself, things of beauty such as children dream of.

The competition, don't forget, is being run in two sections: one for adults, and one for children under 14. Separate prizes have been allotted for each section. In the adult division, forty-six Shirley Temple dolls, ranging in value from 33/- to 95/-, will be awarded; while for the juveniles, fifty-four have been set aside.

And don't forget—every competitor who sends in a penny

stamp to cover return postage will be sent a lovely portrait of Shirley on art paper. Thousands of these have already been sent out, and have evoked enthusiastic thanks from the lucky possessors.

Entries must be accompanied by the competition coupon below. As a precaution, competitors are also advised to put full particulars of name and address on the entry.

### ENTRY FORM

Shirley Temple Competition

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

AGE .....

(If entering Junior section)

(I have attached my entry for Shirley Temple Competition and a 1d. stamp to cover postage of portrait which goes to all competitors. I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.)

(Signature) .....

## Damita's Flashing Eyes

ing for Director Clarence Brown. The latter was directing **Jean Harlow**, **Myrna Loy**, and **Clark Gable** in a big scene for "Wife Versus Secretary," the other day when **Lady Mendl**, visiting the studio, arrived on the set. Brown isn't particularly partial to visitors when he has three big stars in a tough scene to direct. But titles mean much in Hollywood. No sooner had **Lady Mendl** left than **Lady Poulette** arrived. She stayed for a while, then went off to another set when along came **Paul Cavanagh's** sister, **Lady Paget**. That was too much for Brown. He rooted around in some props, found an old sign and hung it on the door. It read: "No More Ladies!"

All the gorgeous dresses worn by **Luise Rainer** and **Virginia Bruce** in "The Great Ziegfeld" are now tucked away in mothballs in the studio wardrobe department. With little **Peggy Gamble**, who is quite a dress designer herself, I enviously inspected them. Soft negligees with sleeves three feet long, rich evening gowns of the early

every description. The fish are there all right, but they are separated from the humans by glass walls.

Nor are swimming pools Miss Moore's only concern. The scintillating singer is writing the story of her travels, and is including many anecdotes of the interesting people she has met and the strange dishes she has enjoyed, and even gives recipes. Something for the adventurous cook to look forward to.

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# FILM STARS show you FASHION'S LATEST...



STITCHED felt is the last word in smart hats (top centre), and Mary Carlisle, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, chooses this model in white with fine, black stitching in the crown.

THE HOLIDAY mood is stressed in this metallic evening gown, worn by Peggy Conklin (top right), Walter Wanger player, in "Her Master's Voice." The lines of the gown are classic.

QUITE the newest thing in bonnets is this envelope hat model worn by Mary Carlisle, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. It is created in brown felt.

FOR FESTIVE functions. Claudette Colbert, Paramount star in "The Bride Comes Home," selects a dinner gown of brocaded silver lame. The brief little jacket makes the gown ideal for both dining and dancing, and the corded motif on the bodice is just as important as the arrangement of pleating, which brings fullness to the front of the skirt.

GOLD metal tissue falls into an interesting design to create a gown (bottom centre), worn by Adrienne Ames in a forthcoming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, "Woman Wanted." Self-cording is used to create the halter neckline and to add a touch of trimming.



PHOTOGRAPHS of fashions featured by stars in well-known pictures — glamorous gowns and model hats for autumn wear.

## FOR THE "BEST GIRL" Nothing but the Best will do!

The Biggest Stock of the Best Diamond Rings is displayed at 500 George Street

In fact, the assortment is TOO big — so our stocktaking reveals.



A great solitaire Diamond and twenty tiny ones in pure platinum and 18ct. white gold.



A great solitaire diamond and six small ones in pure platinum and 18ct. white gold.



The most graceful of two-stone designs, with a pair of well-matched diamonds, and diamond-set shoulders. 18ct. gold and platinum.



Diamonds, Platinum and 18ct. white gold.



Diamonds, Platinum and 18ct. white gold.

YOU MAY PARTICIPATE IN THIS SPECIAL STOCK-REDUCTION OFFER—EVEN IF YOU CANNOT CALL. WRITE FOR OUR RING BOOKLET. CHOOSE THE ONE YOU FANCY, AND DEDUCT 10 PER CENT FROM ITS PRICE. BUT YOU MUST MENTION THE "WOMEN'S WEEKLY" TO SECURE THE DISCOUNT.

**ANGUS & COOTE**  
500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

## ★★★ DIRTY WORK

Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Gordon Harker (G.B.)

I HAVE met eccentrics who can't stand comedy of this kind, but then I know one or two who shudder at the idea of eating meat; I even know a vegetarian. The point is that these people are in a minority; the majority like an occasional glass of, say, cider; like to sink their teeth into a steak; and enjoy, whenever possible, a laugh that comes right from the lower reaches of the torso. "Dirty Work" is guaranteed to provide the last mentioned to all of the right sort who go along to see it.

With Ben Travers responsible for the story, only a consummately stupid director could prevent the film abounding in funny situations. The direction, however, far from being stupid, is splendid, so that the adventures of Messrs. Lynn, Hare and Harker in their efforts to trap the thieves who are robbing the jewellery shop employing them are full of high-explosive mirth.

You will notice that Tom Walls is out of the team in this offering. Well, in a way, he is; in a way, he isn't. I mentioned that the direction is splendid—Tom Walls is responsible.—Lycium; showing.

## ★★★ I FOUND STELLA PARISH

Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas. (Warner's.)

KAY FRANCIS should get back in the money again with this picture. Not only does it give her—as, definitely, one of the screen's most beautiful women—a splendid opportunity to display her beauty, and her ability to wear clothes, but it also allows her to show her undoubted talent as an actress.

While the theme of the story is not new (what theme is?) the treatment of the mother-love motif is not hackneyed. Miss Francis makes a very real thing of her role as the famous actress who first abandons fame and then courts notoriety for her child's sake.

The final climax, when, after much persuasion, the much-wronged woman effects her comeback to the London stage, scene of her former triumphs, is very well handled and moving.

A picture that should go well with any audience.—Regent; showing.

## ★★★ MISS PACIFIC FLEET

Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Joan Blondell. (Warner's.)

ONLY a professional misanthrope could sit through this effort without laughing. With a light story—dealing with the efforts made by two down-and-out girls to win the 5000 dollars prize attached to a popularity contest—to give them plenty of scope, Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins do their stuff; and when Herbert is really unleashed he's funny. Jenkins, as his sinner and abettor, will not be left out when the chuckles begin, either.

With a comedy of this nature, nothing is to be gained by a discussion of the plot, or a learned analysis of acting. These things don't count much really. What does weigh is that a good audience laughed most of the time the film was running. That should be enough.—Regent; showing.

## ★★ SHIPMATES FOREVER

Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler. (Warner's.)

IF, during, say, the next twenty years, America engages in a war, young Mr. Powell will undoubtedly be gazed at as a Field-Admiral. With his experience of West Point Military Academy, in "Fleet Tation Walk," and now Annapolis Naval College, in "Shipmates Forever," this will be inevitable.

Judging by this film, the American navy is run mainly on sentiment. At Annapolis, the trainees are just as likely to speak of the grand old U.S. fleet with tears in their eyes as they are to indulge in a little horseplay. Manly sobs are nothing out of the way at all.

On the other hand, Annapolis has its sterner side. It makes Dick Powell behave with considerably less than his usual smugness; even his voice seems a little better in this picture than it has to me in others. Less crooner's tricks, and more straight singing.—Plaza; showing.

## ★★ WAY DOWN EAST

Rochelle Hudson, Henry Fonda. (Fox.)

IN spite of everything against it (the period and locale of the story) this picture could still have been a good effort if Fox Studio executives had toned down the ending to make it more in line with reality, even if somewhat different to the original old stage play.

Three-quarters of the picture, in fact, is good. Photography, acting, and direction are splendid; there is a real quality about the atmosphere built up. But when the Girl Who Has Sinned stumbles out into the blizzard, where, in the nit-witted fashion that so many screen heroines affect, she goes on to the first, just when the ice is breaking up,

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

and when, finally, the villain atones for his villainy by saving her life—then at this stage, all the early good work is knocked on the head. During these final river scenes, I seemed to hear the far-off baying of the bloodhounds in Uncle Tom's Cabin—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

## ★ WOMAN WANTED

Maureen O'Sullivan, Joel McCrea. (M.-G.-M.)

A FAST-MOVING, well-produced gangster picture that would be fair entertainment in any theatre. Unjustly convicted of murder, Maureen, as the girlish victim of circumstance, manages to escape from custody on her way to prison. She is befriended by a young lawyer (McCrea), who thus becomes involved in her efforts (a) To keep out of the hands of the police, (b) To bring to justice the real perpetrators of the crime.

There are some nice touches of humor, plenty of action, and adequate acting in this offering. M.-G.-M. have not designed it to be anything but a programme picture, but, in this category, it does very well.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

## ★ A FEATHER IN HER HAT

Basil Rathbone, Louis Hayward, Pauline Lord. (Columbia.)

THE innate snobbery of the English lower middle classes furnishes the theme for this picture. This is too bad, since, instead of showing the shallow falseness of that snobbery, the story idealises it, in the process building up situations that are unreal since they depend on an unreal foundation: a woman who denies her own son, whom she has had brought up to be a "gentleman," in order that the boy may leave the East End to mingle with his "betters." Just how he is to crash into this superior social circle is not explained.

In conjunction with this story are acting, production and direction that shirk about for something more worthy of their excellence. Technically, the picture is a credit to Columbia; in this department, it is far above the level of most programme pictures. The acting, too, is splendid right through.

The story is the weakness.—Plaza; showing.

## ★ HERE COMES THE BAND

Virginia Bruce, Ted Healy, Ted Lewis and Band. (M.-G.-M.)

TED HEALY and Nat Pendleton make this picture worthy of its one star. These two comedians are indefatigable, and, for the most part, funny.

Obviously, the producer had in mind an idea of putting the film over by means of Ted Lewis and his well-known dance band. Vain thought. Mr. Lewis is not as different to the countless other band conductors who've faced the cameras, nor is his band unique.

A bad break in the introduction of a radio amateur programme. Just how many times this has been done on the films, I can't remember. This amateur programme is very little different to any of the others. Even the lady who does the fowl-yard version of an operatic song has been seen before.

Just f.a.q.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

## MAN OF IRON

Mary Astor, Barton MacLane. (Warner's.)

MAN of Iron with a dome of ivory would describe the type of fellow MacLane represents in this picture. Anybody so easily hoodwinked should be confined to a home for the feeble-minded.

The story concerns a workman who is a crack-jack as a shop foreman. Made manager and then vice-president of the concern, his new importance rushes to his head, and disaster follows.

Properly handled, a fair picture could have been made out of this material. As it is, everything is grossly over-emphasised. MacLane dining out for the first time, of entertaining guests in his new home, is a Yahoo of Yahoos. Even an imbecile would, by watching the people about him, be able to do better in the way of table-manners and behaviour than he does—or rather, perhaps, that the director has made him do.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.



FRANCHOT TONE worked hard in "Mutiny on the Bounty"—but the job had its compensations. This picture shows him with one of them.

# "BOUNTY" FILM Scores On All COUNTS

## Splendid Production, Fine Entertainment

By STEWART HOWARD

Out of the welter of commonplace films, of "epic" spectacles, love stories, or adventure pictures, which, in their types, resemble each other as much as one week-old puppy in a litter resembles its brothers and sisters, there occasionally emerges a production to which no contemporary picture can claim kinship; an offering on which individuality is strongly stamped, and which has, in addition, first-class entertainment value.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" falls into this category. It is something different, and allied to this difference are fine acting, direction, and photography; all told, a combination nearly as rare as the famed phoenix.

THE scenario has been taken from the well-known book by Nordhoff and Hall. If anything, the screen version is even more dramatic than the literary interpretation of this fragment of history, and, for this, both scenario-writer and director must be given credit.

Being so closely linked with Australian history, local delivery into the past will be sure to query some of the incidents which M.-G.-M. have thought necessary to introduce in order to bring the picture to a strong dramatic close.

It will be pointed out, for a certainty, that Bligh did not sail on the H.M.S. Pandora to bring Fletcher Christian and his fellow mutineers to justice. Certainly he did not, but the departure from historical accuracy in this instance is justified. It strengthens the climax of the picture, rounds it off artistically, and, incidentally, gives

Laughton another opportunity for fine acting.

Speaking of acting brings me to another feature of this film. The acting, without making any individual exception, is splendid. Laughton, in a career that has included many fine portrayals, has never done better than in this recreation of an English naval martinet of the old school.

## Laughton Fine

THE quality of his performance may be gauged from the fact that not only did he succeed with me at any rate, in arousing a feeling of personal hatred, but, during the sequences showing the three-thousand-mile sail in the open boat in which he brought loyal members of the Bounty crew to safety, he awakened the admiration due to indomitable courage, and even a certain sympathy.

But this is not a one-man picture. Gable, in his time, has been responsible for some very mediocre acting. Nobody, however, could quarrel with his inter-

pretation of the part of Fletcher Christian. It is a masculine role that suits this actor perfectly, and he plays it in a manner that is noteworthy not alone for its virility; he brings restraint to it as well.

A perfect foil to the assured, confident masculinity of Clark Gable is Tone, as Roger Byam, a young midshipman. The relationship between these two is splendidly handled by both actors; "Mutiny on the Bounty" will certainly enhance Franchot Tone's reputation.

## Splendid Direction

THIS is a long picture; one of the longest I have sat through. It says volumes for the direction that for two hours I watched the story unfolding on the screen without even beginning to feel that I had had enough. The adroit use of comedy (mainly by Herbert Mundin's capable hands; to offset necessary brutality is singularly good, while the Tahitian scenes are neither too long nor too short.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" is distinguished from most other Hollywood products by the absence of the conventional love interest. It proves, as "Bengal Lancer" proved, that it is possible to make a picture which will appeal to all classes without dragging in the oftentimes unnecessary saccharine element which is supposed to be considered essential by the public.

There are women in this film—Island women. Two of them—and beautiful creatures they are—become closely allied with Christian and Byam, but, while they figure fairly largely in the picture, their presence is, in essence, incidental; the drama would have been played out without them.

Although it is dangerous even to hazard a guess at the way in which the huge picture-going crowd will take any particular offering, it seems a certainty that "Mutiny on the Bounty" will succeed in pleasing all classes. It will certainly be enthusiastically received by those who appreciate fine production, direction, action and photography. It is a bad prophet if it does not prove equally acceptable to those who ask only for one thing—entertainment.—St. James; con. February 19.



# FINDING NEW FACES for the FILMS...

## ● ● Studio Executives Continually Launch New Acting Talent

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Correspondent.

"NEW FACES!" demand the motion-picture public and the motion-picture exhibitors. And Hollywood jumps to please—searching here, there, and everywhere for new faces with talent. Not that old faces are passe; the established favorites retain their popularity, but the public seems ever willing to absorb new personalities as well.

M-G-M., for instance, presented Eleanor Powell to the public in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and she instantly scored a great success.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK, Fox production chief, fully aware of the desire for new talent, has led all other studios in presenting new names and new faces. He has rebuilt the studio's own talent school, where likely-looking youngsters from the stage and dramatic schools are prepared for any demand, histrionically speaking, that may be made on them when they finally make their bow to motion-picture audiences.

Zanuck's staff is on the qui vive also, as witnessed by the recent elevation of Mary Coleman, a script girl at the studio, to the role of an actress in "I Had To Happen."

Zanuck's discovery of Michael Whalen in a Hollywood little theatre a few months ago is now well known. Whalen was down to his last 27 cents when he was given a contract and immediately assigned to the romantic male lead in "Professional Soldier," starring Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew. He then was co-starred with Claire Trevor and Paul Kelly in "Song and Dance Man," and is now enacting the romantic lead in "The Country Doctor," which stars the Dionne quintuplets.

### Film Debutantes

ANOTHER lovely new face that won't be hard to look at is that of young Betty Grable, eighteen-year-old blue-eyed blonde who has an important part in the next Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire musical, "Follow the Fleet."

Betty has been in Hollywood since she was a child, learning dancing and dramatic art with a view to breaking into the movies. When she did so it was as a member of a dancing chorus in a Fox musical. After that she toured with Ted Fio Rino and his orchestra, returning to Hollywood under contract to Samuel Goldwyn.

She emerged from the chorus in a small role in "The Gay Divorcee," which was followed by a long-term contract from R.K.O.

Eleanore Whitney, Paramount's new discovery, who will make her screen debut in "Millions in the Air," is in the opinion of Bill Robinson, who has coached her, the fastest tap-dancer in the world. A born actress, Miss Whitney has what Hollywood calls "camera intuition"—an asset found in about one out of every 5000 girls who receive screen tests. She is young and pretty, possesses a perfect camera face, and has the eagerness to improve, which is a prime necessity in youngsters who would be successful in pictures.

Marilyn Hunt is another newcomer to the screen who is destined to go a long way. Only seventeen years of age, Miss Hunt was discovered by Studio officials whilst visiting a relative in Hollywood, and given a screen test which proved most satisfactory. She made her motion picture debut opposite Walter C. Kelly in "The Virginia Judge," and is now being carefully built up for stardom. Her hobbies are dancing, ping-pong, riding and tennis.

From France came another new face in the person of Simone Simon, who is shortly to make her debut in a 20th Century picture.

Half a dozen other "new faces" were introduced to movie-goers during 1935, and already are established in favor. Foremost among them is Jane Withers,



ELANORE WHITNEY, protégée of Bill Robinson, colored master of the tap-dance, who is tipped as a future "hit."

who scampered into the hearts of audiences with a small part in "Bright Eyes," and is now having stories written especially for her.

Rita Cansino, scion of a famous family of Spanish dancers, was launched on a screen career by the Fox studio, and Kye Luke, talented young Chinese artist, established himself firmly in the affection of movie-goers as the son of Warner Oland in the Charlie Chan series.

### Scholarship Winner

JOHN HOWARD, who made his motion picture debut in "Our 99," and who will be seen again in "Millions in the Air," has made a good impression on picture-goers, and if his acting capabilities are any criterion, the very near future will see him at the top of the ladder of cinematic fame.

Before entering upon his motion picture career, he was a brilliant student and won a scholarship to Cleveland University. He continued his high grades at the University, and was awarded a scholarship to the graduate school, which he was unable to accept on account of lack of finance to support himself.

In 1934 Howard was given a leading role in the Paramount Studio's presentation of the stage play, "Small Miracle." So outstanding was his performance



FROM FRANCE—Simone Simon. Not content with drag-netting America, Hollywood scouts scour Europe.



JANE WITHERS, taking a dancing lesson. All these newcomers, young, and just a bit older, have to learn their stuff before they are ready for the studio.

that the next day he was signed to a contract.

Johnny Downs, a member of the original "Our Gang" series of Hal Roach comedies, now makes his appearance on the talking screen. Under contract to Paramount, he has appeared to advantage in "College Rhythm" and "The Virginia Judge." One of the most outstanding of the new generation of screen players, Johnny Downs is making an excellent bid for fame.

Diminutive Dixie Dunbar was given a chance to dance in Fox pictures, and

June Lang was elevated from the talent school to leading roles. Helen Wood, a Tennessee beauty, was elevated from minor parts to leads also; and John McGuire, one-time University of Santa Clara football star, found himself on the way to screen stardom.

When casting began on "Every Saturday Night" recently, two more new faces were selected in the persons of 11-year-old June Carlson and 5-year-old Billie Mahan. June was discovered in a dancing school, where she was being sent by her school-teaching father to gain

poise. Little Billie had been playing in radio skits in Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, but his family had never thought of a screen career for the lad until the illness of his father forced them to move, here.

### Gold in Frills

Continued from Page 33

BUT cost what they may, there has to be the physical foundation to instill the right amount of feminine grace into their display . . . and that is one of the many attributes so necessary to a star. The first necessity, of course, is a good figure. And when I say a good figure, I don't necessarily mean a perfect one. Ginger Rogers lays fair claim to the reigning ideal, with her willowy grace and casual smartness. Yet, for the young matron type, the effective poise and curved slenderness of Ann Harding is no less a vision and a model to be carefully followed.

Adrian once said to me: "Women must NOT be discouraged if they are an inch or so taller or an inch or so shorter than the object of their inspiration—provided they are proportionately heavier or lighter as the case may be, or if their own measurements vary accordingly. Yet what is even more important is having a good line—real or simulated. If a woman's bust-line is too angular or her shoulders fail to slope in the prescribed manner, exercise and care in the correct posture will ultimately bring results. Even a mannequin, you know, is the product of careful, consistent development."

"The outcome of such development—a graceful carriage—and no less the designer's ability in the actual cutting of the costume, skillfully to overcome slight abnormalities, will make them appear non-existent to the casual observer."

Heartening words! Me for the gymnasium, rather than the sewing-machine, yet a while! Besides, an outfit for the gym is so much cheaper than that needed for Mrs. Zich's tea-party Wednesday after next!



## CURRENT FILMS

Condensed Reviews for Country and Suburban Theatre-goers.

The stars indicate our grading.

- ♦♦♦ **BLACK ROOM, THE**. Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh (Columbia). Mystery murder. Unconvincing in many places.
- ♦♦ **CHINATOWN SQUAD**. Lyle Talbot, Valerie Hobson (Universal). A mystery drama. The test of a really good mystery story is whether, at the end when the murderer is unmasked, one can sit back and say: "Why, of course! Now, why wasn't I as smart as Sexton Blake (or whoever the master-detective might be)? The clues were all there, but I didn't see them." "Chinatown Squad" does not survive this test.
- ♦♦♦ **CHINA SEAS**. Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery (M.-G.-M.). Drama. You won't be disappointed in this picture. It is first-class entertainment and includes a perfect screen drunk.
- ♦♦ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE**. Warren William, Genevieve Tobin (Warner Bros.). One of the most enjoyable murder mystery comedies of recent months. This is a verdict that will be expected by those who see this picture.
- ♦♦ **DANCE BAND**. Buddy Rogers, June Clyde (B.F.). A musical, and not a good one. Hardly worth one star.
- ♦♦ **FRECKLES**. Tom Browne, Carol Stone (R.K.O.). Mystery drama. Fair!
- ♦♦ **GUY-NOR, THE**. George Arliss (Gaumont-British). Drama. Has sngary quality that, nauseating as it may be to 25 per cent. of picturegoers, is quite likely to go over big with the other 75 per cent.
- ♦♦ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**. Nino Martini, Anita Louise (Fox). Musical comedy cum opera. Several good singing numbers.
- ♦♦ **HERE COMES COOKIE**. Gracie Allen, George Burns (Paramount). Farce. Good entertainment.
- ♦♦ **INFORMER, THE**. Victor McLaglen, Margot Grahame (R.K.O.). Anyone looking for frivolous entertainment or a soothing bedtime story will be well advised not to see this picture. A heavy drama. The production is brilliant.
- ♦♦ **JOY RIDE**. Gene Gerrard, Zelma O'Neal (B.F.). Comedy. If votes are taken for the poorest comedy of 1935, this effort should win hands down.
- ♦♦♦ **MARCH OF TIME**. News Feature (R.K.O.). A fine panorama of movements and events that are changing the face of the world. A real magazine-news item that nobody should miss.
- ♦♦ **MARRY THE GIRL**. Sonnie Hale, Winifred Shotter (B.D.F.). Farce. All should like it.
- ♦♦ **MR. WHAT'S HIS NAME**. Sir Seymour Hicks, Olive Blakeney (W.B.). Comedy. If you enjoy a thorough laugh, or feel like an evening of care-free entertainment, you certainly should consider this picture.
- ♦♦ **MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN, THE**. Ricardo Cortez, Kay Linaker (Warner Bros.). Mystery drama. Despite the stereotyped material the actors make a good job of the film.
- ♦♦ **NEVADA**. Larry Crabbe, Kathleen Burke (Paramount). This is a western from a story by Zane Grey. Starting off with the best intentions in the world, it maintains a fairly high standard of logic and coherence until the end. However, with this overlooked, the picture is good enough entertainment.
- ♦♦ **NITWITS, THE**. Wheeler and Woolsey (R.K.O.). A farce. Chief among the high spots of this production are Woolsey tangled up in a tennis-net, and Wheeler on stilts serenading his lady in prison. A la Blondel.
- ♦♦ **NAVY WIFE**. Ralph Bellamy, Claire Trevor (Fox). Drama. An entertaining picture, this picture would not win an international award.
- ♦♦ **OASIS**. Travelogue by Capt. Hurley (Cinesound). Photography good and selection of material interesting.
- ♦♦ **PADDY O'DAY**. Jane Withers, Pinky Tomlin (Fox). Musical comedy. Some good, popular song hits in this production.
- ♦♦ **PEG OF OLD DRURY**. Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (B.D.F.). A delightful romance. Speeches from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III" provide some of the highlights of the film.
- ♦♦ **RAIN MAKERS, THE**. Wheeler and Woolsey (R.K.O.). Farce. A few good laughs to be had out of this picture.
- ♦♦ **HAVEN, THE**. Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Irene Ware (Universal). This is a thriller of unusual type. Using Edgar Allan Poe's weird preoccupation with torture as a starting-off point, the author has built up the story. This picture has its thrills.
- ♦♦ **SUPER SPEED**. Norman Foster, Mary Carlisle (Columbia). The story and photography poor. The acting? Well, a bit in advance of the two just-mentioned ingredients.
- ♦♦♦ **SANDERS OF THE RIVER**. Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks, Nina Mae MacKinney (United Artists). Drama. Very out of the ordinary.
- ♦♦ **VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE**. Walter C. Kelly, Stepin Fetchit (Paramount). An amusing enough offering, laced, towards the end, by a nugget of drama provided by a weak and hysterical young man.
- ♦♦ **VINTAGE WINE**. Sir Seymour Hicks, Clair Luce (B.D.F.). English-drawing-room comedy. Ever-present humor and smart dialogue.
- ♦♦ **WHILE PARENTS SLEEP**. MacKenzie Ward, Jean Gillie, Ellis Jeffreys (B.D.F.). Comedy. Everybody who likes to laugh will enjoy this picture. Good entertainment.

## Screen Oddities

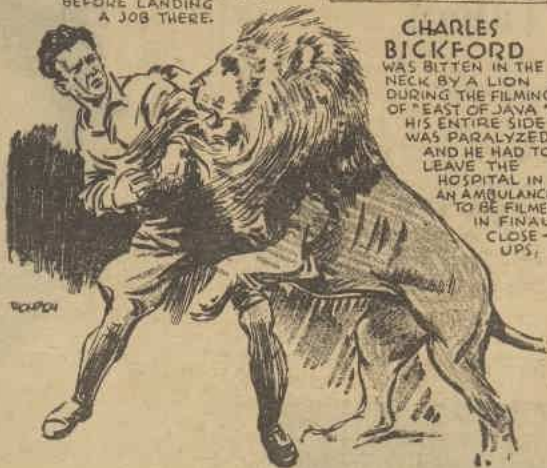
By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



DONALD WOODS GREW UP NEXT DOOR TO A STUDIO, BUT HAD TO TRAVEL 5000 MILES WITH STAGE SHOWS BEFORE LANDING A JOB THERE.



CHARLES BICKFORD WAS BITTEN IN THE NECK BY A LION DURING THE FILMING OF "EAST OF JAVA". HIS ENTIRE SIDE WAS PARALYZED AND HE HAD TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL IN AN AMBULANCE TO BE FILMED IN FINAL CLOSE-UPS.



## WE'LL TELL YOU

A Section for Readers Who Seek Information

T.Z.Z., Hay (N.S.W.): "My Heart Is Calling" was made in England by Gaumont-British, with Jan Kiepura, Maria Eggerth, Sonnie Hale, Hugh Wakefield, Ernest Thesiger, Marie Lohr, Jeanne Stuart, John Singer.

Mrs. T.O., Sydney (N.S.W.): Here is the complete cast of "Sanders of the River": Bosambo, Paul Robeson; Sanders, Leslie Banks; Lilongo, Nina Mae MacKinney; Tibbits, Robert Cochrane; Ferguson, Martin Walker; Hamilton, Richard Grey; Mofolaba, Tony Wane; Firini, Marquis de Portago; Smith, Eric Maturin; Pather O'Leary, Allan Jeaves; Governor of the Territory, Charles Carson.

"Curious" Vaux St. Cowra (N.S.W.): Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas. She is 5ft. 4ins.; weight, 130lbs.; brown hair and light blue eyes. The other two main characters in "I Live My Life" were Frank Morgan and Aline McMahon. "Elegance" will be her next picture.

Toby, Rockhampton (Qld.): Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, 1906; Grace Bradley, Brooklyn, New York, September 31; Wynne Gibson, New York City, 1907; Theda Bara, 1898; Helen Twelvetrees, 1908; Ida Lupino, 1917.

Mrs. T. Waverley (N.S.W.): Stan Laurel was born in Ulverston, Lancs, England, June 16, 1895. Five feet nine, weighs 180lbs.; Auburn hair, blue eyes. His right name is Arthur Stanley Jefferson. Married Mrs. Ruth Rogers on April 3, 1934, following his divorce from Lois Nelson. The team of Laurel and Hardy started in 1925.

P.H., Melbourne (Vic.): Mack Sennett was a chorus man at the time the old Biograph Company started to produce pictures. He succeeded in joining the new organisation and began making Keystone comedies. He wrote, acted, and directed them. He worked for several companies and then started his own. George Gershwin is the composer of "Rhapsody in Blue." "The Jazz Singer" was released the latter part of 1927. "The Gay Divorcee" included Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, Erik Rhodes, Eric Bior, Betty Grable, Lillian Miles.

## The Flower of Chivalry Dewed with the Shining Glory of a Woman's Tears!

The drama of a girl whose only weapons against strife were love and beauty. A poignant drama of the courage, faith, and sacrifice of proud men and women... glamorous romance... pulse-quickening action... stirring Negro spirituals... comedy mingled with drama in one of this season's finest pictures!

Adolph Zukor presents  
**MARGARET SULLIVAN**  
**So Red the Rose**

with an exceptional cast, including:  
**RANDOLPH SCOTT**  
**WALTER CONNOLLY**  
**ELIZABETH PATTERSON**  
**JANET BEECHER**  
**and DICKIE MOORE**

Directed by King Vidor  
COMMENCING SAT., FEBRUARY 22  
for an extended season at  
PRINCE EDWARD "Theatre Beautiful"  
IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE,  
IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!



# Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL ARE:

**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, is in Arabia, hot on the trail of  
**SAKI:** The world's most successful thief. Saki leaves  
**LOTHAR:** Mandrake's Nubian servant, a captive in a cellar, so that he may retain some jewels which he stole from  
**NARDA:** A very beautiful princess. Mandrake bargains with Saki when he gets him cornered, and Saki trades the jewels and Lothar for his own freedom. Mandrake returns the

jewels to Narda. Saki then comes in the disguise of  
**INSPECTOR DUFFY:** And is persuaded to look after the jewels. Lothar is sent to escort him home. Then the real Inspector Duffy comes to light. Mandrake thinks quickly, and speaks to Lothar through his figure image. Lothar has just left the disguised Saki, and instantly Mandrake tells him to go back and find him, as he is Saki. Inspector Duffy learns the truth, and says he will go and find Saki.





ONLY 4 MORE DAYS TO GO!

# GRACE BROS

## SUMMER SALE

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USE OUR 1d. BUS SERVICE

In co-operation with the Transport Trust, we are running a 15 minutes' Bus Service to and from Wynyard Station and Grace Bros., and St. James Station and Grace Bros.

Bus leaves Wynyard Station at  
York St. Entrance.  
(Near Escalators)

Bus leaves St. James Station at  
Queen's Square.

Special Purchase! ADVANCE STYLES  
IN NEW  
WINTER COATS  
LESS 2/ IN THE £



1.—Kerley priced Coat in new design of fancy coating, with extra large collar of dyed American Opossum. Lined throughout. Smart sleeve effect. Shades: Navy, Black and Brown. Sizes: SSW, SW, W and OS.  
SALE PRICE . . . 89/6  
(LESS 2/ IN THE £)

2.—Dressy Coat in good quality All Wool Coating, with collar of genuine Northern Skunk. Lined throughout. Smart back and sleeve treatment. Shades: Black, Brown, Navy and Royal. Sizes: SSW, SW, W and OS.  
SALE PRICE . . . 89/6  
(LESS 2/ IN THE £)

3.—Exclusive Coat in special quality fancy coating, with large collar of genuine Northern Skunk. Lined throughout. Smartly trimmed back and sleeves. Shades: Black, Brown and Navy. Sizes: SSW, SW, W and OS.  
SALE PRICE . . . £5 5/-  
(LESS 2/ IN THE £)

LESS 2/ IN THE £ DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL!

GRACE BROS. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

## Thorndike Player Joins 2GB Drama Unit

Came to Australia "Just for Fun"

If you should ask Leonard Bennett, one of the new dramatic stars with 2GB, what induced him to come to Australia, he will tell you it was "just for fun."

Add to that the fact that he had a "hunch" that big things in the world of art, especially radio art, were on foot in Australia, and that when he first visited this country with Dame Sibyl Thorndike's company he liked it, but was too ill at the time to see as much of it as he wanted to, and you have his whole story.

LEONARD BENNETT is half-French, and has appeared both on the French and English stage with no less famous people than Sacha Guitry, Yvonne Printemps, and Jacques Copeau and his famous Compagnie de Quinze, as well as many of the leading companies in England.

He underwent three years' training with the Compagnie de Quinze before he made his first appearance, while most of the members of this unique company of players spent almost twelve years rehearsing together before they made a bid for public recognition.

### Young Star

ONE of the latest to sign a contract with 2GB is young Philip Brunton Gibb, aged 11 years. Neither his new contract nor a long series of successful appearances on the radio has spoiled this youngster, who is really prouder of the fact that he has been chosen as one of the best swimmers of his school than that he should be appearing on the radio.

Young Philip is more interested in the technical side of radio than in the artistic side, but he is willing to concede that his experience as a performer will be all to the good when he has a transmitter of his own, which is his ambition. Meantime, he is saving every penny so that he can undergo a thorough technical training when he is old enough.

### Rastus and Remus

REMEMBER the Nigger Minstrel shows of other days, when Mr. Bones and Mr. Interlocutor carried on endless arguments about nothing at all? They were days of simpler amusement, but nevertheless they were good days.

Now, like a memory from the past, two lazy good-for-nothing dandies have appeared on the radio from 2GB. They are "Rastus and Remus," and they bill themselves as "The Two Dark Clouds in Darktown Conversations."

Rastus is a highly-educated dandy; at least, he prides himself on being so, and takes every opportunity to impress his music with his learning by using—and misusing—big words. They have one thing in common, and that is their dislike of work.



LEONARD BENNETT, a new dramatic star, who will be heard in plays from Station 2GB.  
—Thos. T. Lennon, Jr., photo.

### To Play 'Flying Doctor'

JAMES BAGLAN, better known as Jimmie Baglan, has been chosen to play the part of the Flying Doctor in the talkie of that name. With Eric Colman playing "the jealous husband," that means that two 2GB stars will have a world audience when this big Australian picture is shown, for the name of Charles Farrell alone should guarantee it world distribution.

This will not be James Baglan's first appearance on the screen. He has figured in many English screen successes.

### New Hobby

HARRY DEARTH, of 2GB, has a new hobby—playing billiards on a miniature billiard table. All his spare time is given to working out new shots, and his highest break is now 24. His wife, however, refused to accept this as a record as it was soon after discovered that the table wasn't flat. Harry is now looking for a perfectly flat table to prove that he can do it again.

## IMPORTANT CORRECTION!

● In the Johnson's Baby Powder advertisement in our issue of February 8th it was incorrectly stated that Johnson's Baby Powder had been reduced.

The Price of Johnson's Baby Powder is unchanged

BUT

JOHNSON'S  
BABY SOAP  
is REDUCED to

6d.

PER TABLET



# POSTAL BARGAIN SHOP BY MAIL

## DEAF?

### Chico Invisible Earphones

The last word in really scientific Earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury.

CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are so perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.

£1/1/- PER PAIR  
NO FURTHER COST OF REPLACEMENTS  
Write for Price Booklet.

THE MEANS EARPHONE COMPANY,  
24 State Shipping Block, Market St., Sydney.

## TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN

**WRIST WATCHES**  
Cameras, Mo-Mo Dolls,  
Fountain Pens and many  
other valuable prizes, also  
cash commission, for selling  
small parcels of tested garden  
seeds. Send for parcel and big  
illustrated catalogue of presents.  
SEND NO MONEY NOW, only name  
and address. Write to-day.

JOHN B. MURRAY  
84/1 George Street, Sydney.  
(10 years at this address).

## ASTHMA

LAUDER'S COMPOUND has a Thirt Year Record of  
cure. Send for full particulars at the special  
rate, 1/6. Write to-day.

UNION MANUFACTURING & AGENCY COMPANY  
200 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, C.I.

## Your Holidays!

Arrange them through your own Bureau

### WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

Radio House, 300 Pitt St., Sydney  
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## MAKE MORE MONEY!

Men or women earn good incomes selling  
Gilmour Products.  
Highest Quality Essences, Soaps, Medicines,  
Soaps, Insecticides, Foods, Ointments, Toilet  
Preparations, etc.—NECESSITIES ALWAYS  
IN DEMAND—sell to friends and neighbours  
NO STOCK—no capital needed—we can  
finance you to buy at manufacturers' low  
prices—advertising, sales training, every-  
thing supplied—PROVED SUCCESS—full  
time pays £5 to £10 WEEKLY.

### Own Your Own Business—

NOTHING MORE PERMANENT—state  
whether interested full or part time—send  
your name and address—receive illustrated  
booklet and full information. Address:  
The John Gilmour Coy., Ltd., Dept. 137,  
Corner Parramatta and Pyrmont Bridge  
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## WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY!

If you have bad luck in the  
Lottery, games, quizzes, etc., we  
will refund you the full amount of  
your money. We have a special  
method of selecting numbers which  
guarantees you a win. We have  
been successful for over 10 years.  
We have a special method of  
selecting numbers which guarantees  
you a win. We have been successful  
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method of selecting numbers which  
guarantees you a win. We have  
been successful for over 10 years.  
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selecting numbers which guarantees  
you a win. We have been successful  
for over 10 years.

## A Week in Lovely Sydney

Specially designed to suit the pockets of  
country readers desiring an economical and  
comprehensive holiday. INCLUDING ACCOM-  
MODATION AND ALL SIGHTSEEING.

£4/0/0

PAYS EVERYTHING EXCEPT  
YOUR FARES  
(Easter Peak Period Extra).

### 2400 Miles Sea Cruise

Visiting Newcastle, Brisbane, Sydney,  
Melbourne, and 3 Transients. Perth.  
Sailing from Sydney, March 9, 23, April 6,  
14 DAYS—£5, £14. APPLY EARLY  
Tasmania, 12 days—From £12/10/-  
Orlando, 8 days—£4/10/-  
(By Car via Caves and Bathurst)  
Bathurst, 8 days—£4/10/-  
(By Car via Jerrard, Cavel).

## "BEAUTY" Our Great Book Offer!

One lesson "Beauty," latest  
and most sensational book  
offer by The Australian  
Women's Weekly, teaches is  
that beauty is made up of  
many component parts.

In this lies the extreme value  
of the work. Beauty is dissected  
minutely, and from this is built  
up a text-book on the subject that  
is invaluable to women of all ages  
and in every walk of life. And  
it is within the reach of every  
reader.

THE subject is treated in seven  
carefully compiled sections,  
the first of which deals with  
the physical and mental back-  
grounds. In the second are  
discussed the fundamentals such  
as the care of the figure, teeth,  
hair, etc., and in the third the  
maintenance of beauty.

The fourth section treats on the most  
important subject of dress in relation to

## Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Conducted by Dorothea Vautier.)

WEDNESDAY, February 19—  
11.45 a.m.: "News and Re-  
views." 2.30 p.m.: Wide range  
presentation.

THURSDAY, February 20—  
11.45 a.m.: "Modern Topics." 2.30  
p.m.: Paul Robeson.

FRIDAY, February 21—11.45  
a.m.: "So They Say." 2.30 p.m.:  
"Music of the Masters"

SATURDAY, February 22—6  
p.m.: "Rhythm Review." 5.30 p.m.:  
Presenting John Henry (tenor).

SUNDAY, February 23—6.30  
p.m.: Ellis Price and his players  
in a scene from our next free  
novel.

MONDAY, February 24—11.45  
a.m.: "People in the Limelight."  
2.30 p.m.: "Musical Memories."

TUESDAY, February 25—11.45  
a.m.: "The London Letter." 2.30  
p.m.: "Old and New" (musical  
presentation).

beauty and is dealt with under no fewer  
than twelve headings.

Personality and Charm is the title of  
Part Five; Part Six offers Hints for  
Brides, and the concluding chapters deal  
with another extremely important phase,  
Beauty and Daily Life.

## Guide to Charm

FROM these may be gathered an idea  
of the comprehensive nature of the  
work. It runs to 431 pages, with profuse  
illustrations which clearly illustrate the  
teachings. Bound in blue suede cloth it  
will be an adornment to any bookshelf,  
as well as a wonderful guide to women.

To obtain this book fill in the reserva-  
tion form on page 44. You may bring  
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Women's Weekly, Box 3654T, G.P.O.,  
Sydney, and a copy of "Beauty" will be  
reserved for you. Only four of the  
tokens, one of which is published every  
week, will qualify you for the book, but  
they must be collected from four suc-  
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When four tokens have been secured  
they should be pasted on to the voucher  
form appearing on page 45. When this  
voucher form is complete with the four  
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The Australian Women's Weekly, 321  
Pitt Street, Sydney, a copy of "Beauty"  
will be available to the reader at the  
price of 5/-.

If it is desired that the book be posted  
to any address in N.S.W., a further sum  
of 1/- should be included to cover the  
cost of packing, carriage, insurance, etc.



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Order in February and take  
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## Your Child's EYES

THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children  
more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised  
a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields  
Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the  
overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative  
of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged.  
We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye  
Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 378 Pitt Street, right opposite  
Anthony Horderns.

## GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.

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378 PITT STREET  
(Opp. Anthony Horderns)  
And at NEWCASTLE

## 3 BIG NEW FEATURES

In the quiet sitting-room of Mr. and Mrs. Jones is an old  
reed organ and as Mrs. Jones sits knitting, Mr. Jones runs  
his fingers over the keys, picking out the old favourite  
tunes of yesteryear. Then the four boys join in, and you  
hear the sound of other times, "Just a Song at Twilight,"  
"Swing Nellie Home," and all the others, sung as you  
have never heard them sung before. "Old Folks at Home"  
will be heard from 2GB each Sunday night at 8.15 p.m.

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME

## THE DREYFUS CASE SECOND DRAMATIC PRESENTATION BY THE B.S.A. PLAYERS

Back in the 'nineties of last century the French Army was  
in trouble. Secret military plans were being sold to the  
Germans, and nothing was being done. Public indignation  
grew, and the military authorities decided to find a scape-  
goat. "For the Honour of the Army," a certain Captain  
Dreyfus was arrested, and tried, and sentenced by a secret  
military tribunal to Devil's Island. So began one of the  
greatest legal battles of all time, which will be broadcast in  
a brilliant dramatic presentation that will appeal to every  
woman. From 2GB each Tuesday and Thursday evening,  
at 8.45 p.m. Commencement on Tuesday, February 25.



# Beauty

## ONE MORE CHANCE

to take part in

## WOMEN'S WEEKLY

### LATEST BOOK OFFER

*But you must hurry!*

For the sensational privilege price of only 5/-, Women's Weekly makes it possible for you to secure a copy of the greatest personal book ever published for women—"Beauty," the Silver Book of Golden Secrets. It is a book every Australian woman will be anxious to secure, and already applications in their thousands have come pouring in. And the demand grows greater daily. If you have not already applied, you will be wise to do so at once! The number of copies available is strictly limited, —soon this offer will have to be withdrawn. Apply at once on the special Reservation Form below and make sure of your copy. Hurry... There is no time to lose.

Nothing is left out of this wonder work; in full it will answer all you could ever wish to know about face and figure, clothes, chic and charm. Just look at the short list of some of the features printed in the panel below... and then apply at once for your copy. It is yours for the almost nominal price of only 5/- and four tokens. If you act without delay it can be in your hands three weeks from now.

## Here is an extract of "Beauty's" contents

Never before has such valuable beauty information been gathered together in one volume—prepared by the world's greatest authorities on all phases of beauty, and made available to you at a privilege price which brings their most precious secrets within your grasp.

### PART ONE:

#### The Foundations of Beauty

1. The Physical Background.
2. The Mental Background.

### PART TWO:

#### Fundamental Aids to Beauty

1. The Care of the Figure.
2. The Face and Its Make-up.
3. The Care of the Eyes.
4. The Care of the Teeth.
5. The Care of the Hair.
6. The Care of the Hands.
7. The Care of the Feet.

### PART THREE:

#### The Maintenance of Beauty

1. Your Type and How to Sift It.
2. Exercise and Exercises.
3. Baths, Sun-Bathing and Massage.
4. Perfume and Its Choice.
5. Some Formulas.

### PART FOUR:

#### Dress in Relation to Beauty

1. Clothes to Suit Your Figure.
2. Dress Accessories.
3. Color in Dress.
4. Dress to Suit Your Type.
5. Hats and Faces.
6. Care of Clothes.
7. The Art of Buying Clothes.
8. Fashion, Beauty in Fur.
9. Head-dress for Evening.
10. Hints on Chaper.
11. Fashions for All Occasions.
12. Sports Clothes.

### PART FIVE:

#### Personality and Charm

1. What Charm Means.
2. Physical Charm.
3. Vitality and "It."
4. Expression and Mannerism.
5. Beauty of the Voice.
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## Continuing

REBECCA looked at Karl, and Karl nodded.

"I'll take a look inside your bag, mummy."

The woman tossed a frowny head. "Ho—will you?—I don't think. If your little kid—"

Rebecca was vastly calm. A policeman was patrolling the opposite pavement.

"Two and six, please, or I'll call the copper across."

The woman paid. "Thought I was a sneak-thief, did you? Can't one 'ave a joke with a Yid?"

She blustered off, and Rebecca, smiling and looking at her son, dropped the half-crown into his hand. She said nothing, but her smile was sufficient. Her beloved had bright eyes.

Rebecca was more honest with herself than are most mothers. If there is such a thing as inherited memory, then she had not long escaped from the walls and gates of the ghetto. The crowd was to be feared, and propitiated to a point. It might get you down in the shambles. Rebecca was both realist and mystic, and though in a sense she had been cast out by her people, she retained an aura of her own. A woman may worship her own god in secret, and behind from some individual peak the promised Canaan. Like her people she may have been moved to be revenged upon an alien civilisation by using it, and using it so cunningly that the money-changer became master. She did not set up the Golden calf in her sanctuary, but like all women, her imagination and her emotions were warmed by success. To transcend the crowd. Her husband had talked all his life of making the crowd god and master, but Rebecca had not been deceived. Someone would take care to plant his feet on the shoulders of the crowd. Samuel, starved of power, and bitter behind his counter, had dreamed of himself as Colossus. Rebecca was shrewd. She was never fooled by the sentimental humbug of socialism. Little Karl—as man—was to put the pith of it in one of his mischievous phrases—"Yes, you have to delete all Shakes-

# SACKCLOTH into SILK

From Page 30

spears while retaining an adequate supply of Bernard Shaw."

Success? Escape in the winged chariot of victory? To soar above the million pin-point heads? That was what she wished for her Karl. And by what surgery could it be contrived? Rebecca, had she been able, would have used black magic to assist her son, but the only magic that she knew was yellow.

Sitting alone with the child in front of the fire one January night, she asked him that question.

"What would you like to be, Karl?"

Karl, with his knees drawn up, stared at the fire.

"I don't know yet, mum."

"Rich and famous?"

He was a most unmercenary child. "I don't know yet, mum. I just like watching things."

KARL heard noises in the night. He got out of bed because he thought he had heard his mother's voice, and, going out on to the landing, he looked over the banisters and saw a gas-jet burning. The door of his father's room opened, and his mother came out, a large, white, voluminous figure in a pink bed-jacket. His mother was weeping.

Karl ran down the stairs.

"Oh, Mum, what is it?"

The child's hands went out to her. Rebecca, looking down into that little, upturned face, caught him to her. He was pressed firmly to that warm, fat, beloved body, and, thanks to one of those human mysteries, Rebecca was never to be old and fat and ugly to her son.

"Your father's gone, Karl?"

"Father's dead?"

"Yes, dear."

She gathered him up and took him with her to her bed and Karl lay close to

his mother, and because she wept, he wept with her. He put his arms round her neck, and his cheek against hers, and was part of the tumult of her grief and her remorse. She fondled him, she kissed him. No words passed between them, only those clings and carresses in the warm darkness.

But Rebecca did breathe a strange confession.

"I've been a bad woman, little Karl. I haven't done all that I ought to have done. But he'll never know, poor thing, and now—there's nothing between you and me."

Karl was quite sure that his mother was not a bad woman. He hugged her hard.

"Mum's never bad. I'm mum's—"

He wondered why her grief became suddenly so passionate. Almost, her embraces hurt.

"My little Karl."

Smothered between her two breasts he could feel and hear his mother's heart beating. What happened when you died? Did that thing inside you cease going lub-dub? Would his mother die some day? He clung to the warm large body.

There followed three days of strange silence and of gloom. The shop was shut up. Seedy and solemn looking men carried a long, narrow box up the stairs. His mother sat and sewed. Everything was black. Blinds were down. Karl was kept at home, but Augustus went to his work, and George to school. Both of them had an air of amug but suppressed curiosity.

MRS. MUTTER was always in black, and she needed no transfiguration. She sniffed and produced savory smells in the kitchen. Then came that last morning when his mother took Karl by the hand and went with him up the stairs into that silent room. Karl saw his father lying in a narrow box supported on trestles. His father's face looked strange, eyes closed, forehead somehow serene. His hands were folded over his chest. Karl held his mother's hand and looked. His mother was weeping.

He saw his mother bend down and put her lips to the white, round forehead.

"Forgive me, Sam."

Karl was moved to say something. "Father looks happy—now, mum."

Rebecca caught her breath as though some spasm of pain had clutched her heart.

Later in the day men went upstairs into his father's room. Rebecca was in the shop, dressed as though to go out. His brothers were in the sitting-room, self-consciously mum on shiny chairs. His mother called Karl. She had a jacket in her hands, and she held it and slipped his arms into the sleeves, and put a round, sailor's cap with black ribbons on his head. She was very white and silent, and in the silence Karl heard something being carried down the stairs. He saw his mother glance suddenly at the door. Her eyes were large and strange. She gave a kind of shudder.

They were out on the pavement. A small crowd had gathered. Karl, holding his mother's hand, saw the yellow box in a kind of glass carriage. A cab was waiting behind it. Rebecca and her three sons got into the cab. The wheels began to go round.

Of that atrocious ceremony in the cemetery he brought away impressions of a grey sky, and of the yellow box being carried on men's shoulders up a sticky gravel path between hundreds of gravestones. They came to a place where there were no stones, only sodden mounds, some of them with rotting flowers on them. On the edge of this waste was a slit in the ground, with a mass of yellow clay beside it, and a few planks laid down. The men placed the yellow box on the planks. A clergyman with a red nose began to declaim in a high, unreal voice. Karl saw the priest's surprised figure against the red bulk of a distant gasometer. Augustus was sniffing. George stood and stared like a young ox.

The yellow box and his father were lowered into the hole in the ground. One of the men threw a handful of soil on the coffin. Karl looked up at his mother. She was weeping, and as he edged close to her he found that his feet were stuck in a sledge of clay. He was wearing new boots, and they made a wet, squeaking sound.

The clergyman blew his red nose, and came to say a few words to Rebecca. She too blew her nose.

"Had your husband been ill long?"

"Five years, sir."

"Dear, dear—He is at rest with God—now. Your boy?"



## Bachelor's Philosophy

"Polygamy could never find favor in this country," says a writer.

One reason is that you could never get six or seven wives in a modern kitchenette.

His glance passed perfunctorily over the faces of Augustus and George, but he smiled at Karl.

"I hope they'll be a comfort to you."

They drove home, Karl sitting beside his mother and holding her hand. George's bulging blue eyes looked out of the window. Augustus sat with his bony knees together with an air of secret smugness. But Karl was thinking that if his father was at rest with God, how strange it was to leave him in that horrid slimy hole. And did all that yellow clay go back on the top of the yellow box?

T

THAT night Rebecca took him to bed with her, and in the darkness she was aware of his fingers feeling her face.

"What is it—Karl?"

"I wanted to feel you, mum."

She understood. She clasped him. He too was warm and alive and real.

"Mum, when we die—does all of us die?"

"No, dear. They say something goes on living."

"Then—why do they put dead people in horrid holes in the ground?"

His mother could not answer that question completely.

"It isn't the body, Karl, that matters. The something else stays outside."

"Can you see the something else?"

"No, dear."

"Then how do they know?"

"Wise men tell us it is so."

The boy lay close to his mother. "I don't want you put—ever—in a hole like that, mum."

Just a week later Rebecca was sewing by the fire when she heard some sound in the house that made her lay her work aside and climb the stairs in her slippers. It was nine o'clock. She had put Karl to bed, and George was supposed to be in bed. Augustus had come in half an hour ago, and after drinking a cup of cocoa and eating some bread and cheese, had gone upstairs.

Rebecca climbed noiselessly. The treacle creaked occasionally under her weight, but that was all. Her eyes, coming level with the landing, saw a line of light under the door of her dead husband's room.

She opened the door suddenly and saw a candle on the chest of drawers, and Augustus with his hands in one of the drawers. A pile of notebooks lay beside the candle, and Augustus had selected two or three from the collection and laid them aside.

"What are you doing?"

Augustus looked white—but he played the man of the world.

"Found one or two—he hadn't scribbled in 'Besides—I want to read—'."

His mother strode into the room. She would never be fooled by Augustus. She put the notebooks back into the drawer and closed it.

"Sneaking—ideas—or paper—I don't care which, but I think I know. Can't you afford to buy a notebook for yourself?"

Even at the age of seventeen Augustus could be pompous.

"I thought it a pity to waste them."

"Oh, you did! If I catch you in this room again—I'll put you out into lodgings. That will cost you more than five bob a week, my lad."

Augustus blinked his eyes.

"Haven't I got a right to read what my father wrote?"

Rebecca pointed to the candle.

"Take that, and get out. Everything in here belongs to me."

She locked the door after her, and put the key in her pocket.

Please turn to Page 47



## Plain Sponge Sandwich

8 oz. flour  
8 oz. castor sugar  
4 eggs  
1 tablespoon butter (melted)  
6 tablespoons boiling water  
1 rounded teaspoon Aunt Mary's Baking Powder

Have moderate oven in readiness. Well grease two 8-inch sandwich tins. Separate whites and yolks of eggs. Beat separately and then together. Add sugar and beat for about 15 minutes until very thick. Melt butter in the hot water and add, then without stirring add sifted flour and baking powder and stir all together lightly, to an even consistency. Pour into the prepared tins and bake in a very moderate oven from 12 to 15 minutes or until a golden brown and elastic to touch. Turn on to cake cooler to cool. Fill with jam or desired filling and sift a little icing sugar over the sandwich.

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# Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 46

**N** EITHER Rebecca nor her son could be expected to foresee the future, or to hail as the master of Karl's destiny a little old man in a bowler hat.

It was a monstrous hat, hard and high, and covering its owner's head like a felt morion. It arrived on one drenching day under Rebecca's awning, and proceeded to empty its brim over a pair of second-hand trousers. Rebecca was in the shop, serving customers, and Karl, posted on his stool, observed the stranger.

The little man was shaking his hat. "Cats and dogs. Damn it—why cats and dogs? Shakespeare would have said haddock and blonkers."

He discovered Karl and nodded at him.

"Hallo, young fellow! Want to sell me a pup?"

Karl stood up. He liked Mr. Bowler Hat, though he could not say just why. The stranger's nose stuck out like a sparrow's beak. He had a little grey moustache and side whiskers, and between them showed a polished chin. In fact he was not unlike a cock-sparrow, and a London one at that.

"We don't sell dogs," said Karl.

Mr. Bowler Hat twinkled at him.

"Ha, don't you! And why are you looking at my chin?"

"Because it's naked," said Karl.

"and you've got hair—"

Mr. Bowler Hat stuck his thumbs in the armbands of his waistcoat.

"Observation—what! Now, what do I want? Got any ideas?"

Karl looked him over.

"An umbrella."

"Did you ever see Macbeth with an umbrella? Try again, my lad."

"A mackintosh."

"Exactly. Something nice and shiny."

Rebecca's customers emerging at this moment, Karl's mother came to the doorway, and saw Karl reaching with a pole for a black mackintosh that hung on a hook below the fascia board.

Mr. Bowler Hat raised his monstrous headgear to her. The drama had tagged him manners.

"Evening, ma'am. Good day for mackintoshes."

Rebecca smiled at him. She had a fond and luscious smile when things pleased her, and she was smiling more as a widow than as a wife.

"You shouldn't have come out without one."

"Ha, ma'am—I tore my old 'un on a nail in the castle of Elmhurst. Sounds funny, that. Yes, I want a mackintosh. Right, my lad, I'll try it on."

Obviously, the thing pleased him, as did Rebecca and her son. He buttoned it under his chin, stuck his hands in the pockets, and looked down at his boots.

"How much?"

"It's nearly new," said Rebecca.

"Yes, ma'am, but how much?"

"Twenty-three and sixpence."

"Knock off the tanner and I'll take it."

"It's yours," said Karl's mother.

And would he like it wrapped up? He winked. "It's going to wrap me up as far as the old 'Globe.' Know what the 'Globe' is, my son?"

"A pub," said Karl promptly.

"Wrong this time, Romeo. Ever been to a theatre?"

"No, sir."

"Sir—that's manners. What price Sir Henry or Sir Beerbohm? You come along to the back door of the Globe one day and ask for Tom Vidler—not Tom Vidler, and I'll show you a box of tricks."

**S**UCH was the beginning of a friendship between Mr. Vidler, Rebecca, and her youngest son. Mr. Vidler combined the functions of chief scene-shifter and carpenter at the Globe Theatre in Islington, and though the "House" was classed as suburban, it boasted a tradition. Keen, Phelps and Irving had acted here, and Mr. Vidler took himself and his position very seriously, though he was a man of quips and phrases. Behind the proscenium arch he had become something of an autocrat, an oddity whom even bullying stage managers did not flout. One hot and rather alcoholic gentleman had on a sultry July day shouted—during a rehearsal—at Mr. Vidler: "What—the Hell—have you been doing with those slides, you damned old idiot?" Mr. Vidler had addressed his mates. "Run 'em off, boys. The gentleman does not like them. And there won't be any scenery to-night." The blundered had discovered that Mr. Vidler was not to be shouted at, or called an idiot, and especially not an old one. "No manners, no scenery, sir. We're not the Walls of Jericho."

Mr. Vidler had long been a widower, but looking upon Rebecca he found her homely, comfortable, and comely. He would have married her had Rebecca been willing, but Rebecca was not, and

Mr. Vidler, being a man with a philosophy, was not hurt by her refusal. In fact, he wanted company, especially on Sundays, and since he was allowed to take the boy out, and to sit and smoke his pipe by Rebecca's fireside, he accepted friendship without responsibility.

Moreover, there were Augustus and George, and Mr. Vidler had no liking for either of them. Augustus was slimy, and George an arrogant loud, and Mr. Vidler with his tight and almost asetic little mouth was tart with innocent youngsters.

But he revealed to Karl the mysterious and spider-like world behind the footlights. To begin with, the interior seemed a dark confusion of canvas and ropes and timber, of queer, dark passages and strange little rooms. It could be draughty and dark and silent, but when it came to life it was a world which the boy found fascinating. He became accepted there almost as a stage mouse, a creature with dark eyes and quick movements who was never in the way. Sometimes the doorman would allow him in during a performance, and Karl would watch Mr. Vidler and his henchmen at their work.

Mr. Vidler always wore that bowler hat, like some crown of authority, also a white apron, and no coat. He functioned in his shirt sleeves. And from him Karl learnt all about back-drops, and the flies, and the gridiron, and slides, and the footlights, and border-lights. It was in those days a world of painted canvas, a world that flapped, and shivered if someone slammed a property door. Karl, secreted in some crevice in the wings while the curtain was down, would watch some new back-drop unfurled. It might be a forest, or a cathedral, or a castle, or a village green, an artifice, a sham, and yet to Karl that life behind the scenes was vivid and real. He watched men whisking furniture on to the stage after they had whisked other objects off it, and the thing was done with a kind of fierce, noiseless stealth. He watched the actors, heard them joking in the wings before going on to become somebody else. He thought them very great men. As for the ladies—they were all wonderful, and sometimes awful.

Then there was the prompter. Mr. Bones, a skeletal creature with pinbones perched half-way down his nose. Stage-managers Karl avoided; they sometimes looked at him like irritable gentlemen who had found a stray dog to kick. Karl made friends with one of the callboys, an impudent young fellow who not only summoned people from their dressing-rooms, but rushed to the Bench of Grapes for pots of beer.

**S**TRANGELY enough, Karl saw all the inner functionings of the drama before he sat on the house side of the proscenium and watched the curtain go up. At Christmas the Globe ran a pantomime, and on that particular Christmas Rebecca and her son had stalls for "Cinderella." They were paper stalls, a present from Mr. Vidler. Karl wore a new suit and collar and tie, and his mother was in black satin.

Karl had seen Cinderella off the stage, drinking beer out of a tankard and talking good cockney. When he saw her on it the illusion somehow triumphed. She had lovely legs and could dance, and a pair of dark eyes that were both amorous and regal. Karl felt with the Prince. He fell in love with the lady, and lay awake half the night playing Prince to his own child's dream. He was completely romantic, assigning to himself the part of hero. He rescued the lady from robbers and wild beasts; he knelt on one knee at her very pretty feet and breathed those eternal words—"I love you."

His mother received no confession. Mr. Vidler, taking a few pulls at a pipe in the carpenter's shop on a foggy afternoon, found Karl in the doorway.

"Hallo, my dear, and how did you like Cinderella?"

The child's face was all shimmering. "Isn't she beautiful, Mr. Vidler?"

Mr. Vidler was not so sure.

"She's got a nice pair of legs and plenty of cheek."

Karl's eyes protested mutely, and Mr. Vidler, recognising the symptoms, was magnanimous.

"Like to be introduced, my lad?"

Karl nodded, and Mr. Vidler nodded back at him, and Karl was told to slip in half an hour before the evening performance. The keeper of the stage-door happened to be in a whimsical mood, and Karl was caught by the collar. Where did he think he was going? Karl explained with eagerness that on this wonderful night he was to be presented to Cinderella.

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Please turn to Page 48





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# WRIGLEY'S

## Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 47

"PLEASE Mr. Piper," "Going to be introduced to Miss Godbold, are you?" "No," said Karl—"Cinderella, Miss Ivy St. George."

"The same, my dear. Lottie Godbold in Peckham, Ivy St. George on the posters—Well, since you're under fourteen, I'll pass you through, but I'm a cracker on knuts. She's caused me more trouble than a wagonload of monkeys."

Karl did not quite understand, but he said "Yes, Mr. Piper," and Mr. Piper grinned and let him through. Karl was no connoisseur of legs; he was just a dream-struck kid in short pants, a jolly little beggar. The boy found Mr. Vidler supervising the setting of the first scene, his bowler hat on the back of his head, and his tie bulging under his shiny chin. Mr. Vidler looked at the child and nodded—"You keep out of sight, my dear."

Presently Mr. Vidler took Karl up the stairs and knocked at the door of a dressing-room. There were voices within, and loud laughter—"Hallo, what's what?" Mr. Vidler opened the door a crack and spoke—"Gentleman to see you, Miss St. George."—"Is it—bald?" asked a voice. "No, Miss, it doesn't shave yet." Miss St. George laughed, and Mr. Vidler pushed Karl in. He saw two ladies sitting on hard chairs in front of tables and mirrors. One of the ladies, a sumptuous blonde and the Principal Boy, was amusing herself by smacking her splendid and princely thighs.

"You're Lottie." Miss St. George was making up. She saw the reflection of the child in her mirror. She had been approached by Mr. Vidler on this small admirer's behalf. She turned to her chair and gave him a wonderful smile.

"Are you—Karl?" Karl's eyes and mouth were round. Obviously, he was beauty struck, and Miss St. George was a little bored with The Boys, elderly and otherwise.

"Come and give me a kiss, my dear." Her voice was less refined than the voice of the destined princess. She was in lights and an old dressing-jacket. Karl went solemnly to be kissed. His Cinderella's face was all strange and sticky, eyelids blackened, her mouth like strawberry jam. Karl's lips touched the grease paint, and a childish illusion died in him. Life was different on the other side of the drop-scene.

KARL'S brothers were for ever quarrelling. George, now aged seventeen, had been apprenticed to a bicycle and motor mechanic in the Holloway Road. It was a source of pride to George that he was using a major daily to remove a vigorous growth of ginger-colored hair, while Augustus was satisfied with a blow-dry and scrapping. George was loud, flamboyant and arrogant, with a passion for bright yellow boots and flaring ties. Augustus wore red. He could not cope with George on the physical plane, and so—with a little, icy smirk—he placed himself upon the platform of the mental and employed sarcasm.

Rebecca would suffer no wrangling in public. She was very much the matriarch.

"None of that, you two—And where did you get those boots, my lad?"

George was not above making secret raids upon his mother's shop, oiling his way downstairs very early in the morning. He was a vain beast who liked to dazzle the women.

"Bought 'em."

His mother was not to be bluffed.

"Take them off and let me look."

"Do you think I'm a kid?"

"I don't think much of you at the best of times," said his mother. "Show me those boots."

George, as though to humor the old woman, removed the right boot—"There you are."—His mother gave him a dark look and demanded the other boot. Yes, that other boot was marked on the tongue with an R.S. in blue ink. "Thought so," said Rebecca, putting both boots into her capacious lap; "you keep out of my shop, my lad. It is not a playground for sneak-thieves."

But Karl's brethren did agree upon one matter. Their mother indulged in gross favoritism. She spoils young Karl. Karl could have free clothes out of the shop; if there was any shortage of food, Karl did not suffer from it. Karl could ask for a second helping of jam roll and get it. His two brothers were jealous of Karl, and their jealousy was, in a sense, prophetic. He was the beloved, and as one of the world's beloveds he was to provoke the hatred and envy of many other men.

Even in the case of Cinderella there was a clash. George, who was a patron of the Globe's gallery, and who was proposing to extend his patronage to a junior member of the chorus, had

become a source of annoyance to Mr. Piper. There were loiterers and loiterers, and a gentleman who could offer a sop to Cerberus might be allowed to smuggle in notes, but Mr. Piper would not tolerate louts on his doorstep. "Ere, you blow off—I've seen enough of your phiz." And when George's small brother confessed that he had been admitted into the star's dressing-room, George was disgusted.

"Blooming kid like you. What had she got on? Pink tights?" Karl was secretive. Did one discuss romance's legs in public? Rebecca and her three sons were at the supper table, and George liked showing off before his brothers, and especially before that pale paragon of a Gus.

"Did she kiss you?"

Karl nodded. Then George proceeded to air his criticisms so freely and vulgarly that his mother flared into one of her white but controlled furies. Karl was sent out of the room and told to wait upstairs. Yes, he should come down to finish his supper. And then Rebecca dealt with George, while Augustus stood in a corner, pale, smug, and approving. She laid upon George the nearest weapon that came to her hands, a small poker, and George, with his large red paws protecting his head, was driven out into the night. His mother addressed to him a few final words from the doorstep.

George was a young brute. Returning from work on the Saturday and going up to his room to adorn himself he saw Karl in the back garden busy with an empty packing-case. The child was clever with his hands. George watched him, while he changed his clothes, and then, going down and assuring himself that Rebecca was busy in the shop, George marched out into the back yard.

"Hallo, kid. What's the game?" Karl looked anxiously at George. "I'm making a theatre."

"Going to put Cinderella in it, what? I've got a message for you from Cinderella."

"Really?" said Karl.

"Yes, really. You come into the shed. It's secret and confidential."

George, having enticed his small brother into the shed, and closed the door, stood in front of him, grinning. "Like to hear the message?"

"Yes, George."

"The lady told me to give you a smack on the mug."

George had hard red knuckles, and he struck the child across the face with the back of his hand.

"Now—then—blub."

But Karl refused to blub.

"Let me out! I've got to help in the shop."

"Sneak, would you? Blub. Go on, blub."

Again that red-knuckled hand smacked Karl across the mouth. The tears came, but not quite as George had expected them. Karl's face was wet, but it flamed. He threw himself upon George, beating at him with his fists, until George, giving him a shove, sent him sprawling into a corner.

"That's it, blub. And then go and sneak to ma."

But that is just what Karl did not do. The child was not a whimpere. In years to come he was to learn to take bitter stabbings and cudgellings and sneers, and to take them with a cock of the head, and a white, resolute scorn. He could be gay and witty in the face of venom. Squeal? Not he, and so give his enemies cause to gloat. When George swaggered off, giving Karl's embryo theatre a kick as he passed, Karl crept upstairs and washed his face, and plastered his hair with a brush dipped in the jug. His tears had been tears of tempestuous anger. He carried out his stool and sat himself down to watch his mother's property.

Rebecca observed him from behind the counter.

"Karl."

"Yes, mum."

"Put your overcoat on."

In the heat of the affair Karl had forgotten his overcoat. Conflict did not freeze him. It made him hot of soul.

WHEN he deserted the parade ground for the drama, Karl was thirteen years old.

No one said to him "You're getting too old to play with lead soldiers." He just grew out of the one, and into the other.

His first toy theatre took birth in the packing-case that Brother George had kicked. Incidentally, George called it "The-ater," and when Rebecca entered to Karl's art the back attic, George looked at Augustus with the disgusted air of a man whose mistress has jilted him—"Why doesn't the give the kid the whole ruddy house?"

Please turn to Page 49

A.Q.15



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## Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 48

MR. VIDLER had a share in the creating of Karl's model theatre. He was technical adviser, and clerk of the works, but he left the constructing of the model to Karl. On Sunday evenings he would come in and assist, bringing with him material that would be of use, pulley-wheels, wire, brass hinges, oddments of canvas and of glass. The one gas-jet in the attic flared from six till nine while Karl and Mr. Vidler sawed and planed and sandpapered. Rebecca had bought her beloved chest of tools and a cheap fretsaw outfit and she would climb the stairs and watch the work in progress.

Augustus made a habit of reading in his bedroom, and his mother charged him sixpence a week extra for the midnight oil. Karl was allowed free gas, another grievance to George. But Rebecca was dreaming dreams about her beloved, and she did not dream dreams for her other sons. It was she who realised that a theatre needed paint for its wings, and its back-drop, and Karl had his paint box. The first back-drop was a piece of discarded American cloth, painted on its reverse side and fastened to a broomstick with reels screwed to its ends.

Karl's earliest attempt at scene painting was distinctly impressionist, a very blue sea, and a spodge of black rock, and a forest sprouting rather unconconvincingly from the very waves. Mr. Vidler brushed his eyebrows at it. "That doesn't fool me, my dear." "Have I got to fool you, Mr. Vidler?" "I'm the public, my dear, and I'm sitting in the stalls. You've got to think of the gallery, and you've got to think of the stalls."

But the completed model, with an old picture frame with a couple of gilded chair legs attached to the proscenium arch, was a remarkable product. It was correct in all its details so far as the stage and its mechanisms were concerned. It had a grid, flies, a back-drop, wings and slides, tin footlights, a drop-scene, and an orchestra below Karl's idea was to work a musical box into the orchestra. The thing functioned. It had no roof, and by standing on a box behind the scenes and leaning over, Karl could manipulate his model, pull strings, shift slides, but heavy breathing tended to make the candle-ends in the footlights wave and flicker.

Enter the actors. At first they were figures cut out in cardboard and attached to wooden stands with wire handles that could be manipulated from the wings. Karl wrote his own first play, and the development of the architect into the dramatist was perhaps both inevitable and significant. The less said about that first play the better. Karl kept the manuscript and smiled over it when he had come to maturity. It dwelt with love in a village, and the only unusual thing about it was that the hero was a gentleman and the villain the village blacksmith, which was not life according to Sloop.

BUT Karl found the manipulating of his fingers and the declaiming of the dialogue bad art. Either his mother or Mr. Vidler became the voice, and in his mother he discovered unexpected histrionic abilities. Almost Rebecca acted the parts herself. As for Mr. Vidler, he was a stern critic, experienced as to entries and exits, positions and groupings. Karl began to learn a great deal about his own particular theatre and its problems, and its limitations. He became in fact the child rampant with ideas. He wanted to do all sorts of wonderful things with his theatre, improve its mechanism, its scenery, and its lighting. Those candle-ends at the foot of the stage were very crude, and scenery should not flap.

The idea came to Karl quite suddenly. He had been setting up a rustic scene, using animals from an old Noah's Ark, and to follow it he had to stage a railway station with toy engine and carriages. Why should one have to drag all one's properties off the stage and replace them? Supposing the stage itself went round?

Karl should have jumped up with a cry of "Eureka." He sat and smiled, and then ran down to his mother.

"Mum, I've got an idea. Why shouldn't the stage go round? Her beloved's eyes were bright. "Why not, dear?"

The innovation was put to Mr. Vidler. In fact Karl demonstrated his idea with a turn-table made out of the top of a barrel, revolving on marbles set in grooves. Mr. Vidler sat on a stool, sucking an empty pipe. A stage that went round? This was red revolution. But why not?

"Well, I'm dashed. Why didn't I ever think of that before?"

Being Mr. Vidler he had objections to raise. If you cut up a stage into sections, the sections would be small,

wouldn't they? And now were you going to link up with the wings and the proscenium arch? Karl had his answers ready. Didn't some scenes require more space than others, like Westminster Abbey and a shop? Your stage wouldn't be just divided into four—like an apple. One bit of scenery might run right through, and form a backing for parts of the others.

Mr. Vidler grunted, and bit hard at the stem of his pipe.

"It might work," said he, "and it might not—it might chuck some of our chaps off the job. That's a thing to be remembered, my lad."

But Karl and his inspiration transcended labor problems.

"Wouldn't the audience be pleased?—Besides, you could have more scenes, Mr. Vidler, not less."

"And what about the money, my dear?"

As yet finance was below Karl's young horizon.

But Mr. Vidler, passing through, had a few words with Karl's mother.

"That boy of yours is givin' me shocks.—He looks like being a bit of a genius."

Rebecca smiled upon him. Such was her dream.

IN that catastrophic year of 1914 Karl became one of the familiar figures of the Essex Road. A dark, slim lad of sixteen, he took charge of that portion of his mother's shop which projected upon the pavement, for during the winter Rebecca had suffered from bronchitis, and Karl had insisted upon her remaining inside the shop. Insistence was a new quality in him, and not unpleasant to his mother, and like the note of a strong young wire, vibrant and musical. The boy had a peculiar dignity of his own. As a shop-assistant he was somewhat unusual, dealing capably and quietly with a world that might purloin a pair of pants, but was tentative to politeness and to humor.

"Young Sloop" was not conventional according to the standards of the Essex Road either in his clothes or in his manners. Instead of an overcoat he wore a white sweater under his jacket, with a bright blue scarf tucked into it. His mother, sitting near the oil-stove inside the shop, with the shop door closed by Karl's orders, kept two peep-holes open in the windows through which she could watch him. Other women might have referred to Rebecca as the old black spider. Would her devotion devour her beloved?

Karl, even at sixteen, was tall and mature. He carried his head high, had a tinge of brown in his skin, and hair that waved. He looked people straight in the face, but always as though they were some way off. His smile brought them nearer, but a something in his eyes kept them from coming too near.

Rebecca began to know that her Karl was attractive to women. Did it concern her? Yes and no. Her beloved was good to look upon. Could she blame her sisters? She might wish both to boast to her secret self and to put up a glass partition between her Karl and the wenches. Would he be attracted by women? Oh probably, but not like that lot of a George.

The smart girl from next door was always on the pavement, a fat, fair thing with popping blue eyes and a giggle. Rebecca had seen her stand in front of a grave and weeped Karl, and but a up his coat for him. "You'll catch cold, dear"—or was it an invitation to promenade?

She was two years older than Karl, but the sex of her did not appear to disturb him. Almost Rebecca could have sworn that her beloved was indifferent to women. He appeared to treat them all alike, the fat and frowny in doveling ulsters, the bonneted and wheedling, the bold young matrons who stared him in the eyes, the wenches. He attended to business. A pretty face could not inordinate itself between him and the price of a pair of trousers or a child's sailor jacket. He was always—"Yes, ma'am" or "No, Miss." Only on rare occasions would he come into the shop to consult wit his mother on some reduction in price.

"Shall I knock off a shilling, mother? Her boots are all to pieces, and she's got a cough."

Rebecca would look out of the window.

"The one in the bonnet?"

"Yes."

"You can knock off a shilling, my dear."

Not that Karl was untempted. Par from it, but like some sensitive children he was acutely fastidious, and rather squeamish about sex and food. The texture of the thing had to be clean and fine.

Please turn to Page 50



## HOW MANY DOORS DO YOU CLOSE WHEN YOUR GUESTS ARRIVE?

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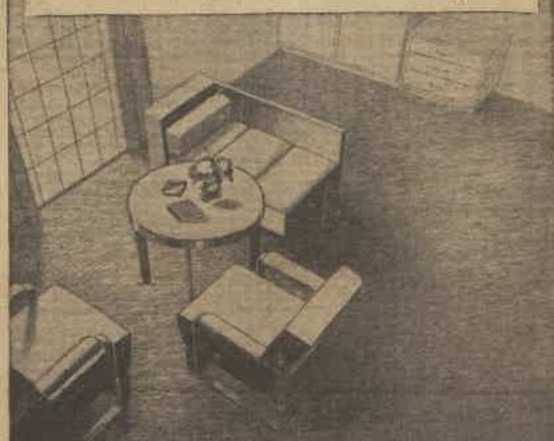


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Send Purple Slip This of Tangee Face Powder, for which I enclose 6d. stamp. Supply limited. Send at once.  
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**Fairy Dyes**

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

## Sackcloth into SILK

Continued from Page 49

**H**IS series were more quick and delicate in their reactions than the senses of the vulgar man, and that which roused Brother George to a frenzy nauseated Karl. Fat meat, a greasy plate or one that smelt of the discolored, fork with egg-stain on it, a soiled towel, such things had offended the child. He was almost abnormally squeamish about other people's bodies, and his distastes were many and subtle. A handsome, coarse, fleshiness—so devastating to most men, especially when they are middle-aged—actively repelled him. He disliked certain types and features, sandy women, porcine women, prominent teeth or discolored teeth, pinched noses, high foreheads, a yellow skin, congested fingers.

His day was a busy one.

At half-past six he ran downstairs to light the gas-stove for early tea. At seven he was washed and dressed and at his table in the white window, either reading or writing. He had produced two plays, but each aside for six months, and on re-reading them condemned them as tooth.

At eight he breakfasted with his mother. His brothers had their meal at seven-thirty.

From eight-thirty to nine he walked or ran.

From nine till four he was the salesman. At four o'clock his mother gave him tea, and until five he lived again his other life in his attic.

From five-thirty to seven there was more shop.

At seven they supped.

From eight to nine on three days a week Karl sat at the feet of a certain Mr. Belcher, one of his discoveries in Highbury Fields. Alcohol had made of Mr. Belcher a social failure and a temperamental success. Brilliantly shabby, and the occupant of a bed-sitting room in Camden Street, he had so little respect left for anything that he was able to instil into Karl a dislike of the cheap and the nasty. Mr. Belcher had a red and Roman nose, the mind of an aristocrat and a scholar, and a whimsical and wicked wit. He suggested to Karl a sarcastic parrot on a perch, a parrot with a red beak and one round, black, merciless eye. Mr. Belcher's varied career as an Oxford don, a master in a public school, a journalist, a sandwich man, a betting tout and shabby sinner on seats, had rendered his experience catholic. Any piece of humbug was like an old lady's lace cap, to be snatched and torn to pieces. His aphorisms were as varied as his experience.

"If you want to move the public, capture its subconscious."

That was a new saying both to Karl and to society, but when Mr. Belcher had explained it, Karl understood.

"I may be allowed to be facetious, but you—never, my dear. The dreadful facetiousness of self-conscious youth! Give your subconscious a chance if you want to be big."

**A**ND society, what of society, the oligarchy, the democrat?

Said Mr. Belcher: "If you hear a little dog snarling at a street corner you can be pretty sure that he is a socialist, and rabid because the other fellow happens to have a bone."

"Get a bone, my dear, and stick to it."

"Don't be fooled into dropping it by people who talk altruistic trash, and whose mouths are slaver for your bone."

Mr. Belcher taught Karl some Latin, a little algebra, much history, and the mood of modern science. He indicated to Karl an attitude toward life instead of forming him into a set piece. He was fond of the word Flux. "Things flow, my dear, even down my throat. Don't take to the trammels. Get in the act."

He was contemptuous of all tins and ologies. He warned Karl against labels, cliques, brotherhoods, and literary clubs.

"And be sure, my dear, that if you make a success of anything you will be loved by most of the women, and hated by most of the men."

From nine to nine-thirty Karl walked hard generally in the direction of Highbury Station, and he walked with his own youth as his comrade, and not looking into the faces that he passed. He was very sure of himself, yet quite free from arrogance. His brothers accused him of cockiness. He would turn home to spend the rest of the evening alone with his mother, for Augustus belonged to a political club, and George had affairs. Rebecca showed no desire to control her second son's morals.

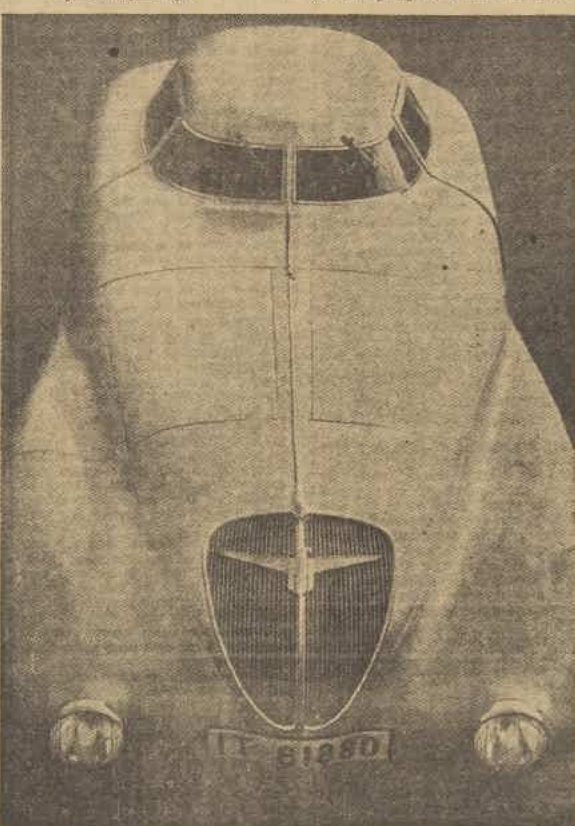
Once a week Rebecca and Karl went to a theatre. It was part of her plan that Karl should see every play of the season, and wherever they would discuss it together, and not only the play, but the setting, the lighting and the

music. Shaw was massacring the middle-classes, and for a year or more Karl was a disciple of Shaw. Mr. Belcher's opinion was that Shaw was too damned clever. As for realism, it did not satisfy Karl. The thing was too photographic and cold and dreary. Romance pleased him better, but not the romance of the conventionalists. Vaguely as yet he apprehended the romance of the real color, the swag, the swell of emotion, a subtle simplicity, the splendor of brain, bowels, blood and heart. He read the Greeks, and Shakespeare, and the moderns—Russian and French and German when he could get them in translations, but though he pulled other grapes, he understood already that the wine must be his own.

**G**EORGE was fastening his braces. George was a difficult get-up, and never the early and industrious apprentice.

George winked at himself in the mirror, opened his mouth and sang. His notion of singing was to bawl, swaying slightly on his fat thighs as he did so. The song was years out of date, but it suited the occasion and shaped itself to the attack. It was a thing you could follow, even while brushing your hair.

"Yip—I addy—I aye—I aye.  
Yip—I addy—I aye."



THIS IS NEITHER a tank nor a submarine—it's the latest in German streamlined motor cars.

George brought out the Yip like a man slapping someone whom he caught bending. George had cunning. He did not Yip every morning. Let that ruddy young brother of his be kept guessing. Scribbling poetry, what? Here was a manly voice to tear up the little beggar's inspiration.

George heard a door open. Ha, he had drawn the poet from his desk. Karl's voice came through the door.

"Must you make that filthy noise?"

George yelled exultantly, and brushed his hair.

"For God's sake, shut up."

George swung to the door. He pulled it open, and confronted a white and furious Karl.

"And what's the matter with you, smooty?—Can't I sing if I feel like it?" Karl gave him a little homicidal smile.

"O, call it singing!"

"It's as good as your scribbling. Think I'm going to creep about like a mouse because I've got a snuffy little brother—"

Rebecca was listening at the foot of the stairs. Her voice intervened.

"George."

"Hallo."

"Come down here. I have something to say to you."

George was afraid of his mother—

"Be down in two ticks, ma." He gave his younger brother an evil look, slammed the door, and finished dressing. Karl returned to his room and with an air of frustration sat down at his table and stared out of the window. His mother was waiting for George, and the delay only hardened her purpose. As a Jewess she should have been equally partial to all her children, but Rebecca had weighed prejudice in her hand and accepted it. Was she to choose the gold or the dross? She could be fanatical and as a fanatic she waited for her second son.

He came clumping down the stairs like a large animal.

"What's the trouble, ma?"

So, George was going to be insolent. She stood in the middle of the passage with her large hands over the swell of her apron.

"You'll stop that shouting in the morning."

"Shouting?—I'm only singing."

"It's the same," said his mother, "and you'll stop it."

"Why should I?—Just because—"

"Yes," said Rebecca inexorably, "because of Karl."

George flared. He went off the deep end. If there was to be a row let it be his row. Hadn't he a grievance? To be told to keep quiet because a younger brother sat and scribbled. Hello! He was not going to stand this sort of

thing. It was just favoritism.—He shouted. His mother's face remained heavy with a kind of ruthless calm.

She turned and walked to the street door at the end of the passage and opened it.

"My house, my lad. You'll do what I tell you or leave it."

George's shouting mouth hung open for a moment—a silent hole. He stared at his mother, and then he resumed his shouting.

"I'm quitting.—I'm fed up.—Mustn't wake the baby, what?—I've got plenty of places to go to."

His mother nodded to him.

"Then—go."

He went, and such was the passing of George. He reappeared periodically, either to display himself and his clothes when his fortunes were fair, or "To touch the old woman for something" when he was short of cash, but Rebecca remained ruthless towards George. There was no fatted calf for him.

Please turn to Page 51

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**Fresh as a**  
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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



# Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 50

CONCEALED behind a row of skirts in her bedroom cupboard Rebecca kept a little old safe which had been purchased second-hand. Its paint was peeling off, and the brass handle had no polish, but Karl's mother was not concerned with the exterior of her strong-box. It was the contents that mattered, cash, title deeds, stock certificates, ledgers, her pass-book, some jewellery. Rebecca loved money, because it was hard to come by, and because of the power it possessed. She was secretive, both about her treasure and her affairs, fearing not moth nor corruption and thieves, but the demands of nature. Not even Karl knew of this safe, though its contents might be plundered stored away for the fertilising of her beloved's future.

Rebecca banked with Lloyd's in Upper Street. There were occasions when she interviewed the branch manager, and discussed with him the purchase of stock. She kept a sum of ready money in her safe for the emergency of her business, for Rebecca had to buy as well as sell, and when a bargain was to be driven the production of ready cash often clinched the deal in her favor.

A February evening and frosty. The shop was shut, and Karl at Mr. Belcher's. Rebecca had locked her bedroom door, and opening the cupboard, pushed aside the clothes that hid the safe. She had the key's taking to put away. She was alone in the house, and but for the clangor of passing trams, the Essex Road was in a muffled mood.

She unlocked the safe, and deposited in a small black-and-gold cashbox three sovereigns and seventeen shillings in silver. There was an entry to be made in a ledger. The gas jet was flaring, and as she turned the tap to steady the flame she remembered that Augustus had not come back for his supper. She stood for a moment with her fingers on the tap of the gas-bracket, while the face of her first-born interposed itself between cashbox and ledger. Gus had been behaving rather mysteriously of late. He slept and ate in his mother's house, but rather like some casual lodger who came and went, and whose essential life was lived elsewhere. Augustus had always been secretive, a somewhat funeral young man, who, if he had any sins to confess, chose no family confessor.

Rebecca's fingers were still on the tap when she heard a train stop outside the house. There was nothing singular in the stopping of a train, but a little interval of silence seemed to link the incident with the ringing of the side door bell. The metallic jingle came from the end of the passage near the kitchen, where six old-fashioned bells hung darkly just below the ceiling.

Rebecca frowned. She locked the safe, hid the key under the mattress of her bed and went downstairs. The bell was still trembling in its spring, she was alone in the house. Karl had not rung that bell. There had been a note of apology in its summons, a suggestion of hesitant and surreptitious carefulness. Karl came much more gaily.

She could hear voices. So, there were two people outside, and one of them had rung the bell. Rebecca went softly down the passage; she was close to the door when she heard a woman's voice make a remark.

"Better ring again, hadn't you?" It was a young voice, and yet incipiently shrill. The bell was rung again, and even more timorously so.

"I suppose the old woman's in?"

"There was a light in her bedroom."

The voice of Augustus! What was her first-born doing on his mother's doorstep with a young person who spoke of Rebecca as the old woman? Some conspiracy was afoot. Had love come to Augustus, and was the face of the loved one to be revealed to his mother? Rebecca was far wiser than her first-born. If Augustus was being moved to marry a young woman with a voice like that, he would most certainly regret it.

REBECCA put both hands to the door, and turning key and handle simultaneously she opened it suddenly upon those two. A gas jet was burning behind her, and its light fell upon the two faces. She did not look at her son, but into the eyes of the strange woman.

There was a pause, and then Augustus was heard to say: "Mother, this is Emily."

Emily was seen to smile, and the smile had a fallacious brightness, like the glitter of a knife.

"Ah," said Rebecca, "come in, Emily." But Emily glanced at her man, jerking her chin round at him as though prompting his courage.

"Emily and I are married."

Rebecca's large black figure filled the doorway. She seemed to breathe heavily for a moment. Then she smiled at her son's unexpected wife.

"Well, that's news, my dear, but come inside. Draughts give me colds on the chest."

She was bland, almost motherly. She stood back against the wall and let them in. Emily entered with the air of a young woman who was ready to be snatched if Rebecca gave her half a chance. Rebecca looked at Augustus as he passed her, and saw only a self-conscious profile. Augustus was feeling very uncomfortable. His mother's dark eyes were on him like the eyes of some familiar and formidable seer.

A solitary gas jet was burning in the parlor. Rebecca lit the other two, and gave the fire a poke.

"Sit down, my dear."

Emily was already sitting down, and on her dignity as wife and matron, Rebecca, poker in hand, turned and smiled upon her. Augustus was standing behind Emily's chair like one of those young Victorian husbands in a wedding photograph.

"Well, well," said Rebecca, "this is a surprise, isn't it? I expected Gus back to supper, and he brings back a wife."

Emily was watching Rebecca like a sandy cat who was not quite sure how this old black cat was shaping.

"You needn't be afraid, Mrs. Slopp, that we are expecting you to put yourself out."

"Oh, no, my dear."

"Gus and I are in lodgings."

"Most considerate of you, I'm sure."

Rebecca was summing up her new daughter. Emily was ready with pale eyelashes. Emily had a long thin nose, sharp at the tip, a muddy complexion, patches of yellow pigment in her pale eyes, a mean, tight mouth. A shrew, and she had Augustus in her pocket. But Rebecca understood. Her first-born lacked courage. He had been afraid to tell his mother. He had preferred to confront her with an accomplished fact, and with the sandy and sneaky assurance of Emily.

"Well," said Rebecca, "I suppose you young things have ways of your own. For better—or worse—my dears."

Rebecca was smiling at Emily, an Emily whose nostrils and mouth were compressed for conflict.

"Well, well—Gus was always such a shy boy, my dear, but you'll cure him of that. And perhaps you would like a little supper."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said Emily.

"But we had it in our lodgings."

Rebecca did a gracious thing. She bent down and kissed Emily. The magnanimous and the technical were mingled in her, and though Emily's answering kiss was a peck, that was just Emily and, like Emily, accepted. This family affair was brief and formal. Out in the street Emily declared that the old woman had swallowed it pretty well. "I thought she was going to be nasty," Augustus verdict was more casual. Meanwhile, the old woman remained solidly in the open doorway, confronting the night, and the fatefulness of the occasion.

Please turn to Page 52

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Time at Various Cities when 12 noon at London - - - - - 20	'ASPRO' First Aid - - - - - 44-45
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## £25 Cash Must Be Won "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 23

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WHO OBTAINS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES FROM THE LIST GIVEN BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below is made up of names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example, ADOLPHE MENJOU, the extra unnecessary letter being "T". Include this name in your solution as Number 1. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELLED NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26th, 1936, "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3834T, SYDNEY N.S.W.

No. 1. ADOLPHE	TOUJMEN	MENJOU	No. 9. M	NEDYKENN
2. W	TEWBAXR		10. R	NARROVON
3. K	CISYFRAN		11. Z	SPITIT
4. C	WOWB		12. C	ROOKBY
5. J	CAYRONQ		13. L	GUNYOU
6. A	RADYBO		14. H	STRETTTWELVE
7. D	ELLE		15. G	MONDRAYM
8. J	BENTDENT		16. I	WEDUNN

Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly."

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED MARCH 14th.

### "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 20.

#### RESULT.

One competitor submitted an entry containing twenty-one names of featured players, and in accordance with the new conditions of the competition, he receives the prize, £25 cash.

J. JOHNSON, C/o 18 Cook Road, Paddington.

#### Names

#### Obtained

#### By Winning

#### Competitor

1. Norma Shearer; 2. Constance Bennett and Charles Bennett; 3. George Arliss; 4. Bill Boyd, Betty Boyd and Bill Cody; 5. Charles Bickford; 6. William Powell; 7. Franchot Tone; 8. Claudette Colbert; 9. Leslie Howard; 10. Ricardo Cortez; 11. Florence Rice, Frank Rice and Francis Rich; 12. Lewis Stone; 13. Fay Wray; 14. Ben Lyon; 15. Louise Fazenda; 16. Tallulah Bankhead. 21 names in all.



I know what YOU want, my dear!  
I'll get you some De Witt's  
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Indigestion is the cause of misery untold. Neglected, it wrecks your life and makes you an irritable, nervy, vigour-sapped, dyspeptic martyr—a misery to yourself and those around you. You must recognise that

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**ANTACID POWDER**

Get a  
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All these requirements have been carefully provided for in the preparation of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being. Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcer from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thereby taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

## Sackcloth into Silk

Continued from Page 51

**EXIT** George exit Augustus. A tram went by, clanging its bell urgently at some dark object that threatened to impede it, and Rebecca smiled to herself. Was she not rather like that tram, wanting all obstacles—human and otherwise—out of her way?

She would be alone now in the house with Karl.

She closed the door, and shuffling slipped into the parlor, she sat down by the fire. The silent house seemed to share her secret exultation. Rebecca sat and listened for the footsteps of her beloved.

Emily had been throwing out hints.

Emily, whose temperament rendered her incapable of living in peace with a landlady, had compelled Augustus to rent a house in Chalfont Street. It was a very small house, and Emily and her husband were content with furnishing two rooms and the kitchen. Augustus had saved a little money, though a clerk on two pounds ten or so a week could not be expected to control much capital, and Augustus disapproved of capital. Emily had money in the Post Office savings bank.

So, Emily was throwing out hints. Emily considered herself subtle, but her dispensing of suggestions could be bold and oblique. She might insinuate, but her smile was crackle-ice. The direct and the positive could be applied to her husband's employers, Messrs. Benakin and Brown. They were sharks, mean exploiters, and Emily said what she thought about them. She was beginning to say things to Augustus about his mother.

"What's she done for us—I'd like to know?"

Emily had a way of asking questions and of answering them to her own satisfaction.

A second-hand chest of drawers! That's all she could rise to. And that house—full of furniture, and just the two of them in it.

Augustus was learning not to obstruct his wife. Emily carried the boma, and when she put her head down, Augustus stood aside and gave her the way.

"Mean—I call it. She must have money put away, and she hasn't done a thing for you—Of course I've got a pair of eyes—All she cares about is that little brother of yours."

Augustus agreed with her. Karl had always been the favored child.

"Well, why don't you ask her for something?—You're a regular Esau—you are. She's put young Karl in the business, and you're the eldest."

Said Augustus—"I wasn't going to waste my ability on selling old clothes."

Emily was sarcastic. Socialism was all very well, and Emily was ready to accept it provided it would prove good business. Meanwhile, Emily became active on her own account. Rebecca began to see more of Emily than their natural affinities required. Emily tried insinuations. Augustus was a delicate young man, and tender in the stomach. And couldn't Emily help her dear mother with the washing and the mending, or even in the shop?

Rebecca was bland. She contemplated the sandiness of Emily, and her sly solicitations. Emily's mean mouth smeared itself with honey. Emily flattered.

"A young woman's got enough to do in her own home, my dear. I always had."

Balked by Rebecca's impenetrable and robust cheerfulness Emily began to throw out hints. She no longer steered them about her mother-in-law's slippers. The old woman refused to see them; she walked over them. Caltropes were needed. Emily became a little injured and shrill. Emily wanted so many things, a new sofa, personal adornments, a gas stove, a gramophone; her conviction was that Rebecca was able to supply her with these articles. Young Karl was kept on fain. The little amateur gentleman! Karl was reserved and silent with Emily; he did not like his sister-in-law; she was boiled mutton and caper sauce, and Emily knew when she was not liked.

**R**EBECCA remained impenetrable. She was wise. She knew her Emily, and Rebecca had suffered from Emily in her shop. Rebecca was a little deaf; Rebecca was stupid; Rebecca smiled over the most obvious hint and did not stoop to pick it up.

She caught glimpses of Emily in a mirror. Emily had an air of saying things to herself about Rebecca. Emily's face looked pinched.

"Holy-tenny my girl," thought Rebecca: "I'm a stupid old woman. I don't see—anything. And you are working up for a row, aren't you? And I'm not going to oblige you."

Emily's hints became insinuations. Was her mother-in-law being purblind on purpose? Would it be necessary for her to plant a dart in her mother-in-law's fat person? And then, one March evening Emily lost her temper. It was a rugged virtue and easily misused, and Rebecca had been particularly exasperating. Rebecca's temper had put on Sunday satin all black and shimmering. She sat with her two hands clapping her beneficent tummy.

The row arrived like half a sackful of soot dislodged from a dirty chimney. Emily had come with the intention of speaking her mind and of telling the old woman a thing or two. She began by referring to her husband's nature; Gus might feel hurt—because nothing had been done for him, but Gus was not—mean.

Emily was advised to hold her tongue.

"You mind your own business, Emily, and I'll mind mine."

So, Rebecca was coming it high and mighty!

"And what have you done for Augustus. I'd like to know? I'm not going to keep my mouth shut when my man is being treated badly."

Rebecca's smile was solid.

"Well, get it out, Emily, get it out. I'll tell it—Disgusting favoritism! I call it—I suppose you think you're going to make a little gent of Karl."

"Something better than that, Emily. Don't be deaf of a genius?"

The cat in the Emily spat. She had claws, and she played those claws in Rebecca.

"Genius—poof, I'm not a humbag. I say what I think, and I tell you."

"You, Emily. Does it matter?"

"Matter?—Why, you're an old fool. You'll have Mr. Karl Suck-a-Thumb for a year or two, and then he'll get a girl—And where will you be—?" She began to scream.

"And where will you be?—What will you be?—You'll be just a fat old fool—Left in the lurch, my dear."

Rebecca rose slowly from her chair. Her face was like white wax.

"That will do, Emily—You can go."

"When I want you I'll send for you."

"You can go."

Augustus' wife flung out of the house, banging both the parlor and the street doors, and suddenly Rebecca's knees began to tremble.

Please turn to Page 60

## Why I Use A "Non-absorbent" Face Powder by a Bond Street Beauty Specialist

Ordinary face powders only prevent ugliness for a few minutes. Then the powder itself becomes shiny. This is because ordinary powders absorb the skin's natural moisture and form a glistening paste like wet flour. Chemists have devoted years of study to finding a non-absorbent face powder. They succeeded finally by blending with the powder a new ingredient called Mousse de Cream. This process has now been patented by Tokalon.



Poudre Tokalon, because it contains Mousse de Cream, cannot soak up the skin's moisture. Poudre Tokalon avoids all caking and patchiness. It gives an even smooth "dust finish"—just like the bloom on a fresh peach.

The Mousse de Cream in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin, causing it to become rough and dry—like ordinary powders do. Poudre Tokalon stays on five times as long as ordinary powders. It clings to the skin in all weathers and while dancing for hours in the hottest room. It is the one powder that prevents ugly skin shine all day long but itself never becomes shiny. Price 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax).

**Poudre Tokalon**  
Mousse de Cream Face Powder



Pimples, black-heads, blotches, grayish inflamed skin—these are the warning signs of acne. Rexona Ointment will rid you of this complaint. Its healing medications cool the inflamed skin and cleanse the pores of the poisons that are causing the skin eruptions. Keep on with regular applications, till healing is complete. **TREATMENT:** Wash the face with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP and warm water. Dry, cover the head with a towel and steam the face over a basin of hot water till the skin perspires. Squeeze the blackheads, taking care not to bruise or prick the skin. Then, with a clean sterilized needle (boil in water for 10 minutes), prick the pimples and squeeze. Rub Rexona Ointment gently into the skin and let it stay on overnight. For washing the affected part use Rexona Medicated Soap—it contains the same soothing and healing properties as the Ointment, and has been specially made to assist healing.

**Rexona**

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin. SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

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## Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing, and fear catarrhal deafness, or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (Double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little crystal sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Closed nostrils should open breathing become easy, and the mucus then dropping into the throat. It is easy to take. Anyone who is threatened with catarrhal deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.



**KEEP YOUR HANDS FIT TO BE SEEN WITH SOLVOL.**  
GREASE, GRIME, STAINS AND PAINT ALL DISSOLVE IN THE RICH SOLVOL LATHER. AWAY GOES EVERY TRACE OF DIRT IN 30 SECONDS. IF YOU HAVE DIRTY JOBS TO DO—WORKING ON THE CAR—OR THE ORDINARY DAILY ROUND—SEND FOR A TABLET OF SOLVOL QUICKLY. IT'S AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

February 22, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

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## Lace and Linen Charm for Your Home!

**BERTHA MAXWELL'S**  
Latest 1936 Design—a full set of tea or supper linens—is graciously lovely...

Traced ready for work on white or cream linen, you may have the edges of each article spokestitched to carry lace or crochet, or with hemstitched hems. See lists below.

**V**ARIETY in needlework is one of the vital features which keep it an evergreen pastime with its adherents. We may follow one style of work or something new for a long time, and then find fresh charm in our oldest forms of stitchery.

Here is an example in an exquisitely lovely set of tea or supper linens designed for broderie anglaise, cutwork, and lace if you wish; all needleworkers know the few effective stitches required to produce this rich, shining work, which wears for ever and is always a firm favorite in home decoration.

**I**F you have some fine white English china, the kind of ware which is known to experts as bone china, or some gracious old family silver, then this is the kind of table linen on which to set your treasures.

And if you have none of these things, but feel that you would like to own them, take comfort, for English teasetts of the most delicate yet sturdy nature are to-day cheaper than they have been for years and quite low enough in price for any woman to own and use. There is a tonic effect in fine china and good linens—they need not be kept for occasional appearances.

The sizes of the pieces are all as usual, standard measurements which have stood the test of time and are liked by all. Read through the list, and decide on those which suit you best; and if there is a size which you require specially for your own use, write and ask for a quotation for, unless it is something quite out of the way, we can prepare it for you if you can wait a little for it.

Tea or supper cloth, 36 x 36 inches, in superb, first quality cream or white linen, with spokestitched edges, price 1/6; with hemstitched hems, 5/6.

45 x 45 tea or supper cloth, spokestitched, 7/6; with hemstitched hems, 8/6.

54 x 54 tea or supper cloth, spokestitched, 12/6; with hemstitched hems, 14/6.

Tea napkins, 11 x 11-inch square, spokestitched, 1/- each; with tiny hemstitched hems, price 1/9.

Tea-cosy, 7 1/2 x 11 inches, spokestitched, price 2/-.

5 x 12 sandwich and 8 x 8-inch round d'oyles, spokestitched edges, 1/3 each.

Jug covers, 6 x 6-inch, spokestitched, 1/-; 8 x 8-inch, 1/2.

### Sizes of Cloths

WE particularly wish you to notice the sizes of the cloths in relation to their edges, and to realise that if they are hemmed, they will be less in size than stated.

The hem absorbs from two to three inches, so that a 36-inch cloth will actually measure about 32 to 33 inches square; and so with the other two sizes. While if they are hemstitched for lace or crochet they will be reduced only about an inch or a little more in size, but will then be increased again by the width of the lace or edging which you yourself place on them.



CLOSE-UP of Bertha Maxwell's exquisite design—corner of 45 x 45 inch tea or supper cloth, with hemstitched hem. Two other sizes available.

**S**IMPLE satin-stitching is used for all the tiny conventional flowers and leaves; place a little padding underneath to give a raised, lustrous effect, and use a good embroidery cotton, in single thread, not too fine, say, about 20 or 25 size.

Eyeslets placed about the design may be whipped round as open ovals, or padded and satined to match the flowers.

The cutwork curves are outlined first with a running thread, then buttonholed inwards. The bars are made over three threads, with a little picot attached if possible; the picot is not shown in the sketching, you just make it in the centre of the bar when buttonholing.

In the design shown here, the square in the corners and the smaller one at the side, are shown as needleworked insets, worked into the linen in the usual manner of cutwork. They are stamped on the linen for you to do; just work as ordinary cut embroidery, with picots on the bars if possible. The effect is very handsome, this is a form of decoration much used in European work, easy and quick to do, and thoroughly in harmony with the whole design.

If you prefer it, you may insert some squares of crochet or lace; the large square measures about 4 inches, the small one about 1 inch. If you have crochet in these sizes, or lace pieces, just tack them over the traced design and sew them in as usual; then cut away at the back. Lace or crochet insets should, of course, match the lace or crochet edging if one is being used.

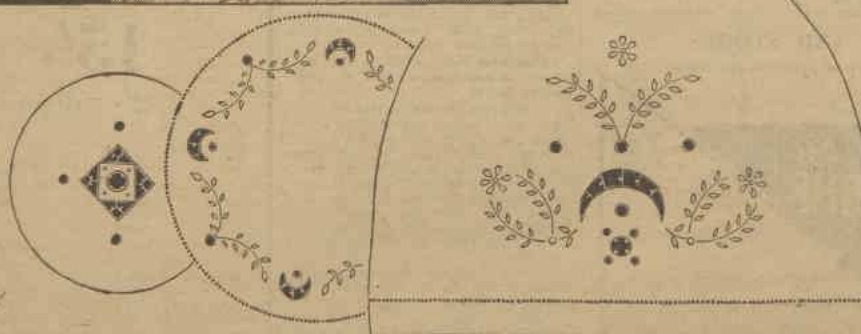
### Sewing in Lace

**T**HERE are many ways of inserting lace pieces into linen; one very good method is as follows: Pin the piece in position, then finely tack it all round at the bare edge with stitches which will later be covered; then cut away at the back, leaving about half an inch for turning. Mitre a small cut in the corners, and turn the linen back fairly close to the tacked edge, press down, and tack well away from the edge of the lace.

Now take a thread of embroidery cotton, and on the right side, satin-stitch finely over the edge of the lace, taking each stitch through the lace and through the folded back linen behind; trim off at the back when finished.

This makes a lovely smooth-satined line round the lace, and is very strong.

**T**O match your linen set, here is the quaintest and prettiest little jug cover; it is merely a round of linen, in the size you prefer, with hemstitched edge for bands and crochet in the usual manner, with a worked square in the centre to allow ventilation.



CENTRE: A sketch showing a 36 x 36 cloth with hemstitched hem. When a lace edge has been added and embroidery completed, you can well imagine its beauty.

ABOVE: Sketches showing tea-cosy, round d'oyley, and jug cover. This is the first time we have offered an attractive jug cover.

Hemstitched hems mean that all the edge is prepared for you, leaving only the design to work; with hemstitching along the cut edge for lace or crochet you add whichever you prefer as a finish.



## They're BOTH Regular

BUT—grumpy Bill, though regular is not THOROUGH in his bowel action. Unknowingly he's poisoning himself—hence those headaches, "that tired feeling," those dizzy spells. Jack is more than regular—he's THOROUGH. He sees to that by taking Chamberlain's Tablets now and then.

# CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.



## DESTROY! These PESTS!

### RATS & MICE



● **HOUGHTON & BYRNE** Guaranteed Destroyers will stamp out the pests that are menacing property and health.

**SAFE—CERTAIN—INEXPENSIVE!**  
● **"SQUILLTOX"** KILLS RATS AND MICE. BUT NOTHING ELSE—Quickly rid homes and properties of these destructive pests—will not harm humans or domestic pets—Kills Rats and Mice only, but it kills them with certainty—1/4 lb. makes 130 baits. . . .  
Use "SQUILLTOX" 1 oz. TIN 1/6

### COCKROACHES



● **"SOLVENTO"**—A safe and certain destroyer of the pestilence, disease-carrying Cockroach pest—has been tested and proved fully effective under every condition—effortless and safe—it is perfectly safe among food-stuffs. Protect your family's health. . . .  
Use "SOLVENTO" 2 1/2 oz. TIN 1/6

### SILVERFISH



● **"KILLSIL"** is a simple and safe cure of the Silverfish pest that plays havoc with carpets, fabrics, curtains, books, etc. Stamp this pest out now and avoid the destruction of valuable possessions! . . . .  
Use "KILLSIL" 2 1/2 oz. TIN 1/3

### MOTHS



● **"KILMOTH"** (Crystals)—This wonderfully effective Moth destroyer is a gas-liberating crystal—incandescence to Moths, Moth Eggs and Moth Larvae—Non-poisonous to humans and free of objectionable odour. Safeguard clothes, carpets and woollens! . . . .  
Use "KILMOTH" 8 oz. TIN 2/-

### WHITE ANTS



● **"TIMBERTOX"**—"The poison in oil," kills White Ants and Borer and prevents further attack; contains a poison soluble in oil only—will not seep out. . . .  
Use "TIMBERTOX" QUARTS 2/6

### FLEAS



● **"K.F."** is the safe Flea Killer—Kills Fleas on Dogs and Cats—also Lice and Vermin on Birds, Poultry and Mammals—It is non-irritant and non-poisonous and prevents re-infestation—Indispensable in the home too! . . . .  
Use "K.F." 2 oz. TIN 1/3

### BORERS



● **"WOODBOROL"** is today's sure method of destroying Borers—Kills Borers and their eggs—Does not leave stains—Easily applied—Safe and certain destruction of these pests—Save your home and furniture from depreciation by Borer damage! . . . .  
Use "WOODBOROL" 1 PINT 1/9

### BUGS



● **"SPRAYZOL"**—A liquid insecticide which quickly destroys these filthy vermin—Drives them out of cracks to die. "Sprayzol" means "quick riddance" of these unwelcome "Bug" guests—Cure Stinging Lice, too! . . . .  
Use "SPRAYZOL" 1 PINT, 2/6

### ANTS



● **"X-ANT"**—The non-poisonous method of destroying Ants, is wonderfully effective and is entirely safe among foodstuffs. A sprinkling of "X-ANT" means "ant" to Ants! . . . .  
Use "X-ANT" TIN 1/3

### CABBAGE MOTH



● Grow Cabbages without Grubs and Plants without Pests. "Derridust" is the new, safe, non-poisonous plant insecticide, replaces dangerous arsenicals. Kills Cabbage-moth, Diamond Back, Looper, Thrips, Aphids, etc. 1 lb. will dust 10 cabbages. . . .  
Use "DERRIDUST" 1 lb. 1/6, 1 lb. 2/6

### TICKS . . .

● **DOG-TICKS**—Use **TIK-FIX**, the sure preventive against tick attacks on dogs and cats. . . .  
Dusting Powder, 1/6 tin; Wash, 3/6 tin.

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**OUR SERVICE DEPT.** Our Service Dept. will be pleased to submit prices for all classes of pest-destruction work; Estimates free. We destroy bugs, silverfish, cockroaches, etc., on the No Cure—No Pay system. Borer and white ants eradicated, repairs carried out. 100% kill in borer-infested furniture guaranteed. Consultations and expert advice free. **HOUGHTON & BYRNE** Specialists in Pest Destruction. Note addresses above.

## OUR BIG RECIPE COMPETITION Opportunity for Housewives!

Not only the fortunate prize-winners, but enthusiastic housewives as well, welcome our Best Recipes corner. Here is variety, here is inspiration, and here is practical help for housewives faced with the daily preparation of food.

**SEND** in an entry for this weekly competition—savory, cake, pudding, meat dish, sweetmeat, not necessarily original, but necessarily good. Mark it Best Recipes, and leave the rest to us!

You have a chance at first prize of £1, second prize of 10/-, and at the four consolation prizes at 2/6 each.

Note the six prize-winning recipes this week.

**BANANA AND CHOCOLATE CAKE**  
Cream 1 cup shortening and 1 cup sugar; add 2 large bananas mashed and beaten well; add 3 eggs well-beaten. Sift together 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons cocoa, and stir alternately into first mixture with 1 cup milk. Bake in three layers for 20 minutes. Ice cake.

**Chocolate-Butter Icing.**—Cream 6 tablespoons butter and mix in 1 cup icing sugar; cream until smooth. Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate and stir into first mixture. Add half-teaspoon vanilla and 1 banana mashed. Then stir in enough powdered sugar to make a spreading consistency. This will depend upon the size of the banana used, but it will take about 2 cups icing sugar.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. P. Smith, Black Rock, S.A.

**BUTTERSCOTCH APPLES WITH CUSTARD SAUCE**

Six tart apples, 1 cup water, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 cup of castor sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 pint almond custard. Measure sugar and water into a saucepan; when sugar is dissolved bring

### ICED TEA!

Here is a delicious recipe for cream iced tea . . .

**PUT** 2 tablespoons of good-quality tea in a teapot previously heated, and pour 1 quart of boiling water over the tea and allow it to infuse for five minutes. Then pour off into a jug.

Place jug in a freezer for two hours, then mix the tea with 3oz. castor sugar and 1 pint of cream (or 1 pint of milk), and place in freezer and chill. Serve with thin slices of lemon.

Always make sure you strain tea carefully.

to the boil and simmer for 10 minutes. Add pared and cored apples and simmer very slowly till tender. Remove apples. Dissolve gelatine in syrup. Cook brown sugar, milk, and butter in another saucepan till the mixture forms a soft ball when a little is tested in cold water. Add the walnuts. Place the apples in serving-dish. Stuff with the nut mixture. Pour syrup round and decorate with whipped, sweetened cream. Serve with a jug of custard sauce.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss F. E. Bennett, 60 Yarra St., Williamstown W.V.

### WHIPPED JELLY CREAM

One packet jelly crystals (lime), 1 white of egg, 1 pint cream, 1 cup sugar.

Dissolve jelly; beat white of egg stiff; add sugar; then beat quickly into jelly which is half-set. Allow to set properly and serve with cream or custard. Enough for four persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Olga Stevens, Emoh Road, Gordon St., Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

### WATERMELON KOMFT

Peel off the green outer rind of watermelon and remove pink portion so that thick white rind is left. Cut into cubes and prick each piece with a fork. Steep 24 hours in lime-water, using 1 tablespoon of lime to every 3 quarts, or 5 pints of cold water. Then rinse the peel thoroughly in fresh water. Drain, and boil in water gently for half an hour or more.

In the meantime dissolve sugar in boiling water, allowing 5lb. sugar to 5lb. peel, and 3 cups of water to every cup of sugar. Add the peel drained from water and a few pieces of bruised ginger root in muslin bag. Cook gently for five hours or until peel is clear and transparent. Remove flavoring, fill in jars and cover when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Craig, Farm 261, Lenton, N.S.W.



The wise housekeeper treasures all our "Best Recipes," pastes them in orderly manner in a book, or files them, business-like, as shown above.

grape, drop into the fat, and fry golden brown. Two or three minutes is enough, as grapes themselves do not need cooking. If there is plenty of fat four to six fritters can be cooked at a time. After draining, serve on fancy paper sprinkled with castor sugar, and if possible, decorated with a trail of small vine-leaves and tendrils.

Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Crescent, Coorparoo, Qld.

### CLEVER IDEAS

**MINT SAUCE:** Usually after a meal a quantity of mint sauce is left over. Keep a screw-stoppered bottle handy and from time to time put the left over portion in this. You will then have sauce in excellent order during the season when it is difficult to get mint.

**GOOD BANDAGES:** Old linen sheets that are past usefulness can be converted for use in the medicine chest by cutting into long strips of different widths and rolling up.



Ringlette permanent wave

15/-

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Soft, natural looking waves with rows of curls high at the back to show that lovely feminine curve at the nape of the neck. It affords you no discomfort whatever, takes half the usual time, and does not crack or dry the hair.

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Curls only . . . . . Price 12/6

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# SAUCES... SWEET & SAVORY!

For Fish, Meat, Vegetables, and Desserts

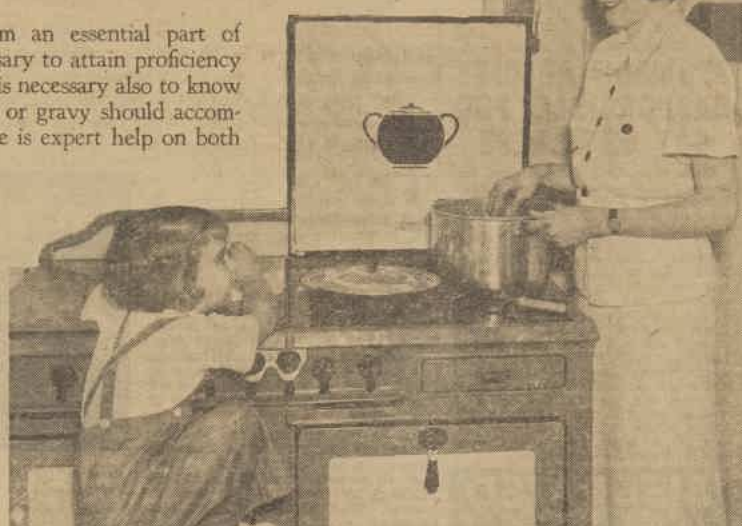


By  
RUTH  
FURST

Cookery Expert to  
The Australian  
Women's Weekly

Inasmuch as sauces form an essential part of successful cookery, it is necessary to attain proficiency in the art of making them. It is necessary also to know what particular kind of sauce or gravy should accompany the dishes served. Here is expert help on both issues.

HERE IS ILLUSTRATED the method of making white sauce: (1) First melt the butter. (2) Stir in flour, making sure that it is quite smooth and free from lumps. (3) Add liquid gradually—stirring constantly.



HERE are some important points to bear in mind when making sauces or gravies.

The thickening used should be well-cooked, the butter must not be allowed to become too hot when melting.

When eggs are used, do not allow them to curdle. The best method is to cook the flour in the butter before adding the liquid.

The usual proportions are 1 dessertspoon butter (1oz.) to 1oz. flour (level tablespoons) to each cup (½ pint) liquid.

Should the sauce be required thicker for making, the quantity of flour should be increased.

It is sometimes necessary to strain the sauce either through fine strainer, sieve, or tammy cloth. This gives a velvety appearance. Hot sauces should not be made till just before required.

Lemon juice, cream, parsley, etc., should not be added till just before serving.

In making brown sauce, same methods are used as for white sauce, except that the "roux"—that is, the flour and butter—must be thoroughly browned before adding the liquid.

Be careful never to over-season sauces.

## WHITE SAUCE

One tablespoon butter, small tablespoon plain flour, 1 pint milk, salt, cayenne.

Melt butter; add flour away from heat and stir till free from lumps. Stir over heat for a few minutes without browning. Add milk all at once. Stir over a low flame till thick. Cook for one minute after it boils. Add seasoning, and serve at once. Chopped parsley, cooked, chopped onion, capers, oysters, hard-boiled eggs, etc., may be added, whatever is used giving the sauce its distinctive name.

## MELTED BUTTER SAUCE

The same ingredients are used as for white sauce, except that water is used in place of milk, making it the color of butter; hence the name. Used for coating vegetable marrow and cauliflower.

## SWEET WHITE SAUCE

One dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 pint milk, essence.

Melt butter in an enamel saucepan; add flour off the gas, and mix till free from lumps; return to the gas and cook for a few minutes without browning. Add the liquid all at once off the gas, then stir over gas till it boils and thickens. Cook for one minute. Add sugar and essence, and serve hot in sauce bowl.

## HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Half pint melted butter sauce, yolks 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, lemon juice, salt, cayenne.

Make melted butter sauce. Add yolks, and stir over boiling water for a few minutes, but do not let boil. Squeeze through a tammy cloth. Re-heat. Add butter, small pieces at a time, stirring well till all is worked in. Add lemon juice and salt.

## BECHAMEL SAUCE

Three-quarters pint of milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, mushrooms, salt, cayenne.

Chop mushrooms and simmer in milk for 15 minutes. Strain. Melt butter in a saucepan; add flour; cook for 1 minute. Add the cold mushroom-milk; stir till it boils and thickens. Add salt and cayenne. Strain to give velvety appearance; re-heat, and serve.

## ANCHOVY SAUCE

Melted butter sauce, lemon juice, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce.

Add the anchovy sauce and lemon juice to the melted butter sauce, and a few drops of carmine to give a nice color.

## SOUBISE SAUCE

One-and-a-half cups white sauce, 2 white onions, 2 tablespoons cream, salt, cayenne.

Peel and wash the onions. Cook to a

## CORRECT SAUCES

Gravy or Dressing to serve with:

Fish: Oyster, parsley, egg sauce.

or sauce tartare.

Marrow and Cauliflower: Melted butter sauce.

Bolled Meat: Parsley, onion, or capers.

Cutlets: Brown sauce.

Steamed Puddings: Jam, sweet sauce, or custard.

Bolled Puddings: Sweet sauce or custard.

Pies or Tarts: Custard.

Salads: Mayonnaise, or salad dressing.

Pork: Brown gravy and apple sauce.

Lamb: Brown gravy and mint sauce.

Roast Beef: Brown gravy and horse-radish sauce.

Bolled Fowl: Parsley sauce, bread sauce.

Roast Fowl: Thin brown gravy and bread sauce.

Roast Duck: Thin brown gravy and apple sauce.

white lined saucepan till soft. Rub through a fine strainer. Make the white sauce; add to it the onion puree, cream, salt, and cayenne. Re-heat and serve at once.

## BROWN SAUCE

Piece carrot, turnip, onion, celery, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint stock, salt, cayenne.

Melt the fat; fry the vegetables till browned; add flour; brown it. Add stock with salt and pepper; stir till it boils; then simmer gently till vegetables are soft. Strain. Remove any fat. Re-heat, and serve.

## MUSHROOM SAUCE

Brown sauce, 2 doz. small mushrooms.

Make brown sauce, add the washed mushrooms to it, simmer for 20 minutes. Leave the mushrooms whole, or chop finely. Serve very hot.

## CHASSEUR SAUCE

One cup brown sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped ham, 2 tablespoons sherry.

Make the sauce in the usual way. Strain, add the sherry and ham and serve very hot with cutlets, etc.

## TARTARE SAUCE

Half pint mayonnaise sauce, chopped gherkin, chopped capers, chopped parsley, lemon juice.

Make the mayonnaise; then mix well with all the ingredients. Serve cold.

## CARAMEL BRANDY SAUCE

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons brandy, 2 eggs, 1 cup cream.

Cream butter and sugar; add brandy, yolks, and cream. Cook over boiling water till thick. Add the beaten whites of eggs. Serve at once with steamed or boiled puddings.

## CURRY SAUCE

One apple, 1 banana, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon plain flour, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon curry powder (more if liked), 1 pint water or stock, 1 dessertspoon r.s.s.,

1 dessertspoon coconut, sugar to taste, lemon juice.

Peel apple and onion and cut into dice; peel banana and slice thinly. Melt the fat; add the apple and onion and fry till brown. Add flour and curry powder. Stir in well. Add stock and stir till it boils and thickens. Add coconut, raisins, salt, cayenne, banana, and sugar. Boil for 1 hour. Then add the meat, etc., to it, or it can be strained first, then used.

## HORSE-RADISH SAUCE

Two tablespoons grated horse-radish, 3 tablespoons cream, 2 tablespoons vinegar, mustard, salt, cayenne.

Mix horse-radish and cream; add salt, cayenne, and mustard. Slowly stir in vinegar. Serve with roast beef.

## MINT SAUCE

One tablespoon mint, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 4 tablespoons vinegar.

Chop mint very finely, put into a suitable basin with the sugar. Pour on the boiling water and allow to stand till cold. Add the vinegar, mix well. Use for roast lamb.

## JAM SAUCE

One tablespoon jam, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Blend arrowroot with a little water, put remainder on to boil with sugar and jam. When almost boiling, pour on to the arrowroot. Cook for 2 minutes. Serve at once.

If raspberry jam is used it may be necessary to add a few drops of carmine to give a rich, red color.

## SYRUP SAUCE

One level dessertspoon butter, 1 level dessertspoon plain flour, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Melt butter, add flour, and stir over fire for a few minutes. Add milk, golden syrup, and sugar. Cook till thick, stirring well. Serve hot with boiled or steamed puddings.

"I WANT lots and lots of jam sauce with my pudding, Mummy—I love jam sauce." And jam sauce, providing it is not too sweet, is good for them. See recipe on this page.

—Photo by courtesy, Vitarash.

## FOAMY SAUCE

Two dessertspoons butter, 2 table-spoons sugar, whites 2 eggs, 6 table-spoons boiling water, 3 tablespoons brandy or sherry.

Beat butter to a cream; add the sugar and beat until light. Add the well-whisked whites of eggs. Stir in the water and sherry. Pour this mixture into a jug, place in a saucepan of boiling water, and whisk the contents over a mild heat until foamy and light. Serve with steamed pudding.



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# Bulb-Planting Schemes for your Spring Garden

Dozens of Flowering Bulbs, beautiful, yet easy to grow, to choose from . . .

Says THE OLD GARDENER

The flowering bulb class contains some of the most exquisite and best-loved flowers. Flowers of the calibre of crocuses, freesias, Japanese lilliums, tulips, daffodils, jonquils, proud long-established beauties, belong to the flowering bulbs, and are ready now to be planted. And read how easy it is to have these lovely flowers.

THE bulb garden is one of the most interesting, fascinating, and attractive parts of the garden. There are so many beautiful varieties from which to choose.

Bulbs will grow in almost any well-worked soil, but sandy loam is preferable; even pure sand can be brought to the right condition by adding plenty of well-rotted material, such as the compost heap, well-decayed manure, old straw, grass, or any material that will add humus to the sand, and build up the fertility.

If the soil in the garden is heavy, strong, and stiff, it should be thoroughly broken up and drained well. Heavy soil can be made more friable with the addition of sand and old vegetable matter. Leaf mould is also an ideal material.

Deep digging is most essential, especially for heavy soil, for successful bulb-growing.

In planting your bulb garden, have the bulbs in groups. Planting one here and there in haphazard fashion spoils the whole effect. A long narrow bed, or grouping along the front of a shrubbery is ideal. Tulips, daffodils, snowdrops and jonquils are most attractive when massed.

### What to Grow

I WILL now name a few of the more important bulbs which should be planted now, with a short description of the flower:

*Amaryllis* or *Hippeastrum*, grows from two to three feet high and opens out into immense trumpet-shaped blooms, very colorful.

*Anemone* *Cruenta*, commonly known as the Red Freesia, has a very pretty crimson flower.

*Babiana* is a very showy plant, with rich colors and very distinct hues in the same flower. Foliage is long and wiry.

*Crocus* is the old English favorite, suitable only for colder districts. Will thrive in the poorest of soils.



THE EXQUISITE IRIS will bloom profusely in most climates in semi-shaded positions. It is easily grown.

*Gloriosa Superba*, known as the Climbing Glory Lily, has rich orange-red flowers. *Freesias*, beautiful sweet-smelling tiny flowers, can be had in various colors—yellow, orange, blue, purple, bronze, white.

*Hyacinth*, white, pink, blue, yellow, red, have a fine range of varieties for your selection.

*Haemanthus* are lily-like flowers of noble bearing with large heads of flowers, resembling a paint-brush.

*Ixia*, hardy flowering plants with many and varied colors.

*Japanese Lilliums*, having many varieties and many fine colors, must be planted where they will receive all possible sun during the winter months, and receive shaded protection during their flowering period in the summer. Select a position near deciduous trees or shrubs.

*Lachenalia* are very attractive with their curious spotted leaves and tubular, bell-shaped flowers on short spikes. They make splendid pot plants and a fine border display.

*Moraea* is a flower hardy and easily grown, flowering for a long period, in poor soil.

*Muscari* or Grape Hyacinths are very



THOSE who live in cooler climates where tulips grow to perfection will find delight and inspiration in the picture above of a tulip bed bordered with primroses. Left: Sunshine imprisoned in a massed border of daffodils.

interesting border plants, easy to grow, and give a splendid spring display. There are three varieties: *Conicum* is a rich bright blue in color with a delicate perfume; *Monstrum* is a purple lilac; *Botryoides*, a beautiful dark blue.

*Sparaxis* is a popular bulb plant, of delicate shadings, and growing gracefully.

*Ornithogalum* is a strong-growing and showy plant, with large bunches of flowers on tall stems. They are white with dark centres.

Tulips, of course, are always welcome, and love a warm, sheltered north-

easterly situation, sheltered from the windy weather.

Daffodils are very charming when massed, and there are many varieties from which to choose. Jonquils must not be forgotten. The tuberose is one of the most beautiful summer-growing bulbs, and is usually planted from May to August. Flowers are pure white and heavily scented and easily cultivated. The tiny snowflake must not be forgotten—it is a beautiful hardy bulb of the snowdrop type which it strongly resembles. The petals are tipped with green.

## THANK GOODNESS, JANIE TATTLED!





# CUSHIONS from a DECORATIVE ANGLE

Finishing touches of brightness that make rooms seem much more friendly!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

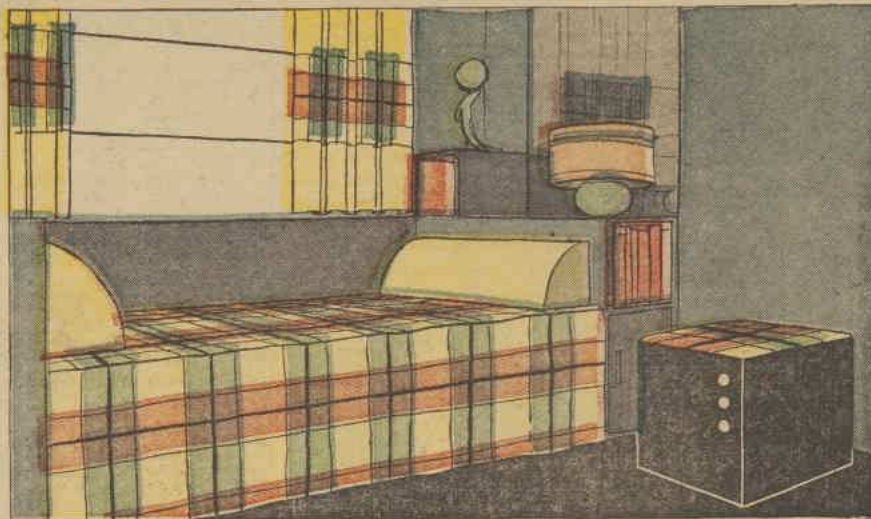
IT is astounding how you can alter the whole character of your rooms by just introducing a note of color into them. Perhaps you will merely change the color of your curtains or place a differently shaded rug on the floor, repaint your walls, or give your cushions new covers, and add one or two more of these luxuriously comfortable affairs to living-room or lounge.

Even such comparatively slight changes as these can make such a difference—can, in short, give a new lease of life to tired-looking rooms.

THE adroit use of cushions in enlivening rooms is a decorating secret long since discovered by home-lovers. Not alone do they offer a friendly invitation from chair and lounge, but from the floor, too.

In England, these floor cushions are generally termed "pouffes," and wherever one goes these pouffes are to be found. Some are in plain dress.

BELOW: Four attractive cushions which may be yours for the making. The top cushion-cover is quilted, the one below that is made from crash, decorated with gay-colored strips of bias binding. Coarse canvas-like materials darned in bright wools or coarse, colored thread for the third, applique patches on silk, velvet, hurlap, linen, etc., for the cushion showing at bottom of page.



THE THREE-SIDED CUSHIONS showing on the lounge above are suggested for those moderns who favor the more angular lines in furniture and furnishings. Directions are given in this article for making the square-type floor cushion showing in the right-hand corner of the sketch.



GAY-COLORED CUSHIONS for garden seats can be easily made from striped canvas materials. Odd pieces can often be picked up for a mere song.

others decorated with exquisite hand-work, and still others in chintz, cretonne, flounced muslin and taffetas.

In the top sketch on this page you see a square-type floor cushion—an asset to any bedroom or living-room. During winter a floor cushion is such a handy thing to draw up close to the fire, for, without taking up too much room, it is a comfy extra seat. They make picturesque little dressing-table seats, too.

If you feel like making one I would suggest you have it sixteen inches deep and about twenty inches wide. When you make the bag stuff it firmly with flock—pack as closely as possible,

and do be sure to push the flock into all the corners. When quite full stitch down the top. A sixteen-inch wide strip, two yards in length, is required to cover the sides and two twenty-inch squares for top and base. The top and sides are first joined together, then slipped over the foundation. The bottom square can then be attached by hand. Strong material such as hessian should be used for the inside cover of this type of floor cushion.

The four cushions showing at left are suggestions for the home-lover who is also a needle-lover when precious spare minutes come her way.

Example number one is a quilted cushion. These are easily and quickly made, and look their best if fashioned in taffeta. Opp. accustomed to the needle could work up a design for a border and use a transfer for the central motif.

## How Quilting is Done

FOR the quilting, tack a thin layer of cotton-wool at the back of the taffeta (or whatever material is used), and then a piece of soft butter muslin. A running stitch can be used or fine back stitch, but, remember, the needle must be carried through to the muslin at the back of each stitch.

The second cushion from top is decidedly decorative with its gaily-colored stripes—acquired with bias binding! Bias binding, you know, apart from being fashionably smart as a decorative finish, is the easiest thing in the world to use.

Note the lattice effect of the corner—this is decidedly effective, don't you think? You'll note that five lengths of bias binding are used on each side. To secure this binding it is only necessary to slip-stitch into place.

Crash, linen, Ceresine, burlap, or any plain, hard-wearing material may be chosen. As bias binding washes perfectly, you can be assured of this cushion cover living brightly throughout the years.

The next cushion carries a cover which is simply darned in bright wools—gay-colored scraps left over from your knitting efforts would serve.

## Bits and Pieces

IF you have some colorful odds and ends of silk, taffeta, velvet, cretonne, chintz, linen, flannel, in your scrap-bag (and what woman hasn't?) you will be inspired to follow the attractive design given in the sketch at the foot of the page. You can follow this design or cut out cubes and squares from the colored scraps—don't be afraid of color—and then applique them in position.

Silk velvet, crash, linen—any plain material will do for the cover. But don't make the mistake of appliqueing silk or velvet on to cotton weaves, or vice-versa.

In the central sketch you glimpse a garden cushion and a novel cushion for

## Gingham Lampshade

### To Match Kitchen Curtains

IF you have gingham curtains in your kitchen, why not make a gingham lampshade to match? Buy an inexpensive parchment shade (you may have a discarded one already at home) and cut the parchment away carefully with a sharp knife or razor blade. Using the parchment as a pattern for the shape, cut the gingham to match the curtains, an inch bigger top and bottom. Then sew it on to the shade. Bind the wires top and bottom—plain, white tape will do—and you have a very dainty, fresh-looking shade.

a small garden-stool. These are best made from gaily-striped canvas, remnants which can often be purchased for a mere song.

Of course, one could go on and on suggesting designs for cushions, but space forbids. Some time in the future I will again take up the "theme song" of cushions as a decorative asset to rooms—E.E.G.

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## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

### Fresh Milk Freshly Prepared Essential For Infants

By MARY TRUBY KING

Why is it that some mothers are so frightened of using fresh milk for infant feeding? Rather than use fresh cow's milk for the basis of their children's bottles they will resort to anything out of a tin—condensed milks, dried milks, and patent foods.

There is no danger in using fresh cow's milk provided the mother takes simple precautions. It is infinitely better (except in a few special cases) than any other form of artificial food.

FRESH cow's milk must be properly "humanised," boiled (or pasteurised), cooled rapidly, and kept cool between feeds.

This is a very simple process. It need not take more than 10 minutes of the mother's time each day. Any Mothercraft nurse will tell you, at your local Baby Health Centre, how to humanise the milk by the addition of water, sugar-of-milk, and fat-emulsion.

Even in the rare cases in which dried and condensed milks are temporarily necessary they must be properly "humanised" by the addition of the correct proportions of fat and sugar before being given to the baby.

The first essential is to make sure that your milk supply is from a reliable source—if possible from T.B.-tested cows. The second point to bear in mind is that the baby's milk-mixture for the day should be made as soon as possible after the supply arrives in the early morning. Or it may be made up twice daily (half quantities each time) if there are two deliveries.

The milk should be boiled for at least three minutes, (1) in order to kill harmful germs, (2) to render the curd of milk more like that of human milk, and so make it more easily digested.

Sometimes the milk supply is already pasteurised when it comes to you, but this does not do away with the necessity for boiling it when you are making baby's food. For the healthy, normal baby, three minutes' boiling of the milk-mixture suffices, except in hot, sultry weather, when it should be boiled for twenty minutes. During long boiling some of the water evaporates, and the milk-mixture should be replenished so that the deficiency may be made up with boiled water.

### Cool With Despatch

HAVING made the humanised milk, it must be cooled rapidly, by standing the jug in a stream of cold water flowing across the sink or in ice-water frequently changed. When cool, stand the jug in a dish of cold water and cover it with double, damp butter-muslin reaching to the water all round. Then place it in an ice-chest, away from foods which would taint the milk or in a cool, airy, outside safe.

The muslin will keep wet by drawing up moisture from the water in a soup-plate or deep dish. If it is possible to raise the muslin above the jug, by a hook or some other means, and still allow the ends to dip into the water, so much the better, as this ensures a current of air circulating freely all round the jug.

In very hot weather, if fresh milk cannot be obtained twice daily, it is advisable to reboil the remainder of the humanised milk at the end of the day before giving baby his last two feeds.

Tainted pasteurised milk is more dangerous than unheated milk which has gone sour; so you must not neglect to boil even bottled city milk and to keep it in the manner described. It is wise to procure a dairy thermometer so that you may test the temperature of the milk-mixture in the safe and make sure that it is kept well below 40 degrees Fahr.

There are various kinds of safes and coolers which those who cannot procure for may buy or make. Directions

**DURING** sultry days let baby kick in his playing-pen, or rest in his cot, clothed only in his cotton singlet and nappy. It will allow his skin to breathe and so help to keep him cool and sweet-tempered.

for making a cooler out of a kerosene-tin will be posted from the Sister in Charge, Truby King Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

In the country, a running stream or artesian well may be handy. A pailful of water left out overnight will remain quite cold for some hours next day if protected from the early morning sun.

### Precaution From Contamination

CARE should be taken in keeping baby's bottles and teats absolutely free from all traces of stale milk. After a bottle has been used rinse it in cold water, then clean it thoroughly with hot, soapy water and a bottle-brush (kept specially for the purpose), place it in a pot of warm water, and boil. Keep bottles away from flies, and covered with butter-muslin.

Immediately after each feed, clean the teat inside and out by rubbing it with common salt under running water, then rinse with clean, boiled water (not hotter than the hand can bear), stand the teat on a saucer, and cover with a scalded cup, to keep out the light and air. Once a day scald the teats well by pouring boiling water over them.

Teats will quickly perish if they are subjected to prolonged boiling, continuous soaking in water or solutions of boracic acid, exposure to the air while not in use, or exposure to strong light.

It must not be thought that boiling for three minutes destroys the "good" of the milk. The nutritive qualities of milk are not destroyed by boiling, and any loss of Vitamin C is very simply made up by the giving of a little orange juice daily.



### He Fell in Love With Her TEMPTING LIPS

Teasing, lovely, ripe, red lips. How easy it is to have them when you use Michel—the lipstick that emphasises your beauty. Michel lasts for hours, because it is truly indelible. Its creamy base keeps mouths soft, fresh, inviting. Once you try Michel you'll never use another lipstick.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations! Other famous Michel beauty aids include the most adherent compact rouge made and cosmetic for eyelashes, that is non-irritating and water-proof.

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### GOT FAT ON LIGHT WORK

Put on 71 lbs. in Two Years

Here's a man who soon found that there was at least one drawback to having an easy job—it made him fat. He writes:—

"Lately, having a light job, after being used to heavy work for years, I began to put on weight. I used to weigh ordinarily 11 st. 9 lbs., but after about two years on my present job, I weighed 16 st. 10 lbs. Now, after about twelve months taking half a teaspoonful of Kruschen in hot water every morning, I weigh 14 st. 2 lbs., and I can bend about like I used to before. I may say I do not diet myself, but eat the same as I always have been used to. I am at least six inches smaller round the waist."—E. F.

Kruschen contains those six mineral salts, proportionately balanced, found in the waters of those famous European Spas used by generations of fat people to reduce weight. The "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts keeps the organs functioning properly every day, and fills you with such a feeling of vitality and vigour that before you know it you are brimming over with energy—and reduction follows as a matter of course.

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# THE BODY

BY EVELYN

## BEAUTIFUL

### CHEER UP Tired Faces

• • • There's Rejuvenation  
for You in a Mask or Pack!

**P**ROBABLY you will be surprised to learn that Cleopatra and Helen of Troy used mud packs to enhance the beauty of their faces. Not in their first flush of youth, perhaps, but certainly as the years wore on. So the idea of face-packs is by no means new.

You can buy these especially prepared clay or mud packs for home beauty treatments, or indulge in them at your favorite beauty salon, but I am going to give you some home-made recipes for packs and masks that will do wonders for your skin.

**T**HE business girl or woman should set aside one night a week or week-end afternoon for the self-administered treatment. Women of the home can take a half-hour off any afternoon.

Now the first step in the treatment (after getting the ingredients in readiness) is to cleanse the face thoroughly with warm water and good soap; or, if you belong to the band who prefer cleansing cream to soap and water, be sure to remove every vestige of cream, powder, and so on. Only a thoroughly cleansed skin will respond to the treatment.

Follow this by combing back the hair and pinning a bandage around the head or donning a bathing-cap. Wring a towel out of very warm water and wrap round the face and throat till the skin feels soft and moist.

The pack or mask is now spread or dabbed on the face and neck and, settling into a comfortable position, you neither talk nor laugh for 10, 15, or 20 minutes, as the case may be. Lie down, for preference. Relax body and mind. The treatment will be more wonderfully refreshing in its action if you do. In each recipe given hereunder, method of removal is given.

**ALMOND OIL AND EGG PACK:** Those of you whose skins feel dry, tired, or are ageing will find this pack magical in its effect if indulged in regularly once a week. Just separate the yolk of an egg from the white and mix the yolk (only) with about a dessertspoonful of almond oil. Spread this over face and neck with your finger-tips or a soft brush. Leave

on for at least 15 minutes—remove by dabbing with a wet towel. Then apply an astringent to the skin. Plain witch-hazel is excellent.

**YEAST PACK:** This may sound amusing, but it is very popular on the Continent. Get a small quantity of pure yeast from a brewery and mix it with a little milk to the consistency of soft paste. Add the milk carefully so as not to make it too moist, or the full value of the pack will be lost.

Spread over face and throat evenly with the finger-tips, but do not rub it in. When quite dry, which process should take from 20 to 25 minutes, remove it with towel or cotton-wool dipped in warm water. Follow with an astringent lotion to close pores. The skin will be greatly benefited and softened by this inexpensive and easily-applied pack.

**OATMEAL AND MILK PACK:** This pack, which you can indulge in every day if you like, is soothing, cleansing and bleaching in its effect. It also nourishes dry, rough, or wrinkled skins. Use the finest oatmeal (the ordinary kind used for porridge) with hot milk and mix it to a paste. Spread this on evenly while warm and leave it on for 15 minutes. Wash off with warm milk.

**HONEY AND MILK PASTE:** Honey, as you know, is a good skin freshener. It leaves the skin clean-looking and nourishes it at the same time. Make the pack by mixing honey and milk and a dash of witch-hazel to make it creamy. Spread over the face and throat and leave on for 15 minutes. Wash off with warm water, and then dab the face with a pad dipped in rose-water.

#### WHITE OF EGG MASK:

This simply-made mask, while not as lasting as the others given, is beneficial. Whisk the white of an egg to a stiff froth and then spread it quickly and smoothly over face and throat with the finger-tips.

Leave on for 10 minutes. Remove with a pad of cotton-wool dipped in rose-water and dab on an astringent lotion. The yolk of egg beaten until creamy may be substituted for the egg-white.

**ASTRINGENT PACK:** An excellent pack this for wrinkled skins. It tones up muscles and brings back that fresh look. Get your chemist to mix 6oz. of rosewater with 2 drachms glycerine, 8 minims alcohol, 6 minims tincture of benzoin, 5 grams of powdered tragacanth.

After creaming the skin and patting until the skin glows, removing all grease with a pad dipped in icy-cold water to which lemon juice or a few drops of simple tincture of benzoin has been added, apply the mask. To do this dip cotton-wool made damp with cold water into the well-shaken mixture, wring out, and cover face and neck. Close the eyes before placing the cotton-wool over them, and lie down for a quarter of an hour.



FEW REALISE that lemon juice is astringent, but film stars know its value. After indulging in a face-pack, Beverly Roberts, of Warner Bros., rinses her face in lemon juice and water.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

### ASK ME

•• BY A DOCTOR ••

**PATIENT:** Do disease and ill-health originate in the mind, or do you think it is the condition of one's bodily health that dominates the mind?

**T**HAT the physical and mental are in close co-ordination everybody agrees. But exactly how much the body influences the mind and the mind controls the body nobody can tell definitely.

Human flesh is subject to many ailments. There is scarcely a limit to the variety of active diseases and less active chronic disorders to which men, women and children may be subject.

And an ailment, no matter what its kind, certainly impairs efficiency, makes people discontented and discouraged, seriously interfering with their happiness and general prosperity.

It is well known, of course, that a toxic body state makes thinking sluggish, impairs memory and concentration, reduces mind output, and causes depression. It is characteristic that most heart disorders cause fear. A disabled organ anywhere in the body has its mental correlate.

It is not so well appreciated, however, that certain mental states can cause definite organic disease. For instance, medical literature cites cases where peculiarities of thinking have caused asthma. Maladjustments of thinking have been the root cause for stammer-

ing, fainting spells, gottre, certain varieties of epilepsy, and so on. Disorders of teeth, skin and hair have been proved to be caused by mind troubles.

Even lung, kidney and heart disease, and a host of other chronic and serious complaints have been traced by medical psychologists as originating, in the last analysis, in faulty thought functioning.

Remarkable as such cases are, they are not specially uncommon. Nowadays more and more attention is being paid to the mind as a causative agent, directly or indirectly, in producing diseased conditions of the body organs.

**C**ARE must be taken not to assume that all, or even most, organic diseases have psychic origin. We must not forget the infallible theories of germ disease. We must always bear in mind that body organs can wear out or break down. We must not jump at quick and easy conclusions or make sweeping generalisations.

It is necessary that all disease should be studied by the physician from two points of view: the body and mind. People must be treated whole, not as separate units.

When the mind is the prime offender the body must not be neglected. When the body is functioning badly the mind should not be overlooked.

And before the diagnosis of a mental ailment is made, whether it be neurasthenia, psychasthenia, hysteria or any other form of neurosis or even psychosis, a thorough, complete and detailed examination of the body and its functions is indicated.

## TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To keep  
the teeth and mouth  
clean and healthy

-he says **KOLYNOS**



Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Use only half-an-inch of KOLYNOS, the proved antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste, on a dry brush—and for two minutes! Your mouth will immediately feel cleaner and fresher and your teeth will glisten and sparkle. Discover for yourself the joy of a clean mouth and sound, attractive white teeth. Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

**KOLYNOS** DENTAL CREAM

## Travel Service

A Commonwealth Savings Bank pass-book disposes of all the money worries that usually trouble the traveller.

Money can be transferred to any point, and withdrawn or deposited at any one of the Bank's 4000 Branches and Agencies without cost.

Ensure the utmost convenience and safety by travelling, not with a dangerously large amount of money in your pocket, but with just your pass-book to see you through.

**Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia**

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)



# SACKCLOTH into SILK

Continued from  
Page 52

**B**UT Karl's mother was to fear the war more than she was to fear strange women.

In August, 1914, she shrugged her shoulders at the monster. It was over there beyond the narrow sea, and the life of the Essex Road went on as usual. There were—of course—the patriotic posters, Lord Kitchener's blue eyes and pointing finger, an occasional brass band pumping up martial ardor. The brown stain in the streets increased. But Rebecca shrugged her shoulders. The war might last six months, a year, perhaps two years, and Karl was sixteen. Her Karl could not possibly be involved in it.

But as the monster began to grow, demanding more and more blood and flesh and the youth of the world, Rebecca would pause like a woman who had felt herself secure upon a hilltop and turn to look down into the valley. Young Smart from the fruit-shop next door had been killed in the Salient, and old Smart, grey and bitter and withered, would keep asking Rebecca that unpleasant question:

"Gus and George gone yet?"

Rebecca could not answer for her sons, but old Smart appeared to be unpleasantly interested in the young men's movements.

"Better for 'em to go before they're fetched. Conscriptors coming. And don't you forget it."

"I'm minding my business, Mr. Smart."

"Business as usual, what! Not now, my dear—It's everybody's business, and don't you forget that either."

Each day the war seemed to come a little nearer to her doorstep. Other women brought it to her, women who had gone grey and came to sell her their absent husbands' clothes, or women who looked hard-eyed and pinched—"Your boys gone yet, Mrs. Slopp?" She began to be aware of people looking at Karl. Karl stood five feet ten inches and looked older than his age—Karl and his toy soldiers? Somewhere upstairs the remnant of that army lay forgotten in a cupboard—Would Karl?—How was Karl feeling?—What did Karl think about the war? For Rebecca had tried to keep the war out of her home. She refused to read the papers. She behaved as though this absurd horror did not exist. There had been a strange silence between mother and son, as though each felt the shadow of the thing between them. The routine of their little world continued, and in his attic Karl sat and read and scribbled. Sometimes, when the boy was out, Rebecca would go up, steal into the room, and look at those white pages. She read all that he wrote, and he did not know it—Almost she searched his manuscripts for indications, hints, warnings. Karl was living in a quiet phase and sometimes his air of young modesty frightened her. She had cause to remember that particular Sunday morning. Karl had gone out; Sunday was his washing day, and he would cover twelve miles in the morning. Rebecca was making Karl's bed when she heard the street door open. The bracket clock in the parlor had just struck ten.

Rebecca went out on to the landing. "That you, Karl?"

"Yes."

She was sensitive to the inflections of her son's voice. It sounded tense and strained. Something had upset him.

"You're back early."

He did not answer her, and his silence brought her down the stairs. She found him in the parlor, standing by the window, and looking out into the backyard.

"Anything wrong, Karl?"

He kept his back to her.

"Yes—that name—I didn't thought of it before—I met a fellow I used to know—with some other chaps. He lost a leg out there."

Rebecca held her breath.

"What's wrong with the name, dear?"

She saw his head give a jerk.

"O, well—they said things—they asked about Gus and George—they had better call me Charlie, mother."

"What did they say about your brother?"

"O, just called them—what they are. There are three of us—and not one has had the guts to go out there and help."

And suddenly Rebecca looked fierce.

"Quite right—they ought to go."

**K**ARL was seventeen. Rebecca had heard of boys of seventeen volunteering. Meanwhile, her other sons hung back. Rebecca had not regarded the war as a family affair, but when she realised that the distortions of Augustus and George might expose Karl to other forms of persuasion, she became patriotic. Karl was not like his brothers. He had fine feelings, and was generous and impulsive.

The ruthlessness of Rebecca revealed

itself. It became the duty of Augustus and George to go to the war. She did not confess to herself that in a crisis she would sacrifice both of them to retain Karl. Were Gus and George to do their duty, she too might claim to have done her duty as a mother, and feel herself justified in clinging to her beloved. Karl had such beautiful hands and ears; he was too fine and precious for that butcherly business. Surely, England might leave an old woman her third son. Did she not need him to help her in the shop?

Rebecca became the passionate patriot. She had not seen George for five months, but one September evening George turned up, liquorish and flashy. He had come to show himself off, and his coffee-colored lounge suit, and his green tie, and his yellow boots, and his gold ring. He looked fat and arrogant. Surely, his mother would welcome him?—Well done, my sly and shrewy boy.

Karl was out, and Rebecca seized her opportunity.

"Hallo, ma."

"I've been wanting to see you, George."

She led George into the parlor and

Rebecca had no better fortune with Augustus.

Augustus was growing very like his father both in figure and philosophy, though Augustus was more sure of the world's ultimate salvation. He was going about with a little sly smile cooing down his chin. He could say to his intimates "Sit tight. The fools are blowing their own rotten show to pieces. All the better for us. Our turn's coming."

Augustus was engaged in sundry subterranean activities. He had the bitter tongue of his father, but with more aim on his lips.

Rebecca caught Augustus just as he was leaving the house in Chalfont Street to meet certain of his intimates. Rebecca turned the new Hampden back into the house. Emily was busy ironing in the kitchen, but when she heard her mother-in-law's voice she came to listen at the sitting-room door.

Augustus met his mother on a higher plane than Brother George's. He produced a philosophy, and principles. He disappeared of war; he would not be coerced into selling his hands in the capitalist shambles. Yes,



AN INTIMATE STUDY of the Duchess of Gloucester dancing with the Marquis of Queensberry at the Famous Beauties Ball in aid of London's crippled children.

sat him down. George laid his bowler hat on the table, and looked at his mother with cunning, bright little eyes. He had a well greased air.

"Got any beer in the house, ma?"

Rebecca had not. She stood with her back to the door, and watched George draw a cigar from his breast pocket, and bite off the end of it.

"When are you joining up?"

George gave her a sudden, nasty look, and lit his cigar.

"Joining what?"

"You know what I mean," said his mother.

George blew smoke and thrust out his yellow boots.

"Me—go to the war? Ta, ta, old dear—I'm in munitions—Some job—We're the chaps who are going to win this ruddy war."

His mother observed him.

"With the girls, George, as usual."

"Good his ma."

"And no mud on your nice boots. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to be in the trenches."

George laughed.

"I'm not such a fool, old dear. Don't you worry about me—I'm dug in. What's the wheeze?"

"A big fellow like you—doing a girl's job. If I were a girl—I'd spit in your face."

George flared up. He was not wholly insensitive to popular opinion, though he shrugged it off with a truculent swagger.

"You mind your own business, ma. This war's a capitalist stunt—Yes—I know what's what—I'm one of those who's got the guts to stay out of it."

Rebecca nodded her head at him.

"You're a coward," said she,—"that's what you are."

his conscience was clean, and if necessary he would suffer for it.

His mother tried sarcasm.

"I suppose, Gus, that if a burglar broke into your house, you'd get under the bed."

Rebecca was indulging in claptrap, and Augustus told her so. She had caught the catch-cries of the crowd. She was letting herself be fooled by mob-emotion and the propaganda of a venal and turbid press.

"I'm not to be seduced," said her first-born. "I can look ahead. This war is going to be the end of capitalism."

Rebecca would not let him make a speech.

"You always were good at excuses, Gus. It will be a fine new world with you and George running it."

Then Emily appeared. The moment for intervention had arrived. She was more shrewd and bitter than Augustus.

"I'm not going to let my husband go and be killed for a lot of shopkeepers and idle rich. You leave Gus alone. He's got ideals. And you—driving him to murder."

Rebecca became very calm in the presence of Emily's indignation.

"You're one of the careful ones too, are you, Emily?"

"Careful—I like that."

Once again Emily planted her barb.

"I know what's at the back of your mind. Favoritism, favoritism. You want to push poor Gus into the trenches, and keep that little sucking-pig—safe."

Rebecca rose from her chair.

"Thank you, Emily. If you can't keep your temper, I'll try to keep mine."

To be continued

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY  
PAL CONNIE

### Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PAIS:

One of our little Pals, Jeff Conolly, of Leura, wrote to me this week, and told me of a nasty experience he had in the mountains some time ago. He went walking and lost his way. Altogether, he spent six hours in the mountains before he was found.

It is surprising, however, the number of small children who do get lost. In case you are ever chased to assist in searching for a lost child, here are some things to remember. If a child finds himself lost in a wood, it generally makes for high ground, and therefore the right thing for a searcher to do is to find the highest points and search round them.

Of course, adults get lost too, and it is a curious fact that when people realize that they are lost they start immediately to rush about, working themselves into a panic.

Now, Pals, here is some useful advice to remember should you yourself get lost in unknown country. As soon as you find that you are lost sit down until the first feelings of terror have gone. Remember that the first thing is to ensure your strength. You will be tempted to go uphill in order to see. DON'T. TRICKS, the downhill. All rivers flow downwards, and water is sure to be found in valleys. What is more, you are more likely to find a house or a farm in the valley, and travelling downhill uses up less of your strength than going uphill.

I hope you never have to do any of the things I have just told you, but nevertheless, it is just as well to remember them if you think!

Good-bye for one short week.  
Cheerio,  
From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

### MY DOG

By BETTY FLETCHER

A WHITE spot here,  
A black one there,  
A ball of tangled, tousled hair—  
That's Toby!

A shiver of wool,  
He gives one pull,  
Now which is Toby, which the wool?

I wonder!

A snoring air,  
Now then, beware!  
Too late, the cushion's over there!

Quick work!  
No tea for you!  
Yes, whimper, do!

I can't be moved, I'm through!  
You'll get him, now! You think!

... He got some!

Prize of 3/- to BETTY FLETCHER, 111 Railway Rd., St. Peter, N.S.W.

The prize of 1/- for the best letter of the week goes to PAT RACKEN (13), Avoca, Hill-st., N.S.W.

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### Just Chatter

STYLIA PROSSER, of Camden (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; VALERIE CLARKE, of Kew (Qld.), is fifteen years of age and is welcomed as a new Pal; PAT DONNELLY, of Chumbers (P.C.), is another new Pal.

F. J. MANSFIELD, of South Kensington (N.S.W.), went for an aeroplane ride recently; MARGARET ANSON, of Brisbane (Qld.), Daydreamer, would like to correspond with a Pal who is interested in sports of all kinds and likes reading (see about 13); DORIS SIMON, of Hillston (N.S.W.), writes good essays.

BARBARA MILLS, of Moama (N.S.W.), likes playing tennis, netball and croquet; NELSON SMITH, of Quinalilla, likes about football; miles from Young; MARK RICHARDSON, of Armidale (N.S.W.), attends Italian school, where there are about ninety pupils.

M. WALDEN, of Nubia, via Taree (N.S.W.), lives about eighteen miles from Taree; KENNEDY WITHERS, of Cessford, reads about Macdonald each week; JEAN MATTHEWS, of Gunnedah, Melbourne, rides a pony called "Professor."

BETTY WYLLIE, of Gunnedah, Melbourne, does nice sketches; GRACE RICHARDS, of Howard (Qld.), is welcomed as a new Pal; MAJORIE BUSHNELL (same address), is also welcomed into our happy band.

Prize Card to JUNE GOODMAN, 311 Leach St., Richmond, El, Vic.

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Prize Card to JUNE



# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

## Feast Your Eyes on this Smart Little Blouse! . . .

... Then Make and Wear It!  
Patterns and Transfer Available.

**THE** veriest amateur need have no qualms about the making of this decorative little blouse. Its richness is gained by the four hand-embroidered motifs on front and back, and on each shoulder.

**WHEN** summer days wane, you do not have to put this little blouse away, for it will look perfectly sweet under your new winter coat. Moreover, you can wear it with your smart two-piece suit.

The pattern, expertly hand-cut, can be had for 9d. And the very attractive transfer, which has numerous other uses, can be purchased from our needlework department for 9d.

### The Making

THREE sizes are available for this attractive blouse—22, 34, and 36-inch bust measurement. You will need only 1½ yards of 36-inch material, a length of elastic for the waist, and the transfer.

There are three pattern pieces, half-back, half-front, and sleeve.

Make any necessary adjustments to the pattern, lay centre-front and back to the fold of material, cut sleeve pattern on the cross. Allow for seams and match notches.

After cutting out, press transfer to pattern, join shoulder and under-arm seams, face neck with a narrow cross-stitch strip of material, join sleeve seams,



There is nothing to equal the charm of hand embroidery, for it gives a touch of individuality to the simplest garment and lifts it out of the ordinary. Exclusive patterns of the above simply-cut blouse cost 9d. each, and transfer, containing four motifs for decorating back, neck, and shoulders, costs 9d.

gather sleeves into armholes. Then gather lower edge of sleeve to fit arm, and bind neatly.

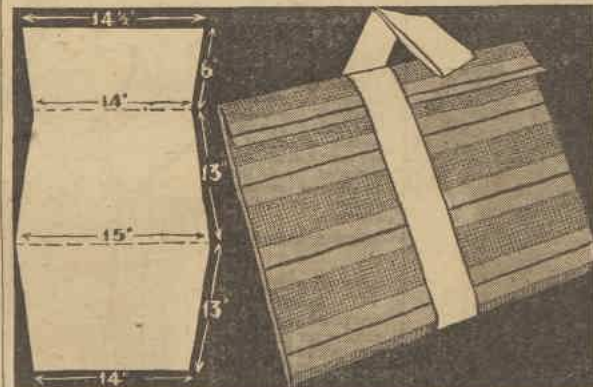
Silk, linen, or crepe-de-chine may be used. The flowers, leaves, and stems and edges may be worked in buttonhole-

stitch in a contrasting shade to material. Tiny French dots fill in and bring out the design charmingly. Flowers may have eyeleted centres with three eyelets or French dots worked in each centre petal.

## Make It in Half an Hour!

Gay Beach Bag to Hold Costume and Towel...  
and Perhaps Your Make-up Needs.

All right if you live by the sea, for then you can slip down to the water arrayed in your costume with your towel and wrap the only extraneous items to worry about. But don't you hate having to carry round a damp costume, a wet towel, and other odds and ends after you're dressed, with the possibility of losing one or the other?



THIS SIMPLE LITTLE BAG can be made from ordinary chair canvas in striped or futuristic-designed material. Cut the piece of canvas to the measurements given in the diagram, and join the bag up in the usual way. When the bag is finished it should measure 13 x 14 inches.

**THIS** swiftly-made beach bag, however, will solve your difficulties. Just pack into it your needs, slip the strap over your arm, and there you are!

It is made from ordinary chair canvas—a remnant is sufficient. It may be lined with oil balm, but this is not necessary.

As you see by the diagram, it is made

from a straight piece of material, and slightly shaped as shown.

When you have cut out the pattern to the measurements given in the diagram, join up the sides on the wrong side. Either blind or hem the edges of the flap, turn inside out. The bag can be held secure with a strap, a length of webbing, or petersham belting. Attach buckle in the usual way.

### HOW TO OVERCOME

## Rheumatism, Neuritis

SCIATICA, SLEEPLESSNESS,  
HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, ETC.

WITHOUT DRUGS or MEDICINES

WONDERFUL NEW REMEDY PROVING  
REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL

10,000 FREE TRIAL PACKAGES

OFFERED OUR READERS

I have a simple but wonderful remedy for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Nerves, Indigestion, Constipation, Sleeplessness, Lack of Energy, and that depressed, tired feeling, not a drug or medicine, but a tropical plant, which has been given the Trade Marked name, "HERVEA". A beverage is made of the dry leaf, which you prepare and drink like ordinary tea. No trouble or fuss. You make it in your own home; the relief is felt at once and becomes permanent and more every day. Thousands of men and women in all ranges of life and in many countries, including England, Australia, and New Zealand, have received lasting benefit and have sent letters praising this wonderful little plant.

Take a spoonful of "HERVEA" each morning and you will find a different person. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poison, prevents accumulations of further deposits, and generally keeps the whole system.

THERE IS ONLY ONE "HERVEA". THE PUBLIC ARE THEREFORE WARNED AGAINST BUYING CHEAP SUBSTITUTES. READ WHAT "HERVEA" IS DOING FOR OTHERS.



Huntington.

I have been a great sufferer for years from Acute Neuritis. My right hand and arm were the worst, but I had it all over my body; I was not able to do any hair or hold a pen. My thumb and two fingers were absolutely useless, and the pain was awful, but thanks to Hervea I can now use my hand, and am feeling wonderfully well in myself. I feel so much stronger and better in my general health, and can prove it is good for what Hervea. Indigestion, Constipation, Sleeplessness, and loss of appetite. I have told several people about it in this village and they have sent to post; all say how much better they feel. You can make whatever use of this letter you wish as I do not know how thankful to be now that I have found such relief.

P.O. (Mrs.).



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WW1093



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ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 284A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
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WW1096.—A delightful two-tone suit for dressy occasions. Note unique double collar and cuffs. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1095

WW1096







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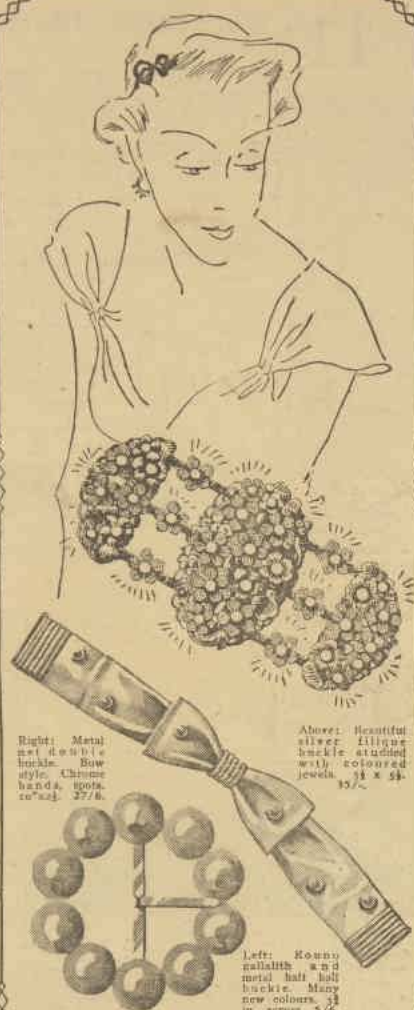
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Right: Metal and double buckle. Bow style. Chrome bands, 27/6.

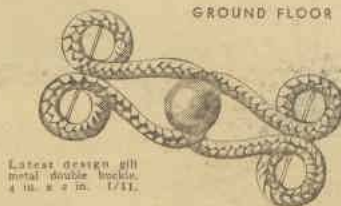
Above: Beautiful silver ellipse buckle studded with coloured jewels. 15/6.

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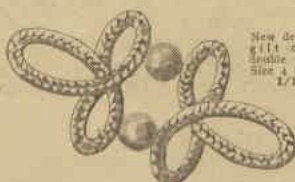
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Many new designs. Imported French Chalk collaring. 2 inches wide Ivory, Beige. After sale price, yard, 2/3

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# SUSAN PLAYS A LONE HAND

By \_\_\_\_\_  
Monica Ewer

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# Susan Plays a Lone Hand

By MONICA EWER

## CHAPTER 1



In the mirror at the side of the shop window Susan Walters eyed herself anxiously. She pinched her white cheeks, she bit her lips to redden them, she powdered her nose, she pulled her brown curls out at the side of her head. She held her little chin at a defiant angle, and with pride in her step and despair in her heart walked up the dingy staircase that led to Mrs. Brewer's Employment Bureau.

To the girl in the outer office Susan had already become a familiar figure. She greeted her indifferently. "You're late to-day," she said. "The others have all gone."

"Yes, I want to see the old gentleman at Croydon."

"Any good?"

"No. He wanted a man."

"Hard luck. I'll tell Miss Brewer you're here."

The girl disappeared into the inner office. Susan sat on the hard bench opposite the counter. Her feet ached intolerably. She had no hope that Miss Brewer would have any suggestions. Hope had died a week ago. Now she merely went through the mechanical actions of a person looking for a job.

In the inner office she could hear the rattling of cups. Lunch was being prepared. There was a smell of coffee. Susan sniffed hungrily. She hoped there was some nourishment in a good meal.

The girl came back. "Miss Brewer says she's got nothing to-day. Look in to-morrow." She smiled at Susan with a kind of friendly superiority.

Nothing breaks one's self-confidence like a fruitless search for work. Under the sting of the girl's smile Susan felt obliged to make a little joke against herself, to put up a pretence that it did not matter so terribly.

"All right," she laughed. "I'll come if I see that long."

The girl laughed too. "That's right. One old dame this morning made quite a scene—said she'd have to go to the Guardians." Susan gave a little shiver, but the girl went ruthlessly on. "You know you can't do a thing for 'em once they're forty. Anyway not nowadays. Times are fierce, aren't they?" She leant confidentially across the counter and jerked her head in the direction of the inner office. "I'd leave the old cat to-morrow if I dared, but at the moment you can't get a thing, can you? So I just stop on. I said to my boy the other night, 'Henry, if the money's coming in regular these days it's all you can expect.'"

SUSAN nodded. "You're right," she said.

She lingered in the hope that the girl might offer her a cup of the coffee which was now so patently brewing, but the girl only launched into another recital of what she had said to her Henry. The second recital bore a very close resemblance to the first.

"You're right," said Susan mechanically. The smell of coffee was tantalising, but there seemed no likelihood that she would be offered any. "Well, I must get along. See you to-morrow."

"You bet. I'll be here till I'm carried out."

Susan went slowly down the stairs. For a moment she stood in the doorway gathering her courage to face the crowded streets. She wanted terribly to cry, but that would be an unforgivable weakness. She pressed her trembling lips together. Something would turn up—better times were only just around the corner—all you had to do was to wait.

She faced the crowds and came to a halt outside a tea shop. Having decided which was the largest bun that could be bought for a penny she acquired it.

She ate her bun very, very slowly, partly to prolong the pleasure, partly because she had heard that such a method made it more satisfying. When she had eaten it what was she to do? There was no hurry. She knew nowhere else to look for employment. She had tried everything. The market was glutted with shorthand-typists, even when they had full secretarial training, a knowledge of commercial French, and a two years' reference.

Susan still found it difficult to believe that James Marsdon was bankrupt. The kindly old gentleman may have been a little out-of-date in his business methods, but he had seemed to have some of the peculiar solidity which attaches to Victorian monuments. His bankruptcy had swept his astonished staff into the streets.

The bun was finished. She leant her tired young head against the stone seat. Her wide gray eyes searched the sky. Elijah had been fed by ravens. Here there were only gulls. She half closed her eyes. She had a hungry vision of a gull with a steak and chips between his beak, when she jumped at the sound of a familiar voice.

"Susan!"

"Ted! Oh, Ted Trevor! How you startled me!" She smiled at him instinctively. He had the same effect on people as babies or puppies. When you saw him you had to smile.

"Susan! Well, this is a bit of luck. Where have you been? You changed four rooms, and you never let the boy-friend know?"

SHE looked a trifle guilty. "I was going to write to you as soon as I got settled." She could not explain. For the last twelve months she had been gently holding Ted at arm's length. It had not been difficult while she was John Marsdon's private secretary and Ted a junior clerk in the "accounts." Marsdon's bankruptcy had levelled them all. She had been a little afraid to see Ted without the protection of her office rank or the independence of a job.

"A whole six months, Sue!"

She turned her face up to him. "Has time left its mark on me?"

"You're more beautiful than ever—only you're thinner."

"Ah, that's my fashionable reducing diet."

"What have you been doing since poor old Marsdon took the count?"

"Trying to decide which end to jump off the bridge."

"No, but seriously."

"Yes, seriously. Since Marsdon failed the unemployment figures are permanently up by one."

"No job, Susan?"

"No job, Ted."

"I say, that's not so good."

"You bet it isn't. Where are you working?"

"At the Astoria Palace Hotel. Book-keeper."

"The Astoria Palace." She gave a little whistle. "Aren't you lucky? If they ever want anyone to dust their chandeliers, do think of me."

"As a matter of fact—" He stopped abruptly.

"Matter of fact—what?"

"There is a job going—" He stopped again.

"Oh, Ted, go on."

"Yes, but I don't think it's in your line."

"Oh, don't be silly, Ted. I simply haven't a bean. I'd scrub floors, I'd—"

He looked at her in a startled way. "No, I say, Susan!"

"Oh, it's all right," she said quickly, afraid that she might have made some unfair appeal to his pity. "It's only that I don't want you to think I'm not ready to do anything."

"It's a living-in job," he warned her.

"Well, I shouldn't regret one rather dirty room in Pimlico."

"Then let's go along and try." He consulted his watch. "I got to get back, anyway. I just came out for a breather during the lunch hour."

She got up. She wished her feet weren't so tired and sore, but already a faint ray of hope was rekindling in her heart. Perhaps this was the corner she had promised herself so often that she would turn. She slipped her hand into Ted's arm. "You're a blessing to take all this trouble," she said.

"Rot."

His hand sought hers.

"We'll go along and see Mrs. Martin at once," said Ted.

THEN came the interview.

Susan had time for no more than a superficial glance at the three people in the room. At the desk sat a fat middle-aged man. His small eyes were bright and humorous, and in strange contradiction with the thin lips which were so surprising in the fat, soft face.

"Good afternoon, mademoiselle," he spoke perfect English, with a very slight foreign accent. His lips hardly moved. It was almost like a ventriloquist's trick. Susan stared hard to make sure that he had really spoken. Her innocence gave her no clue as to a possible reason for this peculiarity. "My name is Bruyere," and he nodded as if he expected her to know what that signified.

The woman who stood beside him must be Mrs. Martin, Susan reflected. A tall woman, somewhere in her 'early forties, slim and handsome and hard as granite. Bruyere never saw young ladies without the chaperonage of Mrs. Martin. "Sixty years of active service in doubtful places," he would explain, "and never blackmailed once."

By the mantelpiece stood a second man, younger in years, Susan judged that he could not be more than thirty—but with little that was young in his expression. It was a hard face, she thought, but not mean or ungenerous.

Bruyere was looking at her attentively. "En bien? You were recommended to us by young Edward Trevor. Have you any experience in this kind of work?"



Susan's heart sank. "No, I've been a shorthand-typist. But—but I could learn." He nodded encouragingly. "It is not very difficult the work—but it is not always easy to do it just right. Any fool can remember the prices of the cigarettes, and their names, and count the change, but not everyone can please our customers. They are very particular. Not everyone can be cheerful and pleasant when they have been five or six hours on their feet. Not everyone can do just what they are told without asking silly questions. Not everyone can get on with the restaurant manager, our Mr. Ramsden." At this the fat man laughed, his eyes danced, and the corners of his thin lips twitched upwards. "Eh, Paul?" he turned to the younger man, "not everyone?"

Paul did not answer, nor take his eyes off Susan's face.

"I'd try," she said. "I'm rather good at getting on with people."

"Oh—oh," Bruyere looked wise. "But you mustn't get on too well with them either," and again he laughed.

"Have you references?" said the younger man coldly.

"Oh, yes. I was two years with Marsden and Brown." She fumbled in her bag and handed him Marsden's glowing description of her abilities. The letter was beginning to look a little worn. It had been read on an average by two prospective employers a week for the last six months.

PAUL looked at it indifferently and handed it back without comment.

The old man was talking again. "You would have to sleep here, and wear a uniform, and work very late."

She nodded. "I know," she said.

"Step up on the platform."

She moved reluctantly towards it. She would make a poor spectacle. She was painfully conscious of her shabby little coat and skirt.

"Take off your beret, please," said Mrs. Martin.

She did as she was told. The strong white light fell on her soft, brown curls and illuminated her delicate skin. She did not realise how hunger had etherealised her appearance. She was thinking of her shoes. People only put you on a platform to look at your legs. Her shoes were dreadful. They would disgrace her.

The two men, however, were not looking at her legs. They were studying her face intently. A moment later they turned to one another and she saw a swift look pass between them.

"A pound a week and all found. How's that?"

Susan gasped. He was really offering her the job. "Oh, I'd like to come."

"You understand what I said about doing what you're told, isn't it?"

"I understand."

"Because it's important."

"Yes."

"Right. Free now?"

"Yes."

"Well, go right away and fetch your things. Come back here and ask for Mrs. Martin. She'll see you settled."

"Yes," Susan moved towards the door. Then she stopped. "I—I'm sorry. I can't get my things."

"Why not?"

"My landlady won't let me have them. I'm sure. She'll hold my case. I owe her four weeks' money . . . unless . . . unless you'd advance me some of my salary."

Mrs. Martin spoke quickly. "My dear girl, don't be ridiculous. We advance you the money and that's all we ever see of you. No, that's too simple."

Susan looked up indignantly. She opened her lips to say something very rude, but she changed her mind. She couldn't afford to quarrel with anybody. "Oh, no," she said, as quietly as she could. "That's not true."

"How much do you want?" asked Paul.

"Three pounds."

"All right. Here you are. It needn't come out of your salary. You can pay me later when you can afford it better."

"Oh, thank you," she looked up at him smilingly.

She had been frightened and depressed by the interview. Perhaps she had misjudged them. Here, at least, was a generous gesture. It warmed her heart, it restored her self-respect. After all, people were still kind, and she had just begun to doubt it; after all, people did still think she looked worthy of confidence.

As Paul's eyes met hers the smile died away. His face was grave, his manner without warmth. It did not seem that he was lending her the money in any brotherly spirit. It was merely a business transaction. She felt discouraged and a little chilled. Her eager friendliness had been rebuffed. She pressed her trembling lips together.

She watched him as he produced a leather note-case. When he bent a little the shadow softened the line of his face. He no longer looked so implacable, only very tired and disillusioned. There were premature wrinkles round his dark eyes and his



mouth drooped at the corners. Suddenly, stupidly she told herself, Susan felt sorry for him. It was ridiculous, but there it was. He had everything and she had nothing, but she had an absurd desire to fuss over him—to offer him the feminine solace against all ills, the barrier against a hard world—a cup of hot tea and plenty of sympathy. She smiled again, this time at herself. Paul Graham did not fit in with this domestic picture of armchair comfort.

HE handed her the notes.

"Thank you," she said again, as she tucked them into her bag. She would like to make him smile at her, but now that his anxious professional scrutiny was at an end he hardly seemed aware of her presence. He turned towards Bruyere as if to indicate that the transaction was finished.

"Maintenant—filez," said Bruyere. "Cut along."

As the door closed behind Susan, Paul nodded to Mrs. Martin. "Thank you," he said. It was the signal for her dismissal.

When they were alone Emil Bruyere turned his laughing eyes in Paul's direction.

"This philanthropy with the three pounds it is edifying. Since when have you learned to trust your fellow-men?"

Paul Graham looked at him contemptuously. "That girl. Why, you could trust her with the Bank of England. She's dewy with innocence and honesty. She seems to me the type we want. It's important. It's essential that we should have the right person. Now she'll feel forever that she owes me a big debt of gratitude—which is helpful."

Bruyere laughed again. "Your expression while doing this generosity act was wonderful, mon vieux. Well, she is nice, la petite—pretty and good, but I am too old."

"I thought she was a funny little kid," said Paul softly. "It seems a pity—"

"Yes, it is a pity, but we have no alternative. We must have someone who is absolutely un suspect."

"And while they continue sending it over in that form it has got to be a cigarette girl."

"Yes, I see all that, but sometimes I wonder if we couldn't manage without a go-between at all."

"Mon cher, disabuse yourself of the idea at once. It's ridiculous. You must have someone whom no one would think of

watching, and someone who has the whole evening to give to the job. No, we are doing very nicely. It was unfortunate about Elsie—but there was no real harm done."

"Well, I think it's a pity."

Bruyere laughed with his peculiar soft chuckle. "A pity. Mon cher, it is all a pity." He picked up a letter and handed it to his companion. "Another offer from the Hoteliers Tourist. They want to buy us out."

"Well, we've been here three years."

"My lucky number. Soon we will go. Rome, I think?"

Paul Graham nodded indifferently.

"Rome. Hell or Connaught—what does it matter?"

Bruyere raised his eyebrows. "Temperament?"

"No. Statement of fact. Seen from our angle all places look very much alike. The mole and all creatures that work in the dark are not very sensitive to scenery."

"Scenery," Bruyere repeated the word meditatively. "That gives me an idea. We'll have our next habitation frescoed with landscapes. How's that? Perhaps you're not the only one that misses a view."

Paul threw the letter on Bruyere's desk. "Better dicker with them, since you're so full of ideas. You evidently want a new field to conquer." He nodded curtly and left the room.

Bruyere strolled down to the restaurant, where Trixie Fisher's red head showed behind the orchids and gardenias.

"Good evening, my dear." He chose himself a button-hole.

Trixie pushed her curls into place and smiled. "Good evening, Monsieur Bruyere, let me fix it for you." Her deft fingers took the lapel of his coat.

"You do that very prettily, my dear."

She laughed. "I get a lot of practice."

He spoke this time with a studied carelessness. "We've got a new cigarette girl."

"That's good."

"She'll share your room."

"Of course—like Elsie."

"I have forgotten Elsie," he said blankly, he who in his own world could beat all his rivals at remembering names and faces—and some of his rivals were pretty good.

"I see," said Trixie, who was not stupid. He took out a note and handed it to her.

"For the flower," he said.

She made no attempt to give him any change. "Thank you," and she smiled impudently. They understood one another.

He ambled off again at a trot smiling here and there at his guests and his employees.

"Nice old guy," said Black Yank, from behind the cocktail bar. "Always so friendly."

"Friendly!" Trixie looked across at the big negro. "Friendly as a boa constrictor."

"What have you got to worry about, sister? He buys his pōsy regular—and pays for it."

"That's right," she laughed. "I'm not worrying. I never do."

For the second time that day Susan presented herself at the staff entrance, but now it was with a certain pride at being part of a great organisation.

"I was to ask for Mrs. Martin," she told the doorkeeper.

They found Mrs. Martin in her office on the ground floor. She eyed them coldly. She had been interested in Susan when she stood on the platform under the glaring white light, but now the girl seemed beneath her notice.

"Take her up to Mrs. Levine."

After Mrs. Levine had found her a uniform she returned to the restaurant.

#### CHAPTER 2

AT one of the desks in the great entrance hall she saw Ted. They passed close enough for him to whisper, "see you later." She



was glad. It would be nice to talk to some friendly soul in this strange, impersonal place.

Presently the more pronounced smell of food indicated that they had reached the restaurant. "Here you are," said her guide. "That's Ramsden. The one raising Cain. That's how you'll know him—he's always raising Cain. So long."

From the distance Ramsden had seen her standing timidly in the doorway, and he stopped his argument with a waiter and hurried towards her.

"You've been very slow," he said irritably. "You're to go to Mr. Graham. He'll tell you what he wants. And mind, I allow no slackening, no flirting and no incoherence in my restaurant. Now, hurry up. That's Mr. Graham's room, over there, and be sure you knock before you go in."

Susan wished that she could come to rest. She was tired of being handed on from one person to another, but she was glad that she was going to Paul Graham. He was her friend at least, she liked to think so.

As she crossed the restaurant slowly, she noticed that there were already a few people at the cocktail bar. The smell of food was making her feel ill. The thought of a cup of tea seemed to grow fainter every moment. She had left the regions of women. She looked at the deft young waiters putting the finishing touches to the tables. Why they would hardly recognize the existence of such a drink as tea. The room seemed very long. The rows of shining cutlery danced before her eyes. Near the platform reserved for the orchestra and the artists was a passage, and just inside was a panelled door. Susan knocked.

"Come in."

Paul Graham raised his eyes from his desk just long enough to see who it was, nodded to her to wait, and continued his calculations.

HE got up and from a nearby table he brought a tray of cigarettes. "Here are your goods. The ribbon over your neck will take the weight of the tray. Here's a list of the prices."

"Yes." Suddenly she noticed that the room was going up and down. With the tips of her fingers she held on hard to the edge of the desk.

"You must try to memorise this list." His voice seemed to come from very far away and it mingled with a singing in her ears. "And this—now listen carefully." She made a great effort at concentration. He held a box of cigarettes in his hand. "This is his favorite brand—for Sir Howard Dean. Table number thirty-four. You just go up when you see him there alone and say, 'Your cigarettes, sir, and he'll give you the half-crown. Keep the money separate. I'll take it. That clear?'"

Her tension was relaxing. His figure as he stood before her seemed blurred at the edges. "Yes, Mr. Graham."

"This box. You'll make no mistake." "No—N-o." She wished the room wouldn't keep going up and down. How could she remember all these instructions if no one gave her anything to eat. She was saying "Yes" and "No" she hardly knew to what. She clutched at the edge of the table. The world had gone black. She was falling a long long way. She had fainted at his feet.

She could not have been unconscious for more than a minute. The next thing that she heard was another man's voice.

"Asher is here," he was saying.

She heard Paul Graham gasp. "Asher—good God, Collins, are you sure?"

"Certain, so be careful."

"I will. Here, give me a hand. The little Walters girl has fainted."

"Fainted?" The other man sounded politely incredulous.

Paul Graham picked her up. She was too tired to open her eyes. He stood for a moment with her in his arms as if considering this new idea. "I thought it was a faint," he said slowly.

He laid her on the sofa. She could hear the other man laugh. She struggled back to full consciousness and opened her eyes.

"What made you do that?" Paul Graham asked severely.

"I'm sorry. I'm hungry," she said looking pleadingly from one man to the other.

"Why this will never do," said the other man jovially, as if he were talking to a likable but untruthful child.

"This is Mr. Collins—our house detective."

"That's right. I'm here to see you don't take the spoons."

Susan looked at him with faint distaste.

"I shan't," she whispered, trying hard to play up.

"That's great news."

"You'd better go and keep an eye on our friend out there," said Paul Graham shortly as if he did not relish the presence of Collins.



"That's the ticket." The big man did not seem snubbed or hurt. He waved an amiable farewell. "I'll get along."

Paul turned again to Susan. "Now," he said, "what is it all about?"

"Lack of meals," she said. "Complete lack since yesterday." He was a man to whom you could tell the truth. It would take a long time to explain it all. She hoped he would not ask her any more questions for the moment.

"I'll get you something."

He went out quietly. She revelled in this absence of fuss. He was not particularly sympathetic, but she found his cool simple way of doing what had to be done restful and comforting. She hated people who clucked over you when you were in distress. She closed her eyes. She supposed it was a bad beginning. Still he wouldn't hold it against her. He was too sensible.

He came back in a few minutes followed by a waiter wheeling a service table, with soup in a cup, an omelette, a glass of wine and fruit. He put it beside the couch and withdrew.

"Starving people have to be fed judiciously."

She sat up and smiled. "Oh, isn't it wonderful? I'm so sorry for all this. So Victorian of me!" She took the cup in her hands. "Do you want it explained?"

HE gave a grim little chuckle. "I haven't the slightest desire to hear any explanation. It would probably bore me to death. Provided you assure me you don't make a habit of it I don't care why it happened."

"I promise," she said between two delicious gulps of soup.

"That's all right, then. Eat up your food and don't talk. In future you will find all your meals served in the staff dining-room. You must arrange with Trixie Fisher, at the flowers, when you get off. She'll mind your cigarettes for you when you go, and you'll do her a similar service. Of course you'll choose the slack hours. Trixie knows the ropes. She'll tell you."

"Yes, Mr. Graham."

"Before you did your fainting act I was giving you some instructions. Did you take them in?"

"Yes, Mr. Graham."

She had started on the omelette now, and already she felt much better. Paul Graham lit a cigarette. The room was very quiet. Neither of them spoke.

Suddenly the peace was shattered. Maria Coloni had flung open the door. It was her way. She never knocked. She never just opened the door. She never just came in. She flung a door open and entered. It made her a little difficult, this extra dash of zest which she brought to the business of living. Maria did everything a little more violently than other people, and she did one thing supremely much better than other people.

She could sing the heart out of your bosom. Susan gasped a little at this sudden entry, at the blinding vision in white satin and diamonds, at the handsome woman who seemed to dwarf the room.

"Paul," she said in her lovely vibrating voice. Then she stopped, for she had seen Susan, eating her dinner, sitting on Paul's sofa. "Ah, you have visitors. Pardon."

"This is our new cigarette girl, Maria. She fainted..." Unexpectedly he turned to Susan and smiled with the first hint of mischief she had seen in his face. "Need I explain?"

Maria sensed that there was some joke between them that she did not understand, and Susan saw her look of slight bewilderment. "I—I'd missed a lot of meals," she said propitiously.

Maria nodded her head. "So—so," she said, but she obviously was not interested.

Paul was offering her a cigarette. "Sit down, Maria, you're early to-night."

But she did not sit. She stood lowering rather alarmingly above them. It was, Susan thought, as if the Venus de Milo, or the Statue of Liberty had come to life. It was an amiable statue, but it was overwhelming.

"I have a new number. I want to run through it with that fool accompanist of mine." She seemed to have forgotten Susan. "A new number, Paul, that will break your stubborn heart."

"My dear Maria, my heart was broken before you were born."

"Your heart it is paralysed. It has an anaesthetic taken."

PAUL laughed. "Maria, you have no sense of the fitness of things. You must not discuss these passionate private affairs just anywhere—at least not in England. This young lady doesn't know you. She won't understand you." For moment Maria looked baffled, and then she turned her surprised stare towards Susan. "Oh, yes," he went on, "even though she wears a uniform she continues to be a person." He leant back a little and looked at the singer. "It's a wonderful idea, Maria, could we tame you by putting you in a uniform?"

She laughed now suddenly, too. "You could not tame me—not if you put me in a cage."

"I shan't try. I like you wild."

"You!" she retorted in mock indignation. "You do not like me at all. Well, I must go. I will see you later? Supper?"

"Yes, after your numbers."

"I must find that piano-player."

"God be good to him."

Maria turned to Susan and smiled, her wide entrancing smile that had fluttered so many hearts. "I am sorry that you are faint and that I disturb your dinner."

Susan smiled back. "You are very kind. Indeed, everyone here has been kind."

They both stared at her for a moment in genuine astonishment, and then Paul laughed. "I must tell Bruyere of that unsolicited testimonial."

But Maria did not laugh. She shook her head regretfully. "There is time



enough—" she said. "Now, I must go." She swept out of the room as suddenly as she had entered it.

"Have you finished?" said Paul, turning to Susan. The warmth had gone out of his voice and he was once again the employer of labor.

"Yes, thank you," she said, hurriedly getting to her feet. He had been wonderfully good to her. She must show him that she was no slacker.

"Well, take up your place now near the cocktail bar, and, as we fill up, circulate among the tables. Only be careful not to move during the turns, especially when Madame Coloni is singing."

"No, Mr. Graham."

He nodded to dismiss her. "I'll be round about if you want to know anything. Check in your money to the cashier last thing after we close."

He got up and opened the door and stood a moment beside her looking down the end of the passage into the restaurant. An early diner was framed in the opening, a large dark man who was discussing the menu intently with the waiter.

Paul nodded in his direction. "That is Juan Diaz, the Argentine." He paused for an almost imperceptible second and added with emphasis, "He is very rich."

On this he left her with the feeling that he had done his duty, while she wondered exactly what he meant.

SHE stepped shyly into the room more self-conscious than ever now that she had added a try to what she persisted in regarding as her fancy-dress. The cocktail bar was crowded, and a chatter of high-pitched, well-bred voices reached her.

Just as Susan was wondering what she ought to do next a young man hailed her and bought a packet of cigarettes. This simple action seemed to make her position more natural. She began to walk slowly about the room. The orchestra were assembled now and tuning. People were coming in—often just to reserve a table. Every now and then someone stopped her. One or two of them chatted her in a friendly way, but she was too strange and frightened to think of anything to say in reply. Occasionally the men told her "to keep the change." One elderly man, sitting by himself, pinched her legs gently under cover of the tablecloth. She tried to appear indifferent and hurried away from him as soon as she reasonably could. Often the women talked about her as if she were not there, or could not hear. "Pretty little thing... cute little hat..." Paul Graham had been right. Put your staff in a uniform and the clients assume that they are deaf, dumb, blind and imbecile. She was angry with the beautiful, stupid women, but she kept her head. She realized that when you have no money the first thing you lose is the right to be angry.

They talked in front of her as if she did not exist. She might have been an ambulating automatic machine, and she heard snatches of intimate conversation that startled her.

A late-comer hailed her. He looked at her in surprise. "Hello! Another new cigarette girl? What happens to them all? Do they get married, or what?"

Susan laughed. "I don't know," she said with a flash of her old spirit. "I've been here three hours and no one has proposed to me yet."

But if no one proposed marriage one old gentleman proposed a further meeting. "Well, little girl, how about a run in my car...?" She learnt later that this was the usual formula. She also learnt how to refuse more tactfully than she did on this first occasion, when she met his offer with a startled, "Oh, no, thank you."

Once she overheard Paul Graham being discussed. "That's Graham," the woman said, "the dark, handsome one. Bruever's

partner. They say he's worth a lot of money." Her escort eyed him with distaste. "He doesn't look as if it had done him much good."

ONCE she had to go to Juan Diaz. He looked at her rather than at her tray, looked her over slowly and insolently. It appeared that he did not care for what he saw, for he said nothing, took his cigarettes and threw the money on the table.

Susan was, on the whole, as glad that she had not met with favor, but anger at his scrutiny sent the blood into her pale cheeks, and she moved away with a gesture as haughty as his own. Then it was that he looked after her with renewed interest, but he made no further attempt to make her acquaintance. He had all the time in the world.

From time to time a waiter called her to some particular table. Once one of them said, "Mr. Asher wants cigarettes," and for a moment she was puzzled as to where she had heard the name before. Then she remembered. Asher was the man before whom Paul Graham had promised to be careful. He looked harmless enough. Very blonde and slight, with restless blue eyes. He bought and paid for his cigarettes mechanically. She watched him for a while. He never took his eyes off the entrance to the room.

The night seemed endless. Occasionally, in the distance, she saw Paul Graham speaking to someone, with obviously professional politeness. She liked the rude Paul Graham of his office better.

Every few minutes some of the diners left their food to dance. She saw them dizzily circling before her tired eyes. It was all a dream. It could not have been only six hours ago that she had sat despairingly on Waterloo Bridge out in the clean, fresh air. She leaned against a wall while a red-hot banjoist gave a solo. Presently she saw that Table 36 had been occupied. A solitary, white-faced man was looking furtively round the room.

She crossed to him. "Your cigarettes, Sir Howard," she said softly.

He promptly pulled a half-crown out of his pocket. "Thank you," he said. There was no question or surprise. He had obviously expected her. Delicate? He looked it. Bad throat, she supposed. His food was untouched on his plate. Poor fellow, why didn't he stay away from this hot, noisy place?

SUDDENLY there was a hush over the room followed by a burst of clapping. Susan looked up and saw that Maria Coloni had come onto the platform. She was bowing to right and left, filling the great room with her tremendous vitality. The satin frock fell about her feet. There were diamonds on her white throat and diamonds in her black hair. She was magnificent, and she knew it. As she bowed Paul watched her with his quiet, mocking smile. Not a thing to have about the house. She must know that, he reflected. You couldn't box that tigerish energy in anything less than the Albert Hall, and no reasonable man could be expected to live permanently in the Albert Hall.

As suddenly as she did everything else Maria Coloni began to sing. Doubtless it was at the appointed time and place in the music, but it thrilled and startled Susan, just as her voice had done when she called "Paul" in the little office. Now all the wild, tempestuous person that was Maria Coloni was gathered together, brought to restraint, set in a beautiful mould for the expression of her art.

She sang a strange, wistful little Spanish ditty, and the atmosphere of the room changed. People forgot each other and remembered only their dreams. They were all-singer and audience alike—wrapped in an hypnotic trance.

Looking across, Susan saw Paul Graham. He was leaning against the jamb of the archway that led into the room. His face was stripped of its mask as if a hand had drawn a veil aside. As the music flowed around him his dark eyes looked into the distance, the droop of his mouth that had been bitter was only disillusioned, the tired frown had gone from his temples. He looked like another man—the man that had been lost somewhere on the way. It was not she who had been able to make him smile. It was this other woman who could sing away the hurt of a lifetime.

No wonder he loved her, thought Susan, with a strange, unexpected contraction of the heart.

#### CHAPTER 3

SUSAN standing at the table taken by Paul and Maria was very businesslike. She did not want him to think that she would trade on the degree of intimacy that might result if you faint at a man's feet.

"Getting on all right?"

"Yes, thank you."

"It makes the legs ache—yes?" said Maria with her wide smile.

"A bit," said Susan, "but I expect one develops special muscles."



Paul glanced down. "That would never do," he said.

Susan smiled, handed him his change, and moved away. He watched her cross the room, looking neither to right nor left, unprovocative, simple, direct.

"The lass with the delicate air," he quoted. "Lass." He savored the word with his dilettante fancy for all the fine arts. It was a good old English word.

It seemed to Susan that the night would never end. The room grew hotter. About ten it emptied somewhat only to fill again after eleven. Yet somehow time passed. Just when she felt that she could bear it no longer, the lights were dimmed, the dancers began to twindle, the orchestra played the National Anthem, and all hope of further amusement denied them, the visitors left.

The smart young waiters had taken off their coats and had somehow acquired aprons. The tablecloths already lay in a great heap on the floor. The tables were being piled high one on top of another. The flowers stood about in great kitchen buckets. Trays of glass and cutlery were disappearing to the pantries. It was all like some inverse process of magic.

"You there," said a voice in her ear, and Susan turned to face the red-headed girl from the flower-stall. "We share a table. My name is Trifle. Come on, let's give in our cash. I'll die if I don't get to bed soon. This way."

Ted was waiting to take their money. When it came to Susan's turn, under cover of bending over her accounts, he was able to whisper to her:

"Getting on all right, Sue?"

"Fine."

"Give me your tray."

"Here."

"When can I see you?"

"Heaven knows, old son, I'm all bewildered."

"Well, leave a note on my desk in the hall."

"Right."

She watched Ted add up her takings. She liked his neat, clear figures, she took pride in the pace at which he reduced the chaos of her money to order. She felt a glow of gratitude towards him. After her hectic evening it was good to see his honest face; to know that he was somewhere in the background if things got



tangled. There could be nothing wrong where Ted worked.

"That's O.K.," he said, "you're five shillings to the good." He handed her back the money. "Another time keep your tips separate and just give me the correct amount."

"I see. Good night." "Good night." The girl from the book-stall was demanding his attention.

"This way," said Trixie.

**J**UST as they were moving off a belated member of the orchestra came towards them. He was a pale young Jew, a violin case in one hand, a hat in the other.

"Dave!" Trixie stepped forward impulsively and laid her hand on his arm. Her voice was warm and her manner had



softened. "You're late," she said, and the words were a caress.

"I had to sort some music. I saw Holderness to-night," he said reproachfully.

"Oh, don't be silly, darling, that's business."

"I know," he said gently, "you tell me that often, but I can't understand it."

Trixie suddenly became aware that Susan was standing next her. "Oh, Dave, this is the new cigarette girl," she said, effecting an informal introduction.

He gave a little bow and treated Susan to a wistful smile. "I hope you will be happy here," he said.

Susan smiled in return. "I'm sure I shall."

The lights were dimmed still further, and Ramaden's voice was heard telling a waiter to hurry.

"We must go," said Trixie. "Good night, Dave."

"Good night, Trix."

"Come on, Brighteyes."

Susan obediently followed the red-head to the service lift.

**T**HEY were almost too tired to talk much as they slipped out of their uniforms and into bed.

Susan knew nothing more till she found Trixie shaking her awake.

"My goodness, get up. The cock has crowed so often that it's gone back to bed with a sore throat. Wake up. It's ten o'clock."

It took Susan a moment to remember where she was, and then she stretched luxuriously and happily. She remembered everything. She was in a job. The nightmare of the last few weeks was over. She was once more sure of her meals and her bed. The world was wonderfully good. She was ready for anything.

"Oh, Trixie, ten o'clock?" She laughed happily. "I've slept like a log."

"Well, the bathroom's free." She rubbed her mop of damp, red curls, "and I'm starving to death."

Within half an hour they were dressed and their beds made. In the clear morning light that came through their window Susan felt her little dress to be more outrageous than ever. Trixie, who wore its counterpart, had no such feelings.

"In the morning—all dressed up like this," Susan protested. "I feel such a fool."

"What's the matter with it? I think it shows off the figure nicely."

"Oh, it's all right, perhaps—at night—for fun—but not to earn one's living in."

"Oh, you are a rum go," said Trixie, expressing Paul Graham's sentiments in her own idiom. "Come on, I'm starving."

Trixie led the way to the huge staff dining-room, where food was available at any hour of the day or night. Susan came

to think of it as "ired food." It had stood about waiting too long, and it reached the consumer overcooked and lukewarm. It was, however, plentiful, and the dining-room was never empty. There was always someone just off to work who needed a meal.

By eleven they were back in the restaurant, which was beginning to assume its normal appearance. Susan stood by the cocktail bar watching Trixie arrange her flowers.

"Aren't they lovely!" She sniffed.

"Yours is a nice job."

"Lovely! You don't know. Sometimes I'd give anything for a good whiff of petrol or the smell of a kipper frying in a small flat! One of the things you learn here is that you can have too much—much too much of a good thing."

**A** STOUT, middle-aged man drew near. Susan saw Trixie look up in surprise and then produce the most winning from her rich battery of smiles.

"Hello," he said in an accent that hailed from Manchester.

"Why, George Holderness, you're early to-day."

"Yes," he said heavily, his dull eyes fixed hungrily upon her, "my conference was postponed. Any chance of your coming out with me to lunch?"

Susan moved discreetly away.

"Not an earthly," said Trixie. "I wish I could—but you know Ramsden. I can't get off till Wednesday."

"Oh, yes, I'm keeping Wednesday—but that's a whole twenty-four hours away. Lord, girlie, why won't you let me get you out of this damned place. I'd rent you a nice little flat . . ."

"Now you know we've gone into all that before," said Trixie, slightly maternal, speaking to him as a mother who denies a schoolboy jam. "I've told you—the red curls tossed tantalisingly—I'm a good girl."

Even though George Holderness was infatuated he was not entirely a fool. He did not believe Trixie's statement. He had a shrewd idea that she was trying to hustle him into wedlock. He sighed heavily. "You're clever, too, I think," he said.

"Yes, I'm clever and pretty and good," laughed Trixie.

"And obstinate?"

"No, only firm-minded in the face of temptation."

Holderness sighed again. "I'm not sure that you're much tempted," he said grimly. "Well, I can't hang around here till lunch time. I hate this place. It's like trying to talk in a railway station. People coming and going all the time."

"You run along and have several nice long drinks, and I'll make you up an exquisite button-hole against your return."

"All right, I'll be back to lunch."

"Sure. Bye-bye."

He nodded gloomily. It was all very unsatisfactory. She gave nothing for nothing, and not much even for cash. He walked heavily towards the door.

He wanted her, but marriage . . . What would be said? Still, after all, he might do worse. He knew a man who'd married a girl from the chorus . . . but it hadn't turned out well . . . too fishy . . . and the Astoria Palace Hotel had a bad reputation. Yet Trixie wasn't quite like that. She had a head on her shoulders . . .

In response to a confidential nod from Trixie, Susan came within earshot.

"That's him," Trixie whispered, her nimble fingers busy among the flowers.

"For the wedding-ring?"

"Yes."

"Oh no, Trix."

"Why?" defensively. "What's the matter with him?"

"Everything."

"You've got a nerve."

"Yes, everything." Susan was indignant. "He's too old and too fat and too stuffy, and you're too young and too lovely and

too much in love with someone else."

"Oh, Susan, I adore your old-world fancies!"

"You wait. Think of looking over the silver at that fat face at every meal!"

"At least there'd be good food and plenty. Think of looking over an earthenware teapot and wondering whether the loaf will go round."

**H**OW'S the new cigarette girl working out?" Bruyere asked Graham that evening.

Paul smiled. "She's charming."

Bruyere looked across at him gravely. "You must be careful."

"Careful?" He raised his eyes to meet those of his partner. "Careful. By God, you're right."

So the next evening when Susan came for orders he merely said, "Here, someone has landed us with these." He handed her a new brand of cigarette. "Pseudo-Russian, made God knows where. Push 'em for all you're worth and let's get rid of them. That's all."

He dismissed her with a nod. She thought that for him she had merely become part of the machinery of the great hotel, that they had imprisoned her in a uniform. She did not realise that he was being "careful."

As she came out of the room Collins brushed past her. She stopped for a moment to adjust the ribbon of her tray. She heard Paul say, "Asher here to-night?"

"I've not seen the blighter yet."

"Thank God."

She wondered idly why the blonde young man with the weak face and the wild blue eyes should inspire the others with such uneasiness.

Susan discovered that evening that she had spoken too soon about Signor Diaz. She was not the girl to appeal immediately to his florid imagination, but further investigation had convinced him that she was eminently desirable. He was a quick worker, used to getting what he wanted, and women and gambling were his twin passions.

He called Susan over to him and made pretence to examine her tray. "You are new. What's your name?"

"Susan Walkers."

"I like you," he said simply.

She didn't want to be liked. "You wouldn't if you knew me," she parried. "That's a Russian brand," she added, trying to attract his attention from her face to her cigarettes.

He smiled. "You are like that," he said, waving aside her little subterfuge with his disconcerting frankness.

Susan felt that somehow he had put her in the wrong, that he had relegated her to a class of icy English virgins, who wrapped up the simple things of life in a series of polite evasions. She tried to reply with honesty. "I don't think I want it because it means such a waste of time for both of us."

He was delighted with her reply. "You are enchanting," he said, "and to think that I nearly overlooked you." Again he was scrutinising her as if she were offered for sale. "I can wait," he said cheerfully.

**G**RADUALLY the routine of the hotel became familiar to Susan. She began to recognise faces, learn the waiter's names, know the guests by sight.

The clients assumed personalities. There were "the regulars." Of those Sir Howard Dean was the most constant and the most often supplied with "special cigarettes."

She acquired a formula for fresh young men who made meaningless advances. Thursday afternoon she was free, and Ted had arranged to have the same day off. They had never really had an opportunity to talk since Susan had secured the job, and they were both excited at the prospect of the long free afternoon.

Susan thought that it was nice to get out



of her uniform. In her old blue costume she seemed to become herself again. It would be pleasant to get out into the fresh air away from the electric light and the eternal music. Bill, who went down with her in the service lift, inquired anxiously as to who had left her a legacy.

"I'm going out, Bill," she said happily, "and for a whole afternoon I shall call my soul my own."

Bill's cheerful Cockney grin expanded. "Don't let Ramsden see you that's all. He hates a happy face!"

It struck her that they were not much worn in the hotel.

Ted was waiting at the lift door. They must go out by the service route. No one must know that there were times when the automata became human, wore their own clothes, expressed their own thoughts, and visited their own homes.

"Let's get out of this," said Ted, taking her arm.

At the top of the staff staircase they met Paul Graham. Ted saluted him with a kind of sulky respect. For a moment he looked at them puzzled.

"Why, it's the little cigarette girl. So you've got out of your hated uniform?"

"Just for the afternoon."

He laughed—more a laugh of concession than of enjoyment. "Make the most of it," he said, and passed on. He thought wistfully that they seemed very young, and irresponsible and happy.

"Damn his cheek," said Ted heartily. "Why? I think it was rather nice of him to remember that I felt my worst in that bell-boy suit."

"Nice! Paul Graham nice! You're the first person I've ever heard say a good word for him. Except Maria Coloni, but thank the Lord he'll meet his match with her."

"What do you mean? Why don't people like him?"

"Well, why like him? He stalks about the hotel looking like the wrath of God! He never speaks to anyone unless he has an order to give or a complaint to make. Oh, he may be full of boyish spirits when he's with Bruyere and Collins. They're all three closest together for hours every day. But somehow I never feel they meet just for clean fun!"

"You are absurd, Ted." She laughed happily. For a moment she had been anxious, but now she was persuaded that Ted was not serious. "Well, I like Mr. Graham. He's been very decent to me. He lent me the money to rescue my suitcase from Mrs. Mears."

#### CHAPTER 4

THEY reached their destination at last in a suburb where the houses had grown smaller and the gardens just a shade larger. She followed Ted up a leafy side-street till they came to a house called Homestead.

"It's nearly half-past four," he said. "Old Philip will be shouting for his tea." He rang the bell.

A pretty young woman answered the door. Ted greeted her with enthusiasm. "Hello, Maisie, where's your old man? This is Susan. We've come several hundred furlongs for a cup of your good tea."

And then Philip, very like Ted on a larger scale, joined them and boomed a welcome. "Come on. Tea's in the garden."

They led Susan into the little carefully-cultivated patch at the back of the house and gave her the deck chair of honor. They flattered around her with kindly intentions. She guessed that in private they referred to her as "Ted's young lady"—and Ted was obviously a much-loved brother.

Tea was a delicious meal, and Ted and Susan united in a little hymn of hate against the over-seasoned food of the Astoria Palace. It was good to see an honest loaf and a slab of butter and a home-made jam sandwich.

After tea they sat in the garden, gossiping idly, with no effort to be clever, with

just a natural desire to be pleasant. Susan felt that she had known these kindly people all her life. She was not a visitor. She was already "one of the family." She sensed that they were happy. The people at the hotel were rich or clever, influential or talented, but she did not think that they were happy.

Then Maisie showed her all over the tiny house which they were buying through a building society. She was inordinately proud of it.

ON Friday Susan received her first money. She counted up what she had made in tips. She must have a new pair of shoes. They were essential. She could pay Graham back two pounds.

She went to his room.

"Did you want me?" His voice was tired. He looked at her as if he expected a complaint.

She smiled at him. "I've come to give you back some of your money." She held out the notes. "I can give you the other pound next week, can't I?"

He looked at the money in surprise. "Good God, I'd forgotten all about it. Don't you think you'd better keep it?"

She shook her head. "I like to pay my debts. I'm still struggling to feel independent despite my uniform. I want to thank you most especially . . ."

He interrupted her. He was deliberately ungracious. She must not run away with the idea that he had done this for the sake of her charms. "I can afford it," he said. "The outlay of capital that I risked was not very great."

"Oh, I know that," she said eagerly. "Of course the money didn't mean much to you—but it meant a lot to me that you should trust me—that you should be generous." She dropped her voice as if she were confessing a mortal sin. "You see I had got so licked by being out of work. Everyone seemed to be against me. Then you did this and it kind of pulled me together. I remembered that people really were decent to each other. I knew that everything I had been thinking to the contrary had been merely due to my missing breakfast, lunch, and tea. You understand, don't you? You trusted me, and with that you restored my trust in everybody else."

He looked down at her gravely. He shook his head. "You'd be a little fool if you trusted anybody. I'd be sorry if I thought that would be the result of my simple common-sense action. People are not to be trusted."

"Oh, but they are." The young voice was eager.

"Nonsense." He moved away abruptly as if he were disgusted at the turn the conversation had taken. "Run along out there and learn a little sense. If that damned restaurant doesn't teach you nothing will."

Funny little kid, she always said the unexpected. She was riding for a fall—going to come down such a terrific wallop.

Later that night, in his private sitting-room upstairs, Bruyere had a talk with Trixie. Beneath her red curls was a shrewd brain, and she generally had an idea as to what he wanted. Elsie had left in a week. It had been a bad business. She suspected that he felt it was a reflection on his delicate method of handling his staff in difficult circumstances. He did not wish there to be any mistake this time.

He leant forward, his eyes, as ever, laughing with delight. The man seemed always to be enjoying some secret joke. She smiled back. She liked him. It was queer, she reflected, he never tried to kiss her. He bought her things. He came and talked to her. He paid her compliments. But he never laid a finger on her. She supposed it was pretty decent behaviour on his part, but she found it a little chilling.

Bruyere lit a cigar and looked across at her. He poured her out a glass of cham-

pagne. It was coming now. "Tell me," he said, "what's your new companion like—the cigarette girl?"

"Susan. She seems a nice kid. Bit quiet-like."

"Quiet," he mused. "Very strict?"

"Very, I should imagine—but very ignorant."

"I see." He turned the information over in his mind before he spoke again. "How does she like the job?"

"Well, it's early days yet to say." She sparred with him. After all, why should she tell him so easily. He might as well make it worth her while. She wasn't quite sure what it was all about, but it ought to be good for a brooch."

"Did she ask why Elsie left?"

Now they were really getting down to it. "No, she hasn't asked yet."

Annoying little red-head. Bruyere pressed his thin lips together. Keeping him fencing like this. She knew perfectly well what he wanted. He was tired of fencing. He had to do it all day long.

"She left," he said slowly, "because the hours were too long."

Trixie raised her pencilled eyebrows. "Is that so?" she said in her best movie-American.

"I am a very kind-hearted man. I take an



interest in my employees. I want to know just how the new little girl likes her job—what she thinks about everything here—who she is friendly with—and what she does in her spare time."

"You are a kind employer."

"I am particularly kind to those who are useful to me."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"I saw a little brooch yesterday . . ."

They understood one another. He got up.

"I've got a lot of work to do to-night . . ."

She took his very broad hint. "I've a lot of sleep owing to me." She moved towards the door and then turned back. "She's a nice little kid. You'll not hurt her."

"I'll not hurt her."

"Sure? Because . . ."

"I'll not hurt her," he repeated.

"Good night."

He held the door open for her. "Good night."

Queer, she thought, as she walked down the passage, he never even took her hand. Of course, in a way, it was decent of him. It made a girl feel safe—but it wasn't too flattering.

TED had arranged that Susan should always be the last to check in her money, for that gave them an opportunity to speak.

Next night as he added the money he said, "You've got half a crown too much."

"Have I? Oh, that must have been for to-night's special." Susan held out her hand for the coin.

"Special?"

"Yes, sometimes Mr. Graham gives me a box of cigarettes specially blended for a customer. I should have given the money to him. I forgot it."

He handed her over the money with a puzzled look. "How often does he do this?"

"Oh, since I've been here about half a dozen times."

"What sort of cigarettes?"

"Oh, just ordinary. Buck up, Ted. I'm sleepy."

Ted rapidly checked the rest of her tray.

"All O.K. I say, Sue . . ."

"Yes?"

"You'll be very careful with Graham, won't you?"

"Careful? What do you mean, Ted? You've got Mr. Graham on the brain. It's all nonsense. The poor man doesn't even know



I exist. I don't believe he even knows my name."

"No," he said shrewdly, "but you know him."

"Oh, you are absurd."

"No, listen. You're misunderstanding. That's not what I mean, Sue."

"Well, what do you mean?"

"I'll try to explain..." Ted pushed the account book to one side and leant across the counter. He opened his mouth to speak when he was interrupted by a woman's piercing scream, quickly followed by sounds of voices and running footsteps.

"Whatever's that?"

"I'll go and see," Susan reached the hall before Ted, who was obliged to wait to lock away the money.

Upstairs all was confusion. A disreputable individual clutching a suspicious-looking



black bag was being held by two of the first floor waiters, while a young American in a dressing gown was talking excitedly at the top of her voice. Susan took her place on the edge of the crowd.

"He took my pearls..." he's got them on him somewhere... he thought to himself. He was with a pistol, but I knew an Englishman wouldn't shoot a woman. I just knew he wouldn't, so I yelled and yelled, and Henri here came and..."

The rest of the story was lost in the admiring babble of the other guests, and then the American started and told it all over again.

THE thief had his back to Susan, and a moment later she saw Paul Graham and Bruyere elbow their way politely to the heart of the crowd. They were facing her, and as soon as they saw the man she knew that they recognised him. The three had met before. Bruyere was the first to recover. His thin lips twitched nervously for a moment and then adjusted themselves to his habitual half smile. But Paul had gone white, and was staring at the man as if he saw a ghost.

"Come, Madame," Bruyere's smooth tones were full of troubled waters. "It would be better if we discussed this unfortunate occurrence in my office. Ah, here is Collins. He will be most valuable."

The big detective nodded and, dismissing the waiters, stationed himself beside the thief.

Suddenly the man made a movement shooting. "You..." Susan saw Paul's hand flicker upwards in an almost imperceptible gesture to enforce silence. The man let himself be led away.

The little group moved towards Bruyere's office. The hotel guests made way for them. As they passed close by Susan she saw the man's face clearly. A scar ran from ear to chin.

Ted was at her elbow. "That was exciting."

"Yes," said Susan, a little dazed.

"Lucky she screamed. She's off to-morrow on the Aquitania. She might have had to cancel her passage."

"Yes," Ted obviously had noticed nothing unusual. Susan wondered if she were beginning to imagine things.

The next morning she heard the latest gossip from Mrs. Levine. The pearls had been found, the young lady had been able to sail, and Collins had taken charge of the man.

"What will happen to him?" asked Susan.

"Oh, I suppose Collins will hand him over and he'll get a long sentence."

"But won't the young lady be needed to give evidence—and the pearls as Exhibit A?"

"I never thought of that. Oh, I expect Collins was able to fix it." Yet Susan

felt that somehow this procedure was incorrect. It worried her a little. She wanted, where Paul Graham was concerned, that everything should be above suspicion. She wanted to be able to keep his reputation high in her own estimation.

AT lunch-time, Susan found Ted in the dining-room. He was unusually late. Susan, who could never get off till the restaurant lunch was finished, was surprised to see him.

"Why, Ted, how nice. What makes you so late, son?"

The room was almost empty, but he looked round before answering to make sure that they were not overheard.

"Your friend, Paul Graham."

"How funny you are, Ted. Why do you call him 'my friend' like that?"

"Because you're the only person I've ever heard speak well of him."

She gave a little sigh. How absurdly Ted was behaving. It was useless arguing with a jealous man, explaining that he had no cause. So she merely said, "What did he do?"

"He and Bruyere had me in the office this morning with the books. Collins was there, too."

"Well?"

Ted stopped a moment, as if reflecting on strange things. "Do you know what they pay Collins?"

"No—how on earth should I?"

"Three thousand a year. That's a hell of a lot of money for a house detective."

Susan returned alone after her day off.

She went upstairs and along the corridor towards the lift. She saw Collins coming in her direction. She was tired of his pats and pinches, his leers and innuendoes. He had never caught her alone before. Now she was a little afraid. He stood smilingly in her path.

"Hello, sweetheart," he said, "where have you been?"

"I've been out."

"All alone?"

"Yes."

"Now, that's too bad. Why didn't you invite me?" He took a step nearer. His coat brushed her frock.

"That never occurred to me," she said, smiling politely. "Now I must get the lift."

He made a movement to one side and caught her by the wrist. "Don't go, dearie. I never see you alone."

"I must go," she said weakly.

"You're a nice little girl. Why aren't you more friendly? I could make it pleasant for you."

"I am friendly," she said.

"Oh no, you're not. You don't fool me. At this very moment you're thinking how you can get away."

She was a little taken aback. "Then you're going to let me pass," she said.

"Oh no, I'm not." He laughed. "You can't have everything your own way all the time."

"Please."

"All right, then give us a kiss."

"What?"

"You heard me, sweetheart."

"Please, Mr. Collins..."

"No, Miss Susan," he mocked.

She shook her head.

"No?" he asked.

"No."

"I think so." He pulled her suddenly towards him and pressed his big face against hers. She wrenched herself away gasping and angry, and with her free hand hit him a hard slap on the cheek. It echoed down the stone corridor. Collins looked startled for a moment, then his eyes narrowed in anger, but he passed it off with a laugh.

"Why, sweetheart, you should meet Max Schmeling," he stood aside to let her pass.

For a moment she hesitated. She had

an instinct to apologise, but she could not bring herself to do it. She walked indignantly to the lift.

Collins watched her go with the comforting assurance that it would be easy for him to get even with her.

Neither of them knew that in the darkness at the far end of the corridor Bruyere had been an amused spectator of the scene. He went with his little trot towards the lift, his eyes gay with merriment, his lips twitching with laughter. A funny scene to have witnessed, and one never knew—the little bit of knowledge might some day prove useful.

Tricks had the following evening free, and she came back very late and more than usually elated. She sat on the edge of Susan's bed and, after recounting breathlessly how she had escaped Mrs. Martin's observation, turned to more important matters.

"Susan—to-night—it nearly happened."

"What did?"

"George Holderness, silly. I got him that mad he all but proposed. He won't be long now."

Susan sat up indignantly in bed. "Trix, how can you?"

"I can and will, and when I'm the rich Mrs. Holderness I'll set Dave up so that he can give concerts, and play with scores and orchestras and instruments—bless him—and do all the silly things musicians want to do—and make him happy—and—"

"As if David would accept."

"He will," said Trixie, all the more vehemently, because she was not sure of the fact. "He will. Otherwise, what's the good?"

"There, you see."

"Well, I don't mean that exactly. I mean, helping Dave is part of the plan. You don't know, Susan. I've been to his home, they're so poor and proud, and his father looks like all the Kings of Israel, and they have barely enough to eat..." Her voice trailed softly away. There were tears in her eyes for the man she really loved.

Susan put an arm around her.

#### CHAPTER 5

THE next evening Graham called Susan into his office. She had not seen him alone for several days.

"Well," he said, "how's the philosopher?"

He was throwing caution to the winds for the amusement of hearing her talk.

"Doing nicely."

"How do you like being here?"

"I like it. And then I'm so glad to have a job after... Have you ever been out of a job with nothing to fall back on?"

"I see," he said. "Got your tray ready?"

She nodded. "Now listen. These special cigarettes are for Mrs. Leila Gordon, table 42. You won't forget?"

"No, Mr. Graham."

"When she comes in first she'll be alone. Give them to her then."

"Yes."

"Do exactly as I have told you."

"Of course."

"Good. Cut along then."

It was not long before Susan saw a young woman shown to table 42.

Susan had time to examine Leila Gordon. She was slight, too slight for real beauty, and her large, dark eyes seemed almost out of proportion to the oval of her pinched face. Her soft dark hair was caught carelessly on the nape of her neck, as if it had been impatiently and indifferently dressed. A black frock accentuated her pallor. Round her neck hung a heavy diamond pendant. She was looking anxiously, nervously, around the room.

Table 42 was set in a little alcove backed by palms. The restaurant was hot and airless, but as Susan watched the palms moved ever so slightly. It was curious. She could



not be quite sure that she had really even then stir. Perhaps it was a trick of the imagination or a little draught from some service door opened by a waiter.

The American convinced that she would give him no personal attention had finished with her tray. He was paying her. Automatically Susan gave him the change. Her eyes were fixed on the palms.

She came a little nearer, making her way among the tables still watching. She was convinced that someone was standing behind Leila Gordon. She worked nearer and nearer. Someone stopped her. She stood while they chose their cigarettes and looked around the room. Paul Graham was standing at the other side watching her progress. No doubt he was wondering why she was so slow.

He moved across the room to come towards her. He would have to pass Mrs. Gordon's table. Suddenly Susan felt that this was not a safe thing for him to do. She crossed quickly to meet him.

"CAN I speak to you?" Something in the low urgency of her tone arrested him. "Come this way," she said leading him away from Mrs. Gordon's table.

"What is it?" "I may be going mad, but I think there is a man behind those palms."

He did not answer for a moment, then he said very deliberately, "An hotel thief. I'll call Collins. Mrs. Gordon's diamonds are worth a fortune. Keep away from the table. Don't bother about her cigarettes tonight. Give them to me later. We're plagued with thieves here. Over there someone wants you." He indicated a customer. He seemed anxious to get rid of her.

She saw Paul Graham leave the room, and presently Collins came. He did not approach the table, but leant his great weight against the jamb of the arch that led into the room, and fixed his keen little eyes on the palms. They were motionless now. Presently Mrs. Gordon's escort arrived and she ceased to watch expectantly and turned her attention to her friend. All the evening Collins stood there just watching. Susan did not see Paul again till closing time.

He beckoned her to come into his room. "I'll take those cigarettes," he said. He was preoccupied.

She handed them over. "That's right," he said with his customary nod of dismissal.

"Good-night," she smiled at him. He gave a little start. "Oh, good-night," he said. He was always surprised at her insistence on the little courtesies of normal life.

Then he seemed to remember that she was a human being. "I hope you weren't frightened," he said.

"No, but I should be if I were the lady." "Why?" he said sharply.

"Oh, carrying all that weight of temptation to thieves around my neck."

"Oh, that . . ." He was obviously relieved. "Still it's a temptation most women ask to be led into." He looked at her little white thrust. Fearful, he thought, would be best with just a delicate flush of pink to match her cheeks. Not good thoughts for a careful man. All he said was, "Mrs. Gordon had a lucky escape. Well, run along now and get your sleep."

"All right. Good night again, Mr. Graham."

"Good night, Susan."

She heard him lock the door behind her. She paid in her money to Ted, who was still a little aloof, like a schoolboy with a tale to tell, but bulking through obstinacy. When she went to bed Collins was still standing by the archway. The last thing that she saw was Maria Coloni, majestic in red, going towards Paul Graham's room. He had not been present that evening when she sang. Susan divined

that Maria was preparing to enjoy a grand scene of reproach.

"Trix," she asked in the privacy of their bedroom, "do you believe men like women who make big demands, who keep them up to the mark, who expect them to be one hundred per cent. attentive?"

"Why? Who are you going to ask to do all these things?"

"No one. I was thinking of La Coloni. She sailed across my pathway heading for a glorious scene I'm sure. To-night is one of the few nights Mr. Graham hasn't been in the room when she sang."

"Yes. She's right," said Trix lastly. "I hope she gives Graham hell."

"Why?"

"I hate his damped air of superiority."

Susan said nothing. It seemed as if they all hated him. Something protective surged up inside her.

"Say, kid," said Trix.

"Yes?"

"Lay off thinking about him. He's no good."

NEXT morning Susan found the florist's men at work. The palms had been removed. In their place were a row of low-growing polyanthus roses which would afford no shelter to any hotel thief.

Uneasy suspicions filled Susan's mind. She would not dwell on them. She refused to recognise what all this might mean. It was no affair of hers. She was the cigar-



ette girl, paid to do as she was told. That was all.

She had expected that Mrs. Gordon's cigarettes would appear again the next night, but three days elapsed before Paul Graham mentioned them. He had no orders for her between. He seemed busy and preoccupied.

He was giving her a new brand to push when suddenly he said casually, "Oh, there's Mrs. Gordon's little box. Better let her have them to-night. Same table."

Everything seemed plain sailing. The room was only half full. You could see round and under Mrs. Gordon's table and as Susan came out of Paul Graham's room she saw Collins hurry in and take his stand by the cocktail bar. He was ready in case of emergency.

Susan walked steadily towards the table. "Your cigarettes, Mrs. Gordon."

As she spoke the man at the next table, who had had his back to the door, jumped up, seized her by the wrist, and wrenched the cigarettes from her hand. They spilt all over the floor. Mrs. Gordon's face was distorted as if she were about to cry and she made a quick awkward movement to pick them up.

"You—You—" the man was shouting, and Susan found herself looking into a pair of mad blue eyes. Then she recognised the face. It was Asher, the man they feared, the man before whom Paul had promised to be careful. His fingers were damp and tremulous upon her wrist. She had no difficulty in freeing herself from his insecure grasp.

It all seemed to happen in a flash. Collins already had Asher by one arm a waiter had him by the other. The band sensing some disturbance was playing very loud. Paul Graham was by her side directing operations. Asher was being hustled out the nearest exit. The whole excitement was over in a moment.

The guests at that end of the room had

looked up in astonishment. "What is it?" a man asked Paul.

He went over to the table and whispered. "Poor fellow—we've had him before. Not quite right, you know . . ."

The man passed the word along. The excitement subsided. One or two couples got up to dance. Susan looked down to see Mrs. Gordon picking up the last of the cigarettes with trembling hands. Paul came back to her table.

"So sorry, Mrs. Gordon," he said in an artificial voice. "It's very hot in here. I expect that affected him."

"I can't stop," she was trembling all over, pushing the cigarettes anyhow into her bag. Susan looked on in surprise. She had never seen cigarettes so treated. They would be unsmokable.

"Nonsense," Paul spoke lower now and his voice was suddenly authoritative. "Of course you must stop. Can't you see that?" He hailed a passing waiter and ordered a double brandy.

"Very well," she whispered pitifully, "but I'm afraid."

"You've nothing to worry about now."

He suddenly remembered Susan who was standing next him. "Hello, you get a fright?" he asked. "Come along, you've a long night before you. You'd be better for a drink."

SUSAN followed him into his room. Now that the crisis was over he seemed quite unconcerned. "What will you have?" He unlocked a cupboard full of bottles.

"I don't know," she said. "I'll sit down a minute. I'm all right, really." She took off her tray and sat on the edge of the sofa. "Did he hurt your wrist?" he asked without looking round, still searching for the bottle he wanted.

"No," she said indifferently. "It's nothing." What did it matter? What did anything matter beside the present ghastly uncertainty as to what he was doing. She would not think about it. She summoned up all her will-power in an effort to put such thoughts behind her. It was impossible, unbelievable.

"Here we are," he was holding the bottle.

"I don't want any."

"I'll make it a weak one for you," he said pouring out two glasses. "You can't go out there looking like that. You'd put the clients off their food." There was something unreal in his heartiness.

"All right," she took the glass mechanically.

He sat opposite her and examined his glass. He did not look in her direction. He was talking as a man who had learnt a lesson. She had a suspicion that she was not the first cigarette girl to whom he had recited this tale.

"Now you mustn't be upset by what happened to-night. In a big hotel like this things are always happening. People get drunk, or excited, or you get fellows like that chap to-night, not quite right in the head . . ."

"Don't say that again."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

She was a fool, a coward. She couldn't bring herself to say it, couldn't bring herself to tell him that he was a liar, that she suspected what he was doing and that she would have no hand in the game. She couldn't think while he sat there before her so tired and white and disillusioned, repeating an old tale which would deceive no one.

"Yes," he went on with imitation cheerfulness, "nerves, hysteria, all the people who won't stay at home nights, we get them here and they often misbehave . . ." He paused. "I don't believe you're listening to me."

"No. But it doesn't matter. I know what



you're saying." She got up. She put her glass down. She forced him to meet her eyes. "I know what you're saying."

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled wryly. "That's splendid. Then I needn't go on." Funny little kid. She had surprised him again.

She shook her head. She couldn't trust her voice.

**T**ED, after being distant and mysterious all the week, told her on Thursday morning that he was counting that day on her company. She agreed willingly. She did not want to fight with anyone, least of all with Ted. He was her real friend, trustworthy, loyal, honest, a rock amid the shifting sands.

"Where shall we go?" she asked as they left the hotel together.

"You leave it all to me, Sue. Let's get a bit of air first. We're too early."

"Too early for what?"

"You'll see."

He led her down to the Embankment Gardens and found two secluded seats away from the band.

"I don't think I'll ever enjoy a band again," he said.

"It's nice here," she was glad to be at peace again.

He did not speak for a moment, and his boyish face looked serious. "Sue," he said at last, "you remember I wanted to prove to you that everything was not O.K. at the hotel."

"I know you did, old son," she hoped he wasn't going to spoil the afternoon by starting another argument, "but I didn't want you to prove anything. What good will it do, Ted? Let's just be happy. Look at my new shoes. I owe them to the hotel. Aren't they attractive?" She thrust her slim ankles forward for his inspection, in the hope of steering the conversation into more cheerful channels.

"Don't you think you've got your feet enough in it already?" He laughed, but his face was grave, and he was not to be distracted. He was determined to have his say. "Look here, Sue dear, you've got to listen to me quietly. I was stupid the other day, losing my temper and everything. I know that. I'm sorry."

"Why, that's all right, Ted," she said in surprise. "I was very trying!"

"You see, I said I'd prove the blighters were a lot of crooks, but at first I didn't honestly think they were. I mean, I thought they faked a bit on the bills and things like that—things that every hotelkeeper does. Then I began to suspect other things. Sue . . ." He paused.

She clasped her hands tightly together in her lap. She didn't want to hear it. Oh, she wished—she wished he would stop. What did she care? She wasn't the keeper of their consciences. Why did Ted have to go prying into their affairs? She would so much rather not know. His voice went on relentlessly. "Sue, they're real bad lots."

"Oh well, Ted," she said nervously, "it's their own affair. Let's forget them and go to the pictures."

"We can't do that, Sue. We've got to find out."

"Oh, Ted, don't let's start this all over again."

He pressed his lips together. "You're being very fair to them"—there was an unexpected firmness in his voice, as if he had suddenly grown up—"now you've got to be equally fair to me. I'm just going to show you something, then you can make your choice. I won't urge you any more, but you've got to be fair to me, too."

"Why, of course, Ted. I don't want to be unreasonable. If you think I ought to know I suppose I must."

"Come along, then. It's time we were going."

She did not ask where. She followed him with a sinking heart. This was no way to spend a holiday afternoon.

He led her to the underground station and took tickets to Rotherhithe. She was mystified, but still asked no questions. What did it matter? He was determined that she should know the worst. She cherished a secret hope that she might not think it so terrible.

She kept the conversation to indifferent topics while the dreary train carried them along. They hid their thoughts from one another. They talked of Maudie's house-keeping, of Mrs. Martin's temper, of Ted's autumn suit, and of the latest newspaper murder report. While they changed from one train to another Ted talked fast and facetiously to cover a certain embarrassment.

When they reached Rotherhithe station a silence fell between them. Ted walked a little ahead through the dingy, poverty-stricken streets. What could he find here to incriminate the owners of the resplendent Astoria Palace Hotel?

They turned out of the main street. They twisted and turned, catching glimpses of the river, with Limehouse Reach glistening in the dying sunlight. The streets grew narrower and degenerated into mere lanes. They walked between high warehouses, picking their way through the constant



traffic from the wharf, and amid the carts waiting to be loaded that filled the little streets, where the wheels touched at each kerb.

It was a strange world. Susan walked in it as in a dream. It was a world of which the tourists at the great hotel knew nothing. They imagined that they had "gone" London when they had seen the Tower and the National Gallery. Here was a world they never touched.

At last Ted stopped short at the corner of a street that looked like all the other streets. "Here we are," he said. "See that eating house?"

Susan looked across. It was a dingy restaurant, and over the doorway it said "Wung-Ling." There was a fragile Chinese teapot in the window.

Ted slipped his hand under Susan's arm and pulled her gently into the shadow of a recess opposite. "Keep quiet. We shan't have long to wait."

**T**HEY stood there silently. The summer day was dying. Two girls passed laughing and shouting. A man and his wife came the woman walking slowly, the man grumbling. Susan could just catch the monotonous, complaining tone. A child tore by on a home-made scooter. Then there was silence. The street was empty. Now and then a breeze stirred a paper in the gutter. Once a cat ran furiously across and vanished down an area. In a house opposite a feather mattress had been put at the window to air. There was a faint sound of a gramophone playing far away. Susan waited with rebellion in her heart. She didn't want to have anything to do with it all.

She felt Ted's pressure on her arm. She looked down the street. It was Paul Graham. He came with smooth, swinging steps, his handsome head disdainfully erect. The dying sun caught and accentuated the bones of his lean face so that he looked careworn. He seemed strangely alone. The mean houses, the dirty curtains, the broken chair left on a doorstep seemed to exaggerate his loneliness. There were people here, warm, human people, crowded in dirt and poverty, but loving, impulsive, even happy. Paul, with his well-cut overcoat and his expensive soft hat, seemed like a creature from another world. He could not speak the language of these houses where, on the warm summer evenings, emo-

tion ran riot and spilled over into the street, where, in the dark night, love or hate blazed out in tears and blows and entreaties.

Susan made a noiseless little movement. She stretched her fingers towards him. It was as if she wanted him to know . . . what? She could not have said—only that it hurt her that he should be unhappy.

He paused, went into the restaurant, and passed out of sight.

"Come on, quick," she said to Ted.

They moved away in silence, till they reached the next street. It was as if they had a ridiculous fear that he could hear them through a brick wall.

"Well?" said Ted.

Susan summoned all her strength to speak calmly. "I don't see that that proves anything," she said.

"No?"

"No."

"I suppose he comes to visit the dear old Chink for anecdotes for his next Life of Confucius? No, Sue, that's where your special cigarettes come from—and you know it."

"I think it's revolting following him like this."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Ted. "I quite agree. I never meant to, I'd have taken it all for granted if you hadn't been so damned obstinate."

"He collects jade—Chinese jade—why shouldn't he be here to buy that?"

"Yes, I know. I've thought of that one, too. It's clever the Chinese jade business. It's a fake."

**S**USAN returned to the hotel early and decided to have something to eat and then take a book to bed with her. As she crossed the corridor, however, she met Maria Coloni coming from her dressing-room. The singer stopped her with a smile.

"Why, it's the pretty little cigarette girl. How are you getting on? Come in." She held open the door. "I am ready too early. Will you have a drink?"

Susan followed her. "No, thank you, but I'd love a cigarette." She looked around the little room, and her attention was immediately caught by the large portrait of Paul Graham which stood among the confusion of paint and powder and letters and telegrams and jewellery heaped on the dressing-table.

"Ah, you see, Mr. Graham. It is good, is it not? But the trouble I had! He would rather go to church than to the photographers!" Maria looked across at her and then added with concern, "You look very tired. Do they work you too hard? You tell me. Paul, he thinks that twenty-four hours a day isn't quite enough."

Susan shook her head. "No, it's not the work." She thought of the dreary streets of Rotherhithe, of Asher's mad blue eyes, of Paul's thin lips, of Holderness, fat and desirous, of David and his troubles—and as she thought an idea occurred to her. "Madame Coloni, would you do me a great favor?"

Maria Coloni liked nothing better than the role of benefactress. Her warm, generous nature had two outlets, loving and giving. She was always ready for either. "Why, yes."

"I don't know much about music and you know everything. There's a boy in the orchestra, David Gollanca—he's the third violinist here—his father thinks he's a genius. They're very poor. It means a lot to them. I thought perhaps if you could make some excuse to hear him play you'd tell me if they should go on hoping. . . ."

Maria was delighted. From Susan's rather confused narrative she naturally suspected some boy and girl romance, and one to which she would love to play the fairy godmother. "But, of course. Now, let me



see. . . . Her white fingers drummed on the table. With Maria every idea must be turned into instantaneous action.

"He mustn't know," Susan warned her. "It's our secret."

"Yes. . . . I have it. To-night I will tell Leon! I want to borrow the violinist to run through some music with that damn fool accompanist of mine. We will go to the practice-room. Then I come back here. . . . you meet me. . . . quarter to one. . . ."

"Thank you so much."

"It is nothing, child. Dio, I must go. The time he flies. I see you later. . . ." She picked up a silken shawl and, smiling a farewell, hurried down the corridor.

Susan sat for a moment thinking over the confused events of the day. She studied Paul Graham's picture. The photographer had dealt with his subject after the manner of his kind. He had merely produced a likeness of a dark, handsome man with regular features and a grave expression. All the trouble and tragedy that was writ on the living Paul Graham's face was absent.

She guessed what the visit must have cost him, he who hated to be made to feel ridiculous, he who was so quickly sensitive to any laugh against himself even though he was the originator of the laughter. For no one but Maria Coloni would he have made such a sacrifice. Susan sighed. Well, at least perhaps she had done something to help disentangle Trixie's affairs.

She had a long evening to kill before Maria would be ready for her. She ate her dinner slowly, went to the pictures, was still too early, hid herself in the bedroom with a book, came down again carefully lest Trixie should spot her, and was finally in Maria's room five minutes before the singer returned.

"Well?" she was eager.

Maria looked at her sadly. "You want the truth?"

"Of course. It's no good buoying them up with false hopes, is it?"

Maria shook her head. "A nice little talent—like a hundred others—the stuff that third violinists are made of. But a sweet boy," she added, glad to be able to be enthusiastic about something "with delicate taste and charming manners. Could I not help him?" Just then Paul came in, and she left the room soon after.

**M**EANWHILE Paul was questioning Maria as to what Susan was doing in her room so late at night.

"That's our secret," said Maria, who could never keep a thing to herself for more than half an hour.

Paul took the drink she had mixed for him and waited. "Here's how," he said, knowing that she was dying to tell him.

She looked at him with her head a little on one side. "It is a secret of romance," she said invitingly.

"Whose?"

"You will not tell."

"Of course not," said Paul, who could keep a secret for ever.

"Susan and David."

"Who the hell is David?" he asked sharply.

"He is your third violinist."

"So she's fallen for that?"

"She loves him."

"Are you sure, Maria? You know you can't see two birds on a tree, two horses in a field, two humans in a railway carriage, without suspicion an amorous intrigue?"

"He is nice, and she thinks he is a genius."

"And is he?"

"No."

"In all this where did you come in?"

"In finding that he wasn't a genius. I was asked to hear him play."

"I see."

Paul had a sudden distaste for hearing any more. If she loved the little fiddler, well and good, but he didn't want to know about it. He was surprised at how unreasonably angry he felt. He tried to rationalise the sensation—a cigarette-girl in love would be a negligent employee, one not giving enough attention to the customers especially the men. His thoughts were side-tracked for a moment, rather pleasantly. It occurred to him that Susan never did give enough attention to the men. He found that he did not resent this. But to fall in love with the violinist—that was different. The hotel did not employ pretty young girls for the sake of their male staff. He would have to keep a very strict eye on them both. And then Maria's lovely voice interrupted his ridiculous meditations.

"What do you think of it all?"

"Nothing. I don't take your burning interest in other people's love affairs."

**T**HE next day it seemed to Susan as if the visit to Rotherhithe must have been a bad dream, till Paul Graham himself produced a tangible proof that it was a reality.

When Susan went to him for orders she found him absorbed in the contemplation of a small, transparent green god, whose protuberating stomach contrasted strangely with the wise smile on his delicately carved features. Paul held the tiny statue in two strong fingers.

He raised his eyes for a moment to see who had come in, and then focused his attention again on the jade. "Like that?" he asked, rather to postpone the moment for returning to the world of cigarettes than because he expected any entertainment from her answer.

"New?"

"Yes, I got it yesterday."

"Where?"

"Old man I know over the river."

Her heart danced. He was making her decision for her, helping her to resist Ted's determination. He held it out towards her, running his thumb softly over the surface. "It comes out of the past," he said; "the dead past that nothing can touch or alter. . . ."

"This one is not a fake?" she said.

His hand closed over it suddenly, and he drew it towards him. "No, not a fake." He put it away from him and took up his keys as if returning to business. Then he put them down again. "I've nothing for you to-night," he said.

"Very well, Mr. Graham."

She went back to the restaurant. Not a fake—but was it an alibi? Why couldn't she take the obvious explanation easily? All night she moved as one in a dream, stupidly balancing the two words as if they were a mathematical problem to which there was a correct solution which could be found if one only thought hard enough.

As usual, she hung back till the last for Ted to count her money, hoping that he would not expect any decision. Paul Graham and Bruyere were talking together at the other end of the deserted room. Only the working lights were burning. She clattered her money on to the table, and Ted's quick fingers were busy dividing it into little piles.

"Any specials to-night?" he whispered.

She shook her head. "He had bought jade. He showed it to me. Even told me where he got it."

"Perhaps he suspects us of sleuthing."

"Suspects! It seems to me you're the one who does all the suspecting."

Ted did not answer. He was adding up her money. She straightened herself to wait till he had finished. Then she felt that there was someone standing behind her. There had been no sound, but instinctively she looked around and found

herself staring horror-struck at Gerald Asher. He was even more pallid than usual, and in a hand that visibly trembled he held a revolver pointed at the two unconscious men at the other end of the room.

"Mr. Graham," she screamed.

Paul looked up quickly and stepped aside just as the shot rang out, and the next minute Susan saw a red streak run along the back of his hand. A second shot followed almost immediately, and she saw Bruyere stagger. Ted pushed past her and caught Asher's arm. The fight had gone out of him. He was trembling, and his lips twitched uncontrollably. Paul and Bruyere were coming down the room. In another moment Paul was holding Asher from the other side in a cruel, competent grip. But Bruyere had staggered and stopped, and dropped panting into the nearest chair.

Paul coolly took command. "Quick, Susan—on the house phone. Get the doctor—our own—and Collins."

The doctor had been in bed, so Collins was the first on the scene. He took in the situation at a glance, released Paul

and, with a professional twist, caught Asher in a vice.

He nodded to Ted. "Come on, the poor chap's looney. Help me to get him comfortable till his keepers arrive."

He pushed Asher forward, and the movement seemed to revive him. He started to shout again. "I'll get even with you, Paul Graham. . . . see if I don't. . . ." While he was shouting, Collins was feeling for his handkerchief. In another moment he had it tightly round the man's mouth. "Can't have him disturbing everybody," he said, half apologetically. "We'll go this way." He turned to the service staircase. "I'll come back," he said to Paul.

"Right you are. I'll be in my room."

While he was speaking the doctor arrived. Bruyere forced his lips to a smile. "A gentleman has just mistaken this for Chicago, Doctor."

"That's bad." The doctor undid Bruyere's shirt and examined his chest. "I think I could manage you better in your room, if you can get that far."

"Yes. . . . I can. . . . But we, too, will go the back way. I don't want to upset my guests. There was a little mishap. These things will happen. I would not like anyone to know. You understand, Doctor?"

"Yes, I quite see. I think it's only a flesh wound. If so, it will be all right in a day or two. There's no reason why anyone in the hotel should be upset because of this."

**B**RUYERE turned to Susan. "You understand, little lady. This episode goes no further."

"I understand, Mr. Bruyere."

The doctor put his hand under one arm, Paul under the other, and Bruyere stood up. For a moment he blinked and swayed a little, then he pulled himself together. "It's all right. Paul, you stay here. Collins will want you. He has a very difficult problem to solve."

"All right—if you can manage."

"I can always manage." There was a touch of pride. The fat old Frenchman might be a villain, Sue reflected, but, at least, he was a game villain.

She turned to Paul. "I must fix your hand."

He shook his head. "It's nothing. Only a skin wound."

"Go and sit down. I'll get some warm water from the kitchen and bandages."

Later he gave a little start, and looked





at the bandage in surprise. "Handsome, but quite unnecessary." He pulled himself together and became the man of action. "You know you've done us all a good turn to-night. You kept your head and behaved like a sensible girl all round. Now, as you can well understand, Monsieur Bruyere wouldn't like this to get about. You'll go on being sensible, won't you?"

"I hope so."

"That's right. You can be quite sure that the hotel will not forget its indebtedness to you."

"What do you mean?" He did not notice the ominous cold tone in her voice.

"Well, supposing the hotel's medal for gallantry under fire and discretion under questions took the form of a little present—say a cheque?"

She got up and gathered her things together. Her lips were trembling. She waited a moment to speak. She did not want there to be any sound of tears in her voice.

"You and Monsieur Bruyere can't conceive that anyone could receive a greater reward than a cheque?"

He looked puzzled. So the funny little kid was grumping like all the rest. He was disappointed. He wondered what more she could want. He shifted slowly to look at her. "Well, what do you want? Would you rather have a piece of jewellery? Is that more discreet and more permanent?"

He saw her stiffen, saw the delicate little chin go half an inch higher, the wide grey eyes fill with indignation. Quiescent, he thought in a detached way, how even in the hotel's absurd uniform she had dignity, how, despite the tight little bodice designed to show her breasts beneath, and the short little skirt designed to show her knees, she kept her air of untouchable virginity.

Her words now were quick and low and angry. "You make me sick—absolutely sick. I don't want anything—anything. If you'd have liked you could have said 'thank you,' like a gentleman, but that was too much to expect. If I did anything I did it as one friendly person would for another. If you asked me not to say anything, why, of course, I wouldn't. Why should I? If you were asked to keep somebody else's secret wouldn't you do it? Why should you think I need to be paid?"

He looked at her in amazement. Why should she feel so hotly about it all? My God, everyone was paid. You couldn't run a crooked business without bribing everyone all along the line to keep their mouths shut. The funny little kid was different. Poor little devil, she didn't know the rules of the game.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I'm afraid it's become a bit of a habit with me, paying for everything."

## CHAPTER 6

**C**OLLINS came into Paul's room, shut the door noisily behind him, let his weight down suddenly in the nearest chair, and lit a cigarette.

"I've just seen the doctor. He says that governor'll do fine. Nice clean hole. Bit of luck Asher's such a rotten shot." He took Susan's untouched glass and emptied it at a gulp.

Paul looked at his companion with distaste and nodded. "Yes. But where do we go from here?"

"That's the jolly little problem, isn't it?" Collins laughed. "If it were a corpse now, we could dispose of it—but a one-idea'd fanatic like Asher—very much alive and kicking—well, it beats me. Here's his pop-gun." He laid the revolver on the table.

"What have you done with him now?"

"I've given him some bromide and he's having a lovely nap locked in my room. He's as safe and as happy as a cherub, but some day the blighter will wake up."

"We can't keep him here, Collins. You

realise he comes of a rich and influential family. He'll be missed."

"Fanny anyone missing Asher? Well, they can have the vile body if we can keep his trap shut."

"He's only held his tongue so long because of his sister—because of what he'd call her 'ahame.' She's our clue to conduct. The minute he gets over that reticence, we're booked."

"That's nice. What do we do about it?"

"We can't do a lot."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

Paul passed his unbandaged hand wearily across his eyes. "I've only one suggestion. We must strike a bargain with him."

"Yes, but what have we got to offer?"

"Immunity for Lella Gordon."

"What?"

"We undertake to have nothing more to do with Lella Gordon and her brother undertakes to keep his silly mouth shut."



He raised his eyes to Collins. "And we stick to our bargain."

Collins shifted uneasily. "Bit drastic. Mrs. Gordon is a pretty payer."

"I know she is, but we've made a pretty bit of money out of her already. We mustn't be too greedy. Better men than us have fallen that way. Don't you see, Collins, this isn't a game you can run for ever. It isn't a game you can run for long in the same place. Bruyere knows that."

**P**AUL was astir early the next morning after a restless night. He had hardly slept at all, but he had done a lot of thinking, round and round in circles—hopeless circles.

By six o'clock Collins had Asher in front of him and Paul had very forcibly explained the terms of the proposed pact.

"Now," he fixed Asher's wandering blue eyes with his own keen gaze. His voice was low but commanding, and between the drug, the excitement, the exhaustion, and his own weakness, Asher was a man mesmerized.

"You understand, Asher. You'll gain nothing by not sticking to your side of the bargain. You want your sister to be quit of us, well, she will be if you leave us alone. It's your only way. Otherwise—in this wicked world you know it isn't always good that come out on top—so don't risk another passage of arms with us. Besides, you're a rotten shot. How do you expect your family? I'm sick of the sight of you."

Asher had right on his side but he felt that it was little help to him in the face of these two powerful and determined men. He answered like a sullen child. "I'll go. I don't want to stay here."

"And you understand?"

"Yes. I'll keep my side of the bargain, provided you keep yours."

"Don't you worry, we will. It's one of my few virtues. I play a crooked game but I play it straight. Now cut along."

Collins touched Asher lightly on the arm and led him out the back way. Paul watched them go. Pathetic little man, he thought. Harder to fight than one's professional enemies, because more unaccountable. God, he was tired. He would go up and see Bruyere, who always woke early. He would report progress.

He found Bruyere sitting up in bed breakfasting with his German valet, Karl, in attendance. He dismissed the man.

"Cup of coffee, Paul?"

"No."

"You don't eat enough and you think too much. You get no philosophy, mon vieux."

"Possibly. How are your honorable wounds?"

"Nothing—and yours?"

"That's not my trouble. It's Asher. We've nothing but his good word between us and a cold cell."

"Eh bien. Why also the cold feet? This isn't the first time."

"No, but this is England. It is not so easy to 'get away' with things in England. If you slip you fall much faster and much further."

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are still brave enough to confess it. That takes courage."

"I'm afraid of being punished for something out of which I've had neither enjoyment nor profit."

"You exaggerate."

"No. I've amassed a lot of money, but I'm not sure that that's much good and I've had no fun in doing it. You've always enjoyed yourself. You've liked being crooked. You found it a good game. I went crooked because I was plum crazy with grief and shame and helplessness—you remember—but I've never enjoyed it. Still I've worked at it hard—like I would at any other business—because I've always thought there would be a day when I could be shut of the whole thing. Now I'm beginning to think that perhaps I can never be shut of it—perhaps I've waited too long."

## CHAPTER 7

**A**T eleven o'clock Paul Graham left the hotel for Maria's flat.

He told her of his decision that she must leave the hotel. She was ready for a grand scene, but she shrewdly saw it was for the best.

In the street he felt glad it was over. Maria was overwhelming. She should, he thought, find a rich American, one of the nice, stupid, adoring sort. He would give an introduction to the next suitable one that came to the hotel. Americans were always leaving to "do" Europe, and they enjoyed meeting celebrities. He would like to feel that Maria was well provided for life. She must be thirty now. She could not go on singing for ever. At her best for another ten years perhaps.

"If it's the last thing I do," he thought, "I'll try to provide for Maria."

The phrase stuck in his mind. "If it's the last thing I do." He had a strange sense of foreboding. "The last thing I do."

He hailed a taxi and drove to the agents, arranged for the little American girl to sing that night, and drove back to the hotel. His actions were mechanical, his mind full of problems. Day brought no relief from the depression of the night. His fears, he realised now, were not mere two o'clock in the morning cowardice. The danger from Asher was very real. He must see that Susan left the hotel before anything happened. That was the next thing to do. He smiled ironically at himself. His morning's mission had been saving the woman. A new role. The taxi took its place in the queue of smart cars outside the hotel. He jumped out and paid the man. The doorman saluted him respectfully, his assistant flung open the door, as he passed through the hall waiters, pages, porters, desk clerks, assumed a busier air. If they could have known, he thought, that it was he, not they, who had something to fear. He must find Susan, at once, to settle this business. That would ease his mind. He would miss her, but it was right that she should go. She would not, he thought, be so difficult to persuade as Maria.

He saw her cross the hall in front of him, and was just going to hurry his step when he was forestalled by Ted Trevor. The young man touched her on the arm.

"Going to lunch, Sue?" Paul heard him say, the affectionate abbreviation of her name seeming to emphasise their intimacy.

"Yes, old son."



"Right, I want to talk to you. Let's go."

Paul turned back to his room with a sense of frustration, and Susan and Ted made their way to the staff dining-room. They found a deserted table in a dark alcove. It was an unpopular table but it suited them admirably at the moment.

"Wait a minute," said Ted. "I'll rescue some food and then we can talk without interruption."

Susan knew what was coming. It was always the way, she thought. Ted would discuss things, say all the things that would be so much better left vague and undefined. As soon as you dragged everything into the light you had to start making decisions one way or the other, and there were so many things you didn't want to admit even to yourself. It was going to be very difficult.

Ted came back with a couple of plates. "Now," he said, "we needn't think any more about the food question. We can discuss our plans."

"Plans, Ted?"

"Well, we've got to think what to do next, haven't we? You'd gone to bed when I got back last night, so I couldn't tell you what happened. Of course Collins kept trying to prevent Asher from speaking, but I heard enough . . . He was eager and excited."

"WHAT did you hear?" she said reluctantly. It was no use trying to avoid the issue. She knew that he was determined to tell her.

"It seems his sister, Mrs. Gordon, has been getting dope from Graham. Asher is trying to cure her, and he means to get Graham." He did not notice Susan shiver a little and twist her glass nervously in her hand. "He said a lot of unflattering things about him, in between Collins' efforts to keep his mouth shut. Then Collins gave him a whiff of something that sent him off to sleep." He paused dramatically.

"And then?"

"It was an almost inaudible whisper. 'Well, I hadn't taken much part. I'd been only holding Asher pretty lightly. I wanted him to speak because I thought the more we knew the quicker the whole thing could be cleared up.'"

"I see."

"After he'd gone to sleep Collins said, what about my keeping my mouth shut, and what would it cost."

"Yes?"

Ted threw his head back with a gesture of boyish pride. He flushed a little. "I couldn't take their money, Sue, could I? I wouldn't split on them, but I wouldn't take their money."

She smiled at him approvingly. "You did quite right."

Of course he was quite right. It would be wrong for him to take their tainted money. If it would only end there! If now they could go on to talk about the weather, or the Government, or the state of China. But she knew it could not end there. Ted was strung up to a frenzy of righteousness. Nothing could stop him. He was enjoying himself.

"So I told Collins that what they did was not my affair—as I was leaving."

"Leaving?" her voice was blank.

"Of course we must leave, Sue. You see that, don't you?"

She laid down her knife and fork and pushed her plate away. "You must do what you think best, Ted. I shan't leave."

Ted looked at her in bewilderment. "But you don't understand."

"I think I do." The young voice was regretful. It was an understanding that hurt.

"I wonder. Look here, think how very serious it is. Graham has been selling dope to this Mrs. Gordon. Those cigarettes—you've been his instrument in passing it along. Quite apart from any moral

scruples, don't you see if Asher goes to the police you'll be guilty—just as guilty as Graham."

She did see, but she only shook her head. "I don't think it will happen like that. Mr. Graham will know how to save himself."

AT the customary hour Susan knocked at Graham's door.

"You're the very person I want," he said, and then he noticed that she had her little bowl of warm water. "Great God, not again!"

"The last time. You can keep the bandage off after this I expect." She came up to him and took his hot hand between her two cool ones. "How is it?"

"Splendid."

"I don't believe you." She put her head critically on one side. She was startled to see how white and drawn he looked. "Oh, you do look tired," she said, almost involuntarily.

"Well, my dear, when a fanatic has just tried to kill you and has every intention of repeating the experiment at the first possible opportunity it gives you to think—furiously."

"What have you done with him?"

"Don't worry. I haven't hurt him. He's quite safe."

"Safe for him, or safe for you?"

"Safe for both of us, I hope."

"Poor fellow." She breathed the words. "And how has Monsieur Bruyere been all the day?"

"Splendid. No one could kill Bruyere and plenty of people have tried."

She released his hand. "How does that feel?"

"Fine. Thank you." She smiled at the little formula. He had learnt at least one lesson. "Now, Susan, will you sit down. I want to talk to you."

She took a chair at the other side of the desk and turned her honest grey eyes towards him. "Yes, Mr. Graham?"

He paused for a moment. It was not so easy to know just how to put it gracefully. He did not want her to fly into a passion again.

"Promise you won't get tempestuous. Since six o'clock this morning people have been making scenes at me. One more and



you'll be accountable for my nervous breakdown." Behind his bantering tone she detected a plea that she should be quiet and reasonable. It hurt her to look at him. It clutched at her heart that his eyes should be so tired and despairing and give the lie to the fine smile on his lips.

"I promise," she said.

"Well, Susan, I'm going to dismiss you."

HE made a little movement for fear she should interrupt him. "No, hear me out. It's rather a long story. I want to dismiss you for your own good, and if you won't fly into a passion I would like to offer you compensation. This hotel isn't too healthy at the moment. I made you my innocent accomplice in what you now know to have been a very dangerous pursuit. That was very wrong of me." He gave a little tired sigh. "But my dear Susan, in the course of my career I have done so many things that were wrong that I have grown a hide over my conscience. I cannot any longer feel emotional about my own wickedness. Now you see Asher has got us into a bit of a mess—made things dangerous. I hope I have staved off the trouble, but I can't be certain. I don't want you to be involved."

So, Susan, how about a nice trip abroad at the expense of the Astoria Palace?"

Susan sat silent for a full minute. Then she spoke, low but decisively. "Mr. Graham, I promised not to make a scene, so I am going to try to answer you with as little emotion as if you were asking me to dinner, see?"

"Thank you, Susan. You understand." He waved his hand in the direction of the restaurant. "They're all too tense. It's the atmosphere of the place—always living by artificial light it breeds artificial feelings. Now what about it, Susan?"

"Well, it's just this. I'm not going, Mr. Graham. You feel you made me your innocent accomplice, but in my heart I think I knew. I didn't want to believe it. I wouldn't admit it even to myself—but I'd have been a fool not to have known—and I'm not a fool. So you see I was to blame too. If anything is coming to you it's only fair I should be in on it."

"But, Susan," he leant across the desk with a new animation, "this is absurd. You don't understand."

She put out her hand to stop him. "Who's arguing now? Don't let's. I'm going to stop."

"But why—why? Just give me one good reason?"

Her grey eyes searched his face. "You wouldn't think them good reasons, but they're good enough for me."

He buried his face in his hands. "Susan, I can't argue with you. I'm too tired. I only know you mustn't be allowed to do this."

She got up and came round and stood beside him. "Please, I want to do this. Can't you leave it at that?"

"But you don't understand how unsafe it all is."

"I'm going to stay."

"My God, you're worse than Maria Coloni."

So he had saved her skin—first. She checked the little jealous impulse. "She has gone?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad. It would be terrible to cage such a bird."

Her words seemed to bring him back to the facts. "I don't want any of us caged, thank you. Do you realise I've only Asher's word to lay off us."

TELL me how we stand," I've promised him that Leila Gordon will get nothing more from us. Asher doesn't want any publicity, so of course he's anxious to keep the police out of it if he can. Moreover, he's a weak, hysterical fellow, which is sometimes in our favor and sometimes makes him all the more dangerous. As long as we sell nothing to Leila Gordon he'll do nothing. I trust him in that and he can trust me. But we're not alone and she's a very desperate woman. Susan, if you should ever see her inside the place, warn me. We've nothing but Asher's promise. . . ."

"I see."

"Now, you little fool, how about crying off?"

"No. Tell me—." She stopped. She was diffident of asking. We—we haven't any more customers now."

"No. We've called it a day for the time being. I've worked pretty hard this afternoon. Sir Howard was terrible! Anyway, now the place is clear of stuff and of those who take it." He laughed. "If I can get round this corner I'm thinking of reforming. I've a strange aversion to a long term of penal servitude. So I've no orders for you to-night."

"I see."

"But, Susan, I think you should let me do something besides saying 'Thank you.' I think you're rather selfish to deny me that fun."

He wanted deliberately to tempt her,



She would fall and that would restore his mental balance, cure him of the ridiculous idea that she was any different from other women.

"Do you really want to do something for me?" It was coming now, he thought, and he was not sure whether he was glad or sorry.

"Yes, name it, Susan."

"Promise."

"Is it within reason?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Right, then I promise."

She looked at the little ormolu clock on his mantelpiece. "Well, to-night," she said slowly, "I want you to go to bed at ten o'clock and have a long sleep, and not get up till lunch time, and after lunch I want you to take an open car and go out into the country and get some air, and you may come back in time to give me the orders for the evening."

He laughed. The first time she had heard him laugh without bitterness. "Why,



funny little kid, what good will all that do you?"

She laughed too. "Satisfy something maternal in me, perhaps. I can't bear to see anyone looking so much in need of sleep and fresh air as you!"

"Well, it sounds a ghastly programme to me, but a promise is a promise. But, Susan," he said accusingly, "you don't by any chance, confuse the Watford By-Pass with the Road to Damascus, and me with the other Paul. You're not trying to improve my moral stamina."

"Well," he said, "I'll go if you come with me." Susan agreed, and was ashamed at how thrilled she was.

#### CHAPTER 8

IT hardly took Susan five minutes to slip out of her uniform into her shabby blue coat and skirt. She had never had quite enough money to buy herself a new costume. She had had to rescue her watch out of pawn, and Aunt Kate's locket and her father's books.

She was sorry now. The sunlight showed how often the little skirt had been pressed and turned. She examined herself anxiously. Yet, after all, Paul must have had a surfeit of lovely women in exquisite clothes. She could never hope to compete with them. Besides, he obviously regarded her as one might a young sister—and no one cared how a young sister was dressed.

He was waiting for her by his sports two-seater, and held the door open for her to get in beside him.

"Which way, O Organiser of Expeditions?"

"Hammersmith—Barnes—the Kingston by-pass—the great open spaces."

"Right."

They did not talk much as they struggled through the London traffic and once they were on the by-pass Paul drove too fast for verbal intercourse. Susan did not care. She was happy just to sit there beside him. She thought that the summer breeze on their faces must be dispelling the perpetual fumes which hung over the Astoria Palace.

She directed him off the main road to an inn she had once visited laboriously on a hired bicycle.

He drew up. "Oh, wasn't that lovely," she breathed.

"You're easily pleased." He pulled on the hand brake.

"Of course I am. I haven't seen as

much or had as much of everything as you have."

"That must be nice. It all awaits you."

He jumped out and gave her his hand.

"That's if I get it," she said.

"Pretty little girls like you always get what they want in the end," he said lightly.

"Tea, I think!"

He led the way and they found the little parlor looking on to the garden. They were the only visitors. A smiling maid promised to bring the tea.

Paul laughed at Susan when the girl had left the room. "I've bribed people to keep their mouths shut in all sorts of ways, but your way, Susan, is the strangest and the pleasantest."

"You like it here?"

"I do."

She stood leaning against the jamb of the french window looking out at the roses in the homely cottage garden. "Simple things." Her mind went back to Ted. "It's lovely." She turned to Paul with a smile. "It's wonderful what hush-money can buy."

The little maid came back with the tea and bread and jam and home-made cakes and smiled at them knowingly under the impression that they were a pair of lovers.

SUSAN sat behind the teapot and he watched her amusedly. "Now," he said, taking up his cup, "tell me all about yourself." She pushed the bread and butter towards him. "Nothing thanks. May I smoke?"

She nodded with a tiny sigh. She wished she had enough authority to make him eat properly, but she held her tongue.

"Come, Susan, I want a story. I haven't heard a good life-story, throbbing with heart appeal, since Bruyere was arrested ten years ago for travelling on a false passport. He drew such a heart-rending picture of his waiting, white-haired mother that a kindly Rumanian official let him through."

These sudden casual references to a past of which she knew nothing were disconcerting but obviously deliberate. He had dropped his always very slight pretence of being a respectable citizen. Now she knew him for what he was and he had no intention of sparing her susceptibilities. In fact it was better that they should be hurt. At all costs she must be prevented from thinking well of him. He, who for ten years had been quite indifferent as to what happened to other people, had now some dim sense of responsibility towards this girl. At the moment that she should think badly of him seemed to him even more important than that he should get her out of the tangle at the Astoria Palace.

"You've had a life of adventure. My life could be telegraphed without disturbing anyone's finances. Orphan—reared by aunt now dead—trained commercial college—job city—now Astoria. Could anything be duller?"

"No. But you're not dull. That's what's so queer. You have funny little ideas all your own." He laughed. "Like sending me to bed. Now if that's the past—what's the future?"

"I wonder."

"What would you like to be?"

She considered for a moment. "I have the most homely ambitions. The Astoria Palace has cured me of wanting 'things.' You know every day we see so much food, so many frocks, so many jewels, scent is the air we breathe, flowers are only a solid commodity, cars wait for our clients in queues like buses in the rush hour, their furs put end to end would reach from here to Patagonia—it somehow makes all those 'things' valueless. Why, even Trixie hardly bothers to look at the frocks. She knows they'll all be the best and the latest and the most expensive, so why bother? So I don't want just things that you can buy, any more." She propped her chin on her

hand and looked across at him. "Do you understand?"

"Absolutely. That's why I collect. It isn't enough to be rich. You have to have knowledge. Then you have to find what you're after. In that way I try to create artificial desires for myself. The most terrible thing in life is not to want anything."

"I want very little." She looked out into the sunlit garden. She dropped her voice. "But the things I want are very hard to have."

She said no more. Her mind went on and finished the answer to his question. She wanted someone to care for her and a little house and children. Well, Ted had offered her all those and she had refused them. But she was lying even to herself, and she knew it. All she wanted was Paul Graham, and the sooner she ceased to do so the better, for he was as unattainable as the moon.

"You're a very wise child," he said. Her third violinist, he reflected, would not be able to give her much.

She jumped up and led him into the garden. It was a homely place whose vegetable-beds were edged with flowers. It was high summer. There were roses and lavender and the last of the delphiniums. The dahlias were in bud and so was the Japanese anemone. The air was very sweet. They walked in silence as if they were both a little dazed. The events of the last few days had been a great strain, the future was hazardous. Here was a back-water of quiet. Instinctively they felt that this peace must not be disturbed. There must be no harsh emotion let loose in this gentle garden.

Susan was perfectly happy, but Paul could not so easily lose the habits of a lifetime. He had to watch himself and laugh. He was self-conscious about the whole expedition, afraid that to other people he would look as big a fool as he looked to himself. He was still isolated.

At the bottom of the garden they found a little gate and Susan led the way across a field and up a little rise in the ground. At the top she threw herself down.

"I love the feel of it," she said patting the grass.

He lay at her feet, his hat tipped forward so that it hid his face from her. The hem of her skirt just touched his cheek. He watched the village through half-shut eyes. The blue smoke curled up from a chimney here and there, washing fluted in one or two back gardens. It was an absurdly peaceful scene, unchanged for centuries. His body relaxed. There was an understanding silence between them.

At last he rolled over on his face and said, "You're clever."

She was startled out of her thoughts. "Why?"

"To bring me here."

"It seems impossible that the hotel exists, doesn't it?" She looked down at him though all she could see of his face was his square-cut chin. "May I ask you a question?" she said.

"Why not? I won't swear to answer it."

HER voice was soft and very beautiful, he thought. It had not the vibrant, turbulent quality of Maria's rich notes, it was clear and musical—like Scarlatti after Wagner. No, he did not think the simile quite fair to Maria. Not Wagner. He tried to be more exact, when Susan's voice recalled him to the present.

"It's funny," she said slowly, "I've never known anyone like you before . . . I mean a . . ." She hesitated for a word, and then smiled to mollify him, "a real bad man."



"You mean a criminal," he said shortly. "It's not so romantic, but it's a great deal nearer the truth. It's a word one has always got to remember. It has an ugly, a forbidding sound. It's the right word in this instance."

"I don't like it."

"Don't let's pretend or misce matters. I'm rotten all right, and you mustn't forget it. You see a man may thieve and that doesn't matter much. He takes a string of insured pearls from a rich woman—who cares about that?"

Susan remembered the man with the scar in the hotel lounge, and Paul's white look of recognition. What part had he had in that? She sighed. The afternoon did not look quite so innocently sunny as it had done five minutes ago.

"A man may murder in anger," he was saying, "there's something picturesque, almost noble in that. But a man who peddles dope." He paused expressively. "Don't think I have any illusions, and you mustn't have any either."

"I know," she said softly. "It's queer. I ought to feel frightfully shocked—but I can't." She did not tell him that she could only feel profoundly sorry. Somewhere he had lost his way.

"And your question?"

"It's impertinent."

"I'm prepared."

"I don't want to know just what you've done or how you've done it . . ."

"Then?"

"I want to know why you did it, and what it feels like." She looked away into the distance. She trembled a little at the magnitude of her own question.

A moment that seemed a very long one elapsed before he spoke. "The why is a very old and conventional story—the initial mistake. He smiled reminiscently. "Need I explain?"

"No. And has it been fun?"

"It's been Hell. Queer that the silly, sentimental moralists should be proved right in the end. At least that's how it seemed to me, but then you know I think it might have been just the same whatever I did."

"Why?"

"Why? Because whether you're honest or dishonest, people let you down. They're disappointing. Humanity is poor and mean. We go on all our lives bolstering ourselves up with the idea that it matters about them—that they are noble and important. But they're neither. That's what I discovered early. It doesn't matter cheating them because they're of so little worth."

"SOME day a miracle will happen and you'll change your mind."

Some day, she thought to herself, he will fall in love with someone—someone like Maria—only a Maria toned down to fit better into ordinary life. Then whatever she was like he would think her incomparably noble and important and he would see all humanity reflected in her eyes.

"The age of miracles is passed," he said. He got to his feet and held out his hand to her. "We must go back. Heaven only knows who is shooting who in our hostelry."

"I hope someone shoots Ramsden."

"He's a bit of a pill, but you can't run a successful restaurant without a man like that, always prying and scolding, keeps everyone on the jump and up to the mark. Humanity again."

She laughed. "You've never tried appealing to our better nature. Yank, remember Abe Lincoln, boy, and shake us a good

cocktail to-night. Susan, there's no fun like work. Trixie, for the sake of the old firm, make 'em say it with flowers."

"And would any of you respond; not a bit!" They had reached the little garden again. He stopped. "Susan," he said, and his voice was serious.

"Yes."

"I wish you'd leave the hotel."

She shook her head. "You said yourself I'd had a dull life. Let me go down in a blaze of excitement."

"You don't understand. If it were exciting, who'd care? I don't mind being hurried or even hung. But to be left alone with my thoughts for years—no, I'll not stand for that. So you see you mustn't get into this. You're not prepared. If the worst comes to the worst I've got a way out."

"A way out?" Her eyes were round with fright.

"Yes. A little sleep and a forgetting." He quoted smilingly. "I haven't been dealing in dope for ten years without learning a thing or two."

"Suicide?" It was a whisper.

"It's hereditary, I think. My father—that Japanese print. . . ." Her mind went back to his office. So that was it.

She looked at him squarely, trying to accustom herself to the idea. "You're right," she said surprisingly.

"I'm glad you understand."

HE said no more, and he drove her back at a breakneck speed that put an end to all conversation.

He stopped at the staff entrance. "I must take the car round to the garage."

"Thank you so much. It's been wonderful." His hand was on the steering-wheel. She laid hers lightly on it for a moment. "We may win through," she whispered.

"We'll fight every inch of the way."

Paul watched her go towards the door. A young man was leaning against it. Just at that moment Susan dropped her bag and Paul had a curious moment of jealousy as he saw the stranger stoop to pick it up and hand it back to her with a knowing smile. Some fresh young corner boy. He had no business hanging round the staff entrance like that.

Susan took her bag and ran lightly down the stairs. She had to go quickly before she asked him the question that hovered on her lips. If he won through? If he escaped what by all the conventional laws of men and moralists should be his due—what then?

He watched her go, his mind working in the same direction. He might fight—he might escape—but what then? Were there other things as absorbing as this evil, adventurous life? It was hell, perhaps, but at



least it was a hell where no one could be bored. He watched his rich, idle clients, and he knew that he who preyed upon them had the more amusing time. Dangerous, perhaps, but danger was not too big a price to pay for a life's entertainment. If now, after ten years, it had lost its zest and flavor, he did not want to exchange it for the life he saw around him in the hotel. For what life, then? He jammed his car viciously into gear. His hand ached his fingers were cramped with driving. He turned the car towards the main road. He was sick of thinking.

As he passed the front of the hotel on their return he noticed Asher like a blonde ghost, standing a few feet from the swing doors at the entrance. Asher was waiting. Paul had almost forgotten Asher this afternoon, but now he remembered. The net was closing slowly around him. Ramsden was secretly furious that

Graham had taken the little cigarette girl away for the afternoon. It was things like this, he fumed, that made it impossible for him to keep good discipline. Bravery had ruined Trixie. She was growing idle and impertinent. Now he supposed Graham would do the same with Susan Walters. He made the waiters' lives a misery during the tea hours. Someone must feel the weight of his discipline. Susan, certain that she would be badly received, hurried into her uniform and appeared with her most placating smile. Ramsden, however, was impervious to such wiles.

"Nice upset you've had me in all the afternoon. Stock is all anyhow. You go out without a thought. The least you might do is to leave your things in order. There are no Russian cigarettes at all up here. Go down to the store room and get them."

"Yes, Mr. Ramsden."

Susan hurried off, feeling a vague sympathy with the bad-tempered little man. After all, it must be very trying to be perpetually coping with the problems of the restaurant. She dashed downstairs.

At the foot of the staircase was a little room, not often used, in which the china, glass and . . . ate for banquets were stored. The Astoria Palace did very little business of this sort and the room, with the high baize-lined cupboards, was often the resort of casual people who wanted a word with one another in private. As Susan drew near she noticed that the door was ajar, and the next moment her eyes met those of Collins. He was standing back to let someone pass, but when he saw Susan he tried for a moment to stop his companion. It was too late, however. She came out and walked to the stairs at the other end of the passage that led to the street.

Susan gasped. She had just had time to recognise Lella Gordon.

Her first thought was that Paul was in danger and must be warned.

Before Susan could collect her wits enough to speak to him Collins had pushed past her and hurried upstairs.

Susan realised that she was trembling. The chit which Ramsden had given her for the storekeeper fluttered in her hand. It was terrible. If Asher saw Mrs. Gordon, knew that she had been at the hotel, Paul was lost. She must warn him. She walked on blindly towards the store and handed her chit across the counter. She hardly heard what the clerk was saying. She was trying so hard to think what Paul could possibly do in this emergency, trying to think what possible avenue of escape they could find.

THE clerk was a long time giving her the cigarettes. She was not sorry. It gave her a chance to subdue the tumult of her feelings. When she told Paul her news she wanted to behave sensibly, with as much dignity as she could. He hated hysterical women.

There was a floor housekeeper in front of her who wanted a dozen towels. It was a good ten minutes before Susan got her cigarettes and started up the stairs again.

Now that her mind was clearing she realised that she must hurry. Every moment might be of importance. She must see Paul at once.

Ramsden met her at the door of the restaurant. "My goodness, what a time you've been. I thought perhaps you were rolling the cigarettes yourself. Now hurry up. You've wanted over there," and he indicated a solitary early diner.

"Might I speak to Mr. Graham first? I have an important message for him?"



"Certainly not. You've been out with him the whole afternoon and nothing very important can have happened within the last half hour that you are back."

"But it is important."

"Well, you can't. Anyway he isn't here."

"Not here?"

"No. He hasn't come down to his room yet."

"Then may I telephone him?"

"Of course you mayn't. If it's anything to do with your work you can tell me and if it isn't to do with your work you can keep it to yourself. Now go over to that client—quick."

"Yes, Mr. Ramsden."

Susan was beaten. She knew that now he would be watching her all the evening. How could she communicate with Paul?

When Paul had garaged the car, he crossed the hall and moved in the direction of the restaurant. The place was unusually empty, for there was always a lull between those who danced through their tea time and those who danced through their dinner. As he came near Trixie's flower stall he noticed that slim young man clutching a violin case had engaged her in earnest conversation. Suddenly to his surprise he saw the boy's hand pass quickly over Trixie's red curls. It was all done in a flash, but Paul was amazed that the liberty was allowed, and not too pleased that it should take place in one of the public corridors of the hotel. He would speak to Trixie later. The man must be a member of the orchestra. He remembered Maria's tale of a third violinist. Were all his staff in love with musicians? Or was Trixie stealing Susan's young man? That would never do. Susan could never fight her corner against the tough little red head. He must put a stop to it at once. But perhaps . . . Had



Susan merely been a go-between for Trixie? He liked that idea. He slackened his pace. He would say nothing.

The next moment the intervention of Collins put the whole affair out of his head for the time being.

**C**OLLINS had also done some pretty quick thinking and had decided to get in first with his story.

"Must have a word with you at once," he said. "Come to my room."

"Why not to mine? It's pleasanter."

Collins shook his head. "No time to explain," he said, determined to put Paul out of reach of the telephone. Susan would not think of looking for him except in his own room. Paul was too well trained to his job to argue. He merely nodded and followed.

He had a certain distaste for Collins' dark little bedroom. For all its elegant Astoria hangings it managed to look sordid. Perhaps this was due to the detective's personal belongings, which were always scattered about as if he never intended to stay more than a night in any place. His hair brush was almost bare, and it lay forlornly on the elegant, glass-topped dressing-table. By his bed there were always a couple of newspapers, and all round the place was a litter of half-smoked cigarettes. Paul, the fastidious, hated this room.

"Sit down," said Collins. "Have a drink?"

"Yes."

Collins sipped the two glasses before he spoke. He had to invent his story quickly. He hoped it would hold water.

"What's up?" asked Paul. He did not want to have to stay longer than was absolutely necessary.

"It's about the girl that sells the cigarettes."

Paul looked up sharply. This was not what he had expected. "Well, what about her?"

"I've had my suspicions for a long time but this evening they were confirmed and now I'm pretty sure."

"Pretty sure of what?"

"Pretty sure she's spying on us—either for the police or as an agent of Asher's."

Paul's voice was very cold and calm. "What makes you think that?"

"Let's go back a bit first then I'll tell you about this evening. I never trusted the kid. Too amiable and willing to be natural. Took the 'specials' like a lamb she did. Asked no questions. Why? She's an intelligent girl and well-educated. She must have thought things—like the other ones did."

"I don't see that that proves much."

"No. It don't. It's just a bit queer. Then here's another funny thing. She's educated she is. I've heard her talking French with Alphonse. What does she want a job like this for—a job any fool can do?"

"She was starving."

"Starving, my aunt! I don't believe in that faint she did. I told you at the time."

Then Paul remembered his own suspicions. He hadn't believed in her then, but she had worked her way into his confidence. He sat up and leaned forward. "By God, I wonder if you're right."

**I**'M pretty well sure I am. She comes here and what do we know about her. Merely Ted Trever's recommendation and he's leaving."

Somewhat as Collins said it Ted's voluntary resignation became a slur on his character. At other times Paul might have argued that Ted's leaving had nothing to do with the case. Now it seemed another item in the count against Susan. "Now we come to to-night. I was in the restaurant doorway and I heard Ramsden tell her to go down to the store-room. You can ask him if you don't believe me. She went off with a chit in her hand and something—old sleuthing instincts perhaps—made me follow her. She went downstairs and then up the stairs to the street—very cautious like—and made a sign to a fellow to come across from the other side. They spoke together for a moment and then she went back to the store-room to get her cigarettes. She was giving some message and if we have trouble round here that will be the reason why."

Paul moistened his lips. "Damn funny," he said in a strained voice that Collins did not notice. Of course he remembered now. The young man at the top of the steps—Susan's dropped bag—the signal.

"And I'll tell you something else that's damned funny." Collins finding a sympathetic audience was warming to his task. It was proving easier than he had expected.

"She knows now what we're up to . . . she knows the risk she's running . . . You've offered to let her go. Well, would any decent, honest girl stay once she knew? Would any ordinary girl run such a risk? Of course not. The thing's absurd. The reason she's staying is because it isn't any risk to her. She's working with the police."

**O**VER Paul swept a wave of the old discouragement. Collins was right. He had been a fool not to see it before. The ugly voice went on driving home its points. "What annoys me is that I've been so long humbling to it. She's got us where she wants us all right. Did she give any reason for being willing to stay?"

Paul remembered strangely clearly everything that she had said. "Nothing that you would think a good reason." He couldn't tell that to Collins. "No," he said shortly.

"See. What did I tell you?"

"The only thing that puzzles me, Collins, is why she's waiting. We've got no stuff in the place now. The case is much harder

to prove against us than it would have been even a week ago."

"Prove! Why she's probably been handing out proofs the whole time. Think of the cigarettes she's had her mitta on."

"Our only safeguard is that the interested parties won't speak. Any one will admit to being burgled or assaulted—so will their relations—but no one will admit to taking dope, and their relations would rather die than have the world know. Asher will do anything to keep Lella Gordon's name out of it, but then Asher is half crazed. I'll admit you can't judge his actions by ordinary standards."

"Crazy, you're right. You can't trust a word he says. He's that fanciful he might imagine he saw Lella Gordon here and shoot us up in consequence. He loves playing with that gun. Anyway our next step is to get rid of the Walters girl. Clear her out at once before she gets us in any worse."

"That's stupid. She knows the worst. We gain nothing by clearing her out. What we have to do now is to watch her."

Collins shook his head. "I should get rid of her. She's a menace."

"Don't be a fool, man. She knows already. What do we gain by clearing her out? It's better to have her under our eyes so that we can know when and how she's going to strike."

"You take my advice and get her out."

Paul looked at him impatiently. This was a stupid argument in which each of them said the same thing over and over. "I'll ask Bruyere," he said and got up to go. "Meanwhile, you'll watch her."

"We've no time to lose."

"No. I'll speak to Bruyere right away."

"Good."

**P**AUL, however, did not go straight to Bruyere's apartment. He took the lift to his own room. He wanted to think this thing out. In the quiet he sank wearily into an armchair. So that was it. The "funny little kid" was a police spy. A miracle had not happened. He had let her fool him. He had talked nonsense—dangerous nonsense he now realised. Yet everything that he had said was true. Humanity was mean and rotten, ignoble and untrustworthy. If he perished it would be because one sunny afternoon, in a cottage garden, he had denied his own faith, and put his trust in a pair of honest grey eyes.

The phone bell rang. He took it up wearily. "Yes?"

"I must speak to you." It was Susan. "I've escaped Ramsden for a second, but he's coming. It's frightfully important. Please come down and ask for me."

She rang off suddenly. Yes, he would go down. He would be amused to hear her story.

He spotted Susan at the far end of the restaurant. Juan Diaz was running his fingers up and down her arm while making great show of choosing his cigarettes. Paul knew so well that little stiffening of her figure, how her chin went half an inch higher in silent protest, though in deference to the hotel's rules she allowed what Ramsden quaintly described as "seemly familiarities." He sent a page across to fetch her, and a moment later she followed him into his room.

He shut the door behind them and took up his old position at the desk. His face was hard and cold. He was quite different from the man she had left an hour ago.

"Well?"

"Oh, Mr. Graham, a dreadful thing has happened. When I came down to the restaurant Mr. Ramsden sent me to the store-room."

He nodded. So far at least their stories tallied. "Well?"

"At the foot of the stairs I saw Collins and Mrs. Gordon. She slipped out quickly but I saw her quite distinctly, and Collins pushed past me and dashed up the stairs."



"Really? Quite sure?" Susan was bewildered at his tone of cold hostility.

"Yes. Quite sure."  
He leant forward and looked at her closely. Honest grey eyes. It seemed almost impossible that she should be lying. Yet she was. Just because he wanted to believe her, he set his heart against it. The thing you wanted was never the right or the true thing.

"I don't believe you," he said coldly.

"**B**UT why not?" She was astonished. Why should he suddenly take up this attitude?

"Because Collins has told me the truth."

"I don't understand."

"You went down to the store-room—yes—and then you went up the stairs to the street—you spoke to the young man—the same young man that you signalled to by dropping your bag when we came in."

"What do you mean?"

"You've been very clever. I congratulate you. It was a masterstroke to try to sow dissension in the camp by making me suspect Collins."

"I don't understand."

"Well, the game's up. We know who you are."

"Mr. Graham—please—I honestly don't know what you're talking about."

"I'll call your bluff. I'll tell you. You're a police spy, that's what you are, and a very clever one too."

"But what in the world makes you think that?"

"Collins told me—how you went up the stairs—"

"Why should you believe Collins and not me?"

"I've known him longer."

"Is that the only reason?"

"No. That isn't all."

"Well?"

"This is what really convinces me and I can't think why I didn't see it before. No honest girl would be willing to stay here. You've been very clever with your innocent ways. Of course you were willing to stay here because you'd nothing to fear. The police won't touch you. Can you give me any better explanation? Why were you willing to stay?"

"She did not answer for a moment, then she spoke very low."

"Yes, I'll tell you why I wanted to stay."

He leant back in his chair and his face was hard and smiling. "Good. I'll be interested to hear that," he said.

"You will be more than interested," she said with quiet bitterness, "you'll be surprised and perhaps amused."

#### CHAPTER 9

"**I**'M listening," he said. She did not speak for a moment. The words seemed so absurd she could hardly bring herself to say them, absurd now when he was so far away from her, with that cruel smile on his lips and that cold light in his eyes. They could have been easy to say this afternoon in the cottage garden, but now they were the hardest words in the world.

"I stayed," she said slowly, "because I wanted to help you."

He laughed, and she winced as if he had struck her. "That's a good one. How could you help me? Why should you want to help me? Why, you hardly know me."

"I see that now," she said.

"Well, why?"

She turned away wearily. "I can't explain."

"I thought not. Well, you've got us nicely. When do you spring the mine?"

She sighed. "It's no good my talking to you because you won't believe anything I say."

"No, but as I've told you before, I love a well-told tale."

He could not take his eyes from her

white face. He wanted to hurt her as she had hurt him, and he knew that he was succeeding. She looked at him desperately, like an animal caught in a trap.

"I'll tell you a tale." Her voice which had been trembling gathered strength. She faced him. He saw her little chin go up and her shoulders straighten. "There's no need for you to believe it—the loss will be yours. You tried to bribe me once, and I told you I was willing to keep my mouth shut—for love." She paused a moment, as if anxious to concentrate her thoughts, and then went on, "Now, I'm going to tell you a lot of things that will surprise you—things that no one has ever told you before. You won't believe them now, but you won't forget them. You don't believe that people ever do things for one another except for gain. You're wrong. I wanted to stay here simply because I liked you—her voice softened—"because I was sorry for you. I know that sounds absurd. You were a rich, powerful man, and I was starving. But I wasn't as unhappy as you were. That's why I was sorry for you, and even you won't dare tell me you were happy. I couldn't help you in the ordinary way, but somehow it seemed to me in this crazy place that I was the only one who had kept hold of the simple things. I thought that was what you needed. Stupid, wasn't it?" Her voice trembled a little. "Now, I'll tell you something even stupider. I wanted to make you happy. I want to still. You're going to fight every inch of the way. Well, so am I. Somehow I'll find a way to make you believe me. You're not unfair. You've got to give me the same chance as you've given Collins. Within the next few days something is pretty well bound to happen which will show which of us is speaking the truth. Then we shall know."

"That's fair," he said stiffly.

She made a last appeal. "You still don't believe me?"

He bowed ironically. "I'm sorry. I'm seldom fooled once—never twice."

**W**HEN she had gone he roused himself to go to see Bruyere. His body felt as if he had been beaten. He forced himself out of his seat. He had lost the will to fight. What did it matter? They were all liars—only the funny little kid lied better, more convincingly than the rest. He had been right when he wished her dead. It had been a foreboding. Strange things she had said. She had warned him that he would not forget them. He shivered a little. He hoped that it was not true. He did not want to remember this ghastly day, neither its pleasure nor its pain. He did not want to fight her. She seemed so small, so galling, so fragile an adversary.

It was not enough to wish her dead. Why should she only escape? He didn't want to go on. He toyed with the idea—and ceased upon the midnight with no pain. It sounded very comforting.

An incongruous thought in this great temple to the art of good living. He walked along the corridor, with its soft lights, its discreet mirrors, its lacquered doors, its heavy carpets, its silent servants, all part of the temple's ritual, all part of the incense and the invocation to the gods of good living.

He found Bruyere at his desk. "Well, my Paul, where have you been all the day?"

"I've been playing the fool." He sat down heavily. "We're sunk, Bruyere, sunk."

"What is new?"

Paul told him in detail the conflicting stories of Collins and Susan, but he said little of his own indiscretions in the garden of the inn. Bruyere listened, as his wont in attentive silence, but when Paul finished he did not seem impressed.

"They are probably both lying."

"What makes you think that?"

Bruyere's eyes danced. "One night I saw

them. Collins is such a Don Juan! She slapped his face." Bruyere's comfortable laugh filled the room. "It was amusing, that. Years since I have seen such a fine Victorian gesture of outraged virtue."

"That's interesting."

"Yes. They have quite a spite against each other. There may be no truth in either story—it may merely mean that they have had another passage of arms."

For a moment Paul hugged the idea to his heart, then he rejected it. "No, I'm afraid not. There was an urgency in their manner."

"My dear Paul, the truth of the matter is that you are run down. You see things more dramatically than you would normally. We've had a trying week. You mustn't worry so. Have them both watched and then we'll soon get to the bottom of it."

Paul laughed. "And who is going to watch the watchers? Collins may have been tempted by Lella Gordon's money. Susan may have been tempted by Asher's money. The man who watches them will find someone else to bribe him! Our trouble is that we can't trust anybody."

But Bruyere had a plan: he sent for Trixie.

**B**RUYERE smiled. "My dear Paul, you must do the job yourself. Of course you can't trust others. That has always been our curse—is always the curse of people like ourselves. We have too much at stake. We are worth too much to other people. I have never trusted anyone—not even you. Your trouble is that you would always like to find someone whom you can trust, but you are too clever to be taken in, and so you have to go on searching in vain. I have almost given up all hope of making you a philosopher."

"All you can make of me is a misanthrope," said Paul, as he got up to go. "I'm that all right. Well, I'll go and see about my two birds. I'll keep Collins by me, and I'll tell Ramsden that the girl isn't to be let out. I'll say that as she was out with me to-day she must stay in this week."

"Right. I leave all that to you. Ex-kings are getting as common as Russian prisoners. We are to have one to-morrow. I'm making all preparations. There must be no visible hitch in the ordinary life of the hotel."

"No. I'm fixing a super-attraction for



next week a cabaret. Five young ladies from Australia who dance on their hands. Disgusting!"

"Splendid. Personally I think we are safe. It would be a clever man who could prove a thing against us. We have been careful. The English law with its delightful insistence on witnesses is such a help to us poor criminals."

"Yes. If the girl were to try any tricks there's hardly a thing she's heard that would be admitted as evidence."

"So you see—the game goes on."

"And when we're round this corner?"

"Yes. I've been thinking of that. I suggest a decent pause. We sell the business at a profit, and move to Rome for a while. Carletti tells me there is a lot doing there now in our line. What do you think?"

Paul did not answer. He was looking out of the window at the river. He thought distastefully of Rome. He was tired of opening luxury hotels in the capitals of Europe. Tired of being "wanted."

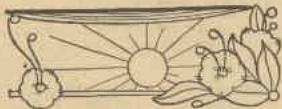
"Ever think of retiring, Bruyere?"

"Oh, not for me. I should go phut like the big American business men."



"I will not come to Rome."  
"Hein?"  
"I am too tired."  
"Oh, a little holiday..."  
"No, I can't go on." Strange how he wanted to say "I'm too unhappy." That was nonsense, of course. That was Susan's phrase. Grown men didn't expect to be happy. He wondered why the word kept returning to him as the right word, as the real explanation of his wanting to be quit of the whole business.  
"What are you worth?"  
Bruyere's calm indifference hurt. That was stupid. They had worked together for ten years. Bruyere liked him because he was quiet and clever, but it was obviously a matter of complete personal indifference to him whether he ever saw him again. Paul felt that this was somehow wrong. Was it only he who demanded something of human relationships, something that seemed to have been left out of the composition of the men with whom he worked? The funny little kid said that normal people did things for each other just for love. He would like to believe that. It made life seem somehow less exquisitely pointless. Meanwhile, he answered Bruyere's question in the same level tone.  
"I could afford it."  
"But what would you do?"

THE clever old man had found the question that Paul could not answer. What would he do? What was there in all the world that he wanted to do? He liked books and pictures, rare old jade and good old china. But that was not enough to fill a man's life. What would he do? It was his inability to answer this question that had kept him where he was for the last ten years.  
"Oh, I'd bum around," he said casually.  
"Would you enjoy that?"  
"Merchless old man. He saw through Paul's pretence. He could not hold him by an appeal to their affection, by a rosy picture of their future together. There was no affection and Paul knew the future only too well. But he could hold him by fear of something worse. Boredom. At least what Bruyere offered filled the twenty-four hours of the day, held thought at bay, and even offered a modicum of excitement. He did not want to lose Paul. He was a good ally.



"I'll enjoy it all right," Paul was vague.  
"Well, that is fine. When we round this corner we will discuss it again, n'est-ce pas? Meanwhile..."  
"Yes, meanwhile I'd better get back on the job."  
When Paul had gone Bruyere sat for a long time thinking over all that he had heard, a frown on his forehead, not of anger but of concentration. He must get to the bottom of these conflicting stories. He must know the truth. If Susan Walters were a police spy... The thin lips hardened to a cruel smile. If Collins had double-crossed them. The laughter left his eyes. If... He would find out. Paul was too soft for this job.  
He lifted the house phone. "Give me the flower-stall, please."  
While he waited he played with a pencil that lay on his desk. He drew a little square on the blotting paper. He barred it across. It might have been a prison cell. Then his features relaxed. His voice was pleasant to hear. "Is that you, Trixie? Tell the good Mr. Ramsden I want you, and come up here right away."  
He rang for his secretary. She came in promptly from the adjoining room. "Here

are all the orders about our ex-king's suite. See that I am not disturbed for a quarter of an hour—not on any account."  
Trixie was always delighted at a respite from the orchids and the gardenias. She told Ramsden of Bruyere's message and called Ramsden over.  
"Here, watch the garden produce while I'm with my old man upstairs. Why, what's the matter with you?" she said, startled at the sight of Susan's white face.  
"You setting up in competition with my lillet?"  
"I'm all right."  
"You look it. Well, bad news will keep. I've got to buzz off. You can tell your ammie later. Be good."  
Susan settled a few buttonholes on her tray and crossed the room at a sign from Juan Diaz. "You are unhappy," he said in his direct way.  
"Yes."

SMILING and good-humored, with a provocative swing of the hips, Trixie came into Bruyere's room.  
"Ah, my dear, it is always so nice to see your pretty face. You would like a little cocktail?" He poured her one and from his desk produced a large box of chocolates which was as much part of his fighting equipment as his mastery of half a dozen languages.  
Trixie curled herself in the armchair opposite to listen. Bruyere would not have sent for her just for fun.  
"My dear, I am in a little trouble. I want your advice." The old liar blinked at her in his most fatherly manner.  
"Flattered, I'm sure."  
"There has been such a bother in the restaurant—little things are missing—a lady left her bag, it went—spoons also—some money from the bar." Bruyere paused in the composition of his fairy tale, "a little unpleasant."  
"I should think so. Who took 'em?"  
"Ah, that is the point. Now Mr. Graham and Mr. Ramsden think it is your little friend—the one you share a room with, the one that sells the cigarettes."

"Susan?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I never! Ramsden always has had his knife into her, but I should have thought Mr. Graham would have known better."  
"Why?"  
"I thought he liked her."  
"Ah-ha." Bruyere nodded and stored away the information. "You don't think she would do a thing like that?"  
"Don't think! Of course she wouldn't."  
"Tell me what you know about her. We must try to defend her together."  
"Well, she's a frightfully innocent kid. She doesn't know what anybody is up to. Think the best of 'em all."  
"Does she tell you about things?"  
"Well, there isn't much to tell. I mean she works there"—Trixie's well-manicured little hand indicated a spot in the carpet—"and I work there—a few feet away. Anything that happens to her isn't exactly news to me."  
"But sometimes she goes out with Mr. Graham?"  
"Only to-day—just this once. She's got a crazy notion that she needs fresh air. Did you ever hear the like?"  
"You don't think he does?"  
"I think..." She stopped. "Well, I mustn't say it because he's a friend of yours. I've told Susan what I think, though."  
"And what does she say to that?"  
"Oh, she's bats, poor girl, that's all there is to it. She says she's sorry for him. Sorry! I ask you! What is there to be sorry about?"  
Bruyere smiled. "You think he looks quite happy?" Women were clever, he thought, much cleverer than men.  
Trixie was puzzled for a moment. She thought Paul Graham looked rich and suc-

cessful. You weren't sorry for a man if he were rich and successful. She had never thought about whether he looked happy. "Well, I don't know—but he ought to be. He's got everything, hasn't he? I mean if he isn't happy now it's nobody's fault but his own."  
"I see. So you think they'd be quite wrong in imagining that our Miss Susan would do anything dishonest—tell a lie for instance?"  
"Of course they'd be wrong, but then trust men to be wrong, especially two men like that." She looked across at him. "You wouldn't make such a stupid mistake but they would."  
"Why?"  
"Because Ramsden believes we all want to wreck his restaurant, and Mr. Graham hardly knows one of us from the other, so how can they tell?"  
Shrewd little girl, thought Bruyere. Her testimony was worth ten of that offered by Collins. So Susan Walters had been speaking the truth. He was glad to know.  
"Well, thank you very much, my dear. I shall do everything I can to help her. You've convinced me that she is not the culprit. However, keep this to yourself. It mustn't get about. The best way to clear her is to catch the real thief and we won't do that if we make a noise."  
"No, Mr. Bruyere, I'll keep quiet."  
"That's a good little girl. I won't forget you."

SO Susan Walters had spoken the truth. That altered the complexion of things. Bruyere sent for Barnes, his chief accountant, and late into the night they were going over item by item the financial position of the hotel.  
Next day Paul asked for M. Bruyere.  
The waiter's reply surprised him. "He's gone away, sir. He asked me to tell you. Called out of town by business, but he'll be back quite soon."  
"He's gone alone?"  
"Yes—except that he took Karl, of course."  
"Of course."  
Paul's imagination raced wildly, but he checked himself. "Where's Miss Power?"  
"She told me last night, sir, that Monsieur Bruyere said she need not come to-day as he would be away. I gave the letters to your secretary, sir."  
"I see. Thank you."  
Paul refused to give credence to the thoughts that raced through his brain. Cautious Bruyere. Whatever he intended to do he would not commit himself to paper. Paul walked down to the cashier's desk.  
"Mr. Barnes." The man stepped aside out of earshot of his assistants. "Monsieur Bruyere has had to go away on business."  
"I know, sir, he said he wouldn't be back for two or three days." It seemed that everybody knew except Paul.  
He betrayed nothing of his feelings. "I find that the deal he is going to put through will take a lot of ready money. Did Monsieur take much with him?"  
"Oh, a great deal. I cashed a big cheque for him last night, out of our ready money, and he's taken some of the bonds that were in the safe, and—I'll show you the accounts, sir. It's all in order. He went through them with me last night."  
Paul shook his head. He knew Bruyere. He would have taken only what was his due. "No, that's all right, Mr. Barnes. I just wanted to be sure that he had enough."  
"Thank you, sir."  
Paul felt dazed. Bruyere was gone. Bruyere who last night had been so philosophic about their position had been the first to leave the sinking ship. To do him justice he had ascertained that Paul had no desire to come with him. Things



were no worse than they had been before, save that Paul had an increasing sense of being deserted. In point of hard fact he could not see that Bruyere's presence helped them any. Bruyere was right to go. The present mess was entirely Paul's own fault. He should have tumbled quicker to the fact that Susan Walters was not to be trusted.

A WAITER came up and touched him on the sleeve.

"You're wanted downstairs at once, sir," Paul hurried down to the restaurant. Ramsden was by the door talking to a stranger and behind the stranger he saw the blonde head of Gerald Asher.

"Ah, Mr. Graham," he heard Ramsden's voice, "some gentlemen to see you."

"This way, please," Susan saw them cross the room with a sinking heart. Now perhaps Paul would learn that she had spoken the truth. But she did not want him to learn it at such a cost.

Paul led the two men to his room, shut the door, gave them chairs and entrenched himself behind his desk. "Can I offer you anything to drink?"

He looked across at them now and forgot that he was tired and indifferent and at the end of the trail. His fighting spirit returned. He was a better man than Asher any day of the week. Asher had on his side law and order, the respectable community, the lord of the big battalions and the funny little kid. Well, Paul would fight the lot of them, and win through. He was all alone now.

He studied the two men. The stranger had a kindly, stupid face. Asher was very white and his fanatical blue eyes roved anxiously around the room. His nervous hands were never still. A shocking witness, thought Paul. Individually the enemy were not formidable, but they were strong because of the forces behind them. "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

Asher moistened his lips before speaking. "You know me, Graham," he said in tones that were already dangerously hysterical. "Certainly, Mr. Asher, you've been here several times."

"And why?" he demanded passionately. Paul gave a little superior smile. That is surely for you to answer. The more Asher lost his temper the better. He was never impressive, and the angrier he got the more confused he became.

But Asher did not answer the question. He pulled himself together as if obeying some inward warning that told him he must try and keep his head. "Well, this time, Graham, I've brought a detective, see?"

"A detective?" Paul expressed just a shade of polite surprise. "I'm glad to meet you, Inspector."

"Taylor," said the big man, nodding amiably.

"And what is it all about?"

"I'll tell you," said Taylor. "Mr. Asher says you have been selling drugs to a lady friend of his."

"Dear me, what is her name?" Paul nodded to Asher, giving the impression that he was humoring a child.

"That's just what Mr. Asher won't tell me." There was a shade of grievance in Taylor's tone. "Affair of honor, you know. I assure him that with me everything is as safe as houses, but he won't believe it."

AND when was I supposed to be doing all this?"

"You know—you know," Asher could contain himself no longer. He burst into a more or less incoherent account of Mrs. Gordon's visits to the restaurant, of her reception of the cigarettes, and of his own attempt at murder. At the end he was shouting, in a high, quavering voice. "And

I told you if she were seen here again—I told you what to expect. Well, she was seen and Collins gave her the stuff . . ."

Paul heard no more. So the funny little kid had been speaking the truth. Asher's voice went booming on, but Paul suddenly felt light-hearted. It was ridiculous, of course, but there it was. Suddenly he knew that he could fight and destroy them, and that it would all be worth while. He turned to the detective with a new animation.

"Well, Inspector, to me the story sounds fantastic, but I admit that in a hotel this size no one can be absolutely sure of their subordinates, absolutely certain of what goes on all day and all night. Now, naturally, I'm just as anxious as you are to get to the bottom of this. It's a strange story. One that will take a bit of proving, I think. Meanwhile, you're most welcome to search the place for drugs or for anyone who has any knowledge of this affair."

"Thank you, Mr. Graham. Now I think the first step would be to see this girl that Mr. Asher mentions—this cigarette girl."

"Certainly, I'll get her," Paul lifted the phone. "Send Susan Walters to me at once, please," he said in even tones.

What would she say? The net was closing round them both. She had a grievance against him. He had behaved disgracefully. Yet somehow he had a hope that Susan would keep her head and be his friend and ally to the end. He told himself that it was an unreasonable hope, but he persisted. To fill in the time Paul said in his suavest tones, smiling confidentially at the detec-



tive, "Mr. Asher has made so many accusations that one really hardly knows where to start. . . ." He was subtly managing to convey the impression that Taylor and he were a couple of sane men having to deal with one who was slightly unbalanced.

SUSAN came in. Paul looked at her in astonishment. He had never seen before this air of lassitude. She had always come into his room with cheerful looks, with her funny little insistence on the courtesies of everyday life. There had been something heartening in the sight of her, something refreshing to the spirit in her quiet gaiety. Now she did not raise her eyes to his. When last she had looked at him, she thought he hated her. She never wanted to see that expression again. She wanted to forget it, to remember him as he had been that afternoon in the garden. "Yes, Mr. Graham," she said formally, and the clear young voice was lifeless.

Taylor raised a hand. "I'll explain, please, Mr. Graham."

"Of course."

"Susan Walters?" She nodded. He went through the routine list of formal questions, her age, her occupation, her parentage. Finally he came to the matter in hand. "You've seen Mr. Asher before?"

"Yes."

"Had a bit of an upset with him the other evening?"

"Yes."

"Why was that?"

"I was selling cigarettes as usual. He seemed to object."

"Why did he object?"

"I don't know." Susan had suddenly a strange wish. She saw again her ample, hard-working landlady. She smelt the cabbage-water and she hoped that Mr. Meers was praying for her at that moment.

"Just what happened?"

Susan sketched the outline of the scene at Lella Gordon's table.

"Did you know the lady's name?"

Before she could reply Asher shouted, "No, no. That's a question you mustn't ask her, Inspector."

Taylor frowned and resumed his cross-examination. "Were you selling any special kind of cigarettes?"

"They were called de Soto's."

"Where did you get them?"

"Mr. Graham gave them to me. He had a lot of cigarettes that night."

"Did he give you any special kind for any particular client?"

There was a moment's silence in the room. Paul gripped the desk. The tiny tick of the golden hands of the ormolu clock seemed to have grown suddenly very loud. The Japanese lady looked down from her frame indifferently on these excitable Westerners. Taylor leant forward, Asher's mouth was a little open and there was a fine dew of perspiration on his forehead. Paul's eyes were on Susan.

#### CHAPTER 10

"HOW do you mean?" said Susan, to gain another minute.

The men's eyes did not leave her face. "I mean," said Taylor in his amiable way, explaining his question in fatherly fashion, "were there any different cigarettes for certain people—ones that you had to keep separately from main stock—yes?"

"No, sir," she said in a small voice, and wondered why she said it—and knew even while she wondered.

Asher suddenly lost control. "It is ridiculous asking her. She is Graham's tool, his accomplice. She knew what she was doing, but she's got to shield Graham."

Paul saw the detective make a movement of impatience. "Please, Mr. Asher, we won't get anywhere if you keep interrupting. The information you've given me is extremely vague. I've got to try to get something solid. Have you any proof that the cigarettes the young lady sold were anything out of the ordinary?"

"She knows—she knows," Asher pointed an accusing finger at Susan.

Asher was playing into their hands. Paul could scent the doubt in the detective's mind. Fanatics of all sorts were constant visitors at the Yard. Taylor made up his mind that he would put these hotel people through a thorough cross-examination later, without Asher. As it was it was hopeless. He would terminate the useless session, take his man to the Yard, and try and get some sense out of him.

"If I can be any help, Inspector," Paul was saying in his suavest voice. "Mr. Asher is very upset. Perhaps when he is calmer he will be able to give a more coherent story."

"That's all right, Mr. Graham. I'll get to the bottom of this—if there is any bottom to it—and if necessary without Mr. Asher's help. I won't keep you now. I'll fix to see you some other time." He got up.

"Aren't you going to do anything?" said Asher excitedly. "Are you going to let them go forward with their little game?" "Don't you worry, Mr. Asher. Everything that is necessary will be done. If you will come back with me now there are one or two details I'd like cleared up."

AASHER seemed dazed. Things had not turned out as he expected. In his half-crazed brain he imagined that once he took the long-debated step of calling in the police, Paul Graham and his confederates would be clapped into gaol without more ado. He allowed the detective to pilot him to the door.

"Well, thanks for your help, Mr. Graham," said Taylor, "we'll meet again. Good-day."

"Good-day. Be sure you let me know if you want me."

"I will."

They were gone. Paul sank back into his chair. "Phew! We're under observation now!"

Susan did not answer. She moved towards the door. "Susan, don't go."

She stood where she was as if waiting



for his further instructions. He did not know how to begin.

"Susan—please—I—I apologise." The words came hard. "Collins was the liar. I should have known. Oh, my dear, I meant to get you out before this happened, then I thought that you were in with the police and that it didn't matter. Now we're both in a jam." She did not answer and he struggled on. "Susan, dear, please—be generous—I've no excuse—but I need you."

He stopped.

SHE looked up now and walked over to his desk and laid her hand softly on his arm. "It's all right," she said. "Perhaps it wasn't such an unusual mistake to make."

He knew that it was only her generosity that made such excuses for him. He caught the gold braid that hung from her waist-band between his fingers. He wanted to anchor her to where she stood. "Thank you, Susan." He spoke very low. In some of the words might have seemed inadequate, but she knew what they cost Paul.

"What will happen to us?"  
"God knows. Bruyere has left."  
"Bruyere! Oh, my dear." The words slipped out unconsciously. Bruyere gone. Everyone had left him, and he had believed her a police spy. It had not been easy for him.

"I wish to God you were out of it, too. I blame myself."

"That's nonsense. I wouldn't go. It's my fault. Don't let's worry about what can't be helped. Let's think of the future."

"The future? Well, Asher is our best friend. He's convincing the detective that he's crazy. Of course he is, only this time his craziness happens to be sense. The thing to do is every time things get hot stir



Asher into fresh hysteria. Those are our tactics under cross-examination. The detective fellow seems amiable and stupid."

"Yes."

"Now his next step is to prove something. He can't do anything with a lot of hot air from Asher—who won't even give him his sister's name. Well, there's no stuff about the place. There's no one to give the show away—except—oh, my God!"

"What is it?"

"Sir Howard. He's well-known as an addic. If Taylor sees his aristocratic features here he'll get suspicious. I told him the day before yesterday that I could get no more for him, but he has a sneaking hope. He doesn't give up easy. He was here last night, looking at me with those great wild eyes of his. I wouldn't blame Taylor for clapping us all in quod just for harboring such an ornament to the landscape."

"Well, can we stop him?"

"You and I can't do much. First thing Taylor will do will be to plant a couple of men on us. We won't be able to stir. We'll have to watch our every step. I'll phone Sir Howard's house now. Taylor can't have the line tapped yet."

But Sir Howard's butler could only tell them that his master had left ten minutes before and the man had no idea where he could be found.

"We must stop his coming here. We'll get Collins. A slender reed, but the only person we have left."

He took up the phone. There was no answer from Collins's room. He rang for a page. Between them there was an unspoken fear. When Billy's cheerful smile appeared around the door he was sent in search of the detective.

"I doubt if he'll find him," said Paul grimly. She was standing so near to him that her sleeve brushed his cheek. Somehow he found it comforting.

"Well," said Paul, "I shall find Sir Howard myself."

SUSAN resumed her duties with an anxious heart. She was afraid for Paul. She was not worried so much as to whether he would succeed in his mission. She could not give that her full attention. All that she cared about was his safe return.

Time dragged. Luncheon was served and finished. People drifted in early to tea, especially foreigners bored by their London Sunday. Susan moved automatically from one table to another. The clients were not living people to her, just so many hands stretched towards her tray, so many reasons for her to bring her mind to differentiate between Turkish and Virginia, count the right change, and give the correct answers.

Her mind was with Paul. What was he doing? Was he safe from Asher? For Asher, she felt, was quite unaccountable. You might lay the cleverest plans, but a cadman can always defeat you by doing the unexpected.

An undergraduate tasting his first freedom was studying her tray. He was giving her various flirtatious openings. She knew them now as a formula. She could give the correct non-committal answers, the answer that was neither an acceptance nor a snub.

Mechanically she carried on this game with the flushed young man, but her thoughts were with Paul. Asher played with a gun like a child. She had a frightening vision of Paul coming down the street with his easy stride, his head erect, and then she saw him fall with Asher's bullet in his back. The young man was asking when he could see her again. She knew the answer to that one. It reinvited the client back to the hotel. She gave it, but her eyes saw Paul walking handcuffed down the street between Taylor and his assistant.

HER thoughts were interrupted by the entry of Trixie. She saw her take up her place among the flowers and Susan stepped across to hand her back the buttonholes that were on her tray and give her the money she had taken.

Trixie fixed her with an angry stare. She spoke fast and low, glancing now and then to see that Ramsden surmised nothing, and pretending an absorption in Susan's tray and calculations about buttonholes.

"How dare you interfere in my affairs?"  
"What do you mean, Trixie?" So much had happened since the advent of George Holderness that he had been forgotten.

"You know very well what I mean. I've just seen George. What have you to say?"

Somehow Susan had not realised that Trixie would be so angry. "I'm sorry, Trixie. I only said you'd gone out with Dave."

"Yes, after I'd told him that I was going to see my aunt. Why did you have to tell him anything? You did it on purpose—high moral purpose, I suppose."

"I'm afraid so," said Susan.

"It's all right for you to turn down young Trevor and carry on with Paul Graham, but when it comes to me you're all for love in a cottage."

Susan winced at Trixie's blunt description of the situation. "It's quite different," she said hoely. "I don't love Ted, and whatever I may feel about Mr. Graham he just thinks of me as another cigarette girl—but you do love Dave and you propose to marry Holderness if you get the chance."

"Far lot of chance I'll have now."

"I don't know. Rivalry may make him all the more eager."

This was the first glimpse of hope that Trixie saw in the situation. She considered the suggestion and said sulkily: "Well, I hope you're right, that's all. And another time—"

Ramsden was looming in sight and a young man by the bar was beckoning Susan. "You can finish me off upstairs," she whispered.

Trixie smiled against her will. "Never fear, I intend to."

Susan hurried towards the young man. "Why, you're not the little cigarette girl I used to know. She was a great little pal of mine. Where has she got to?"

"I don't know."

"I used to call her Bunny. I've forgotten her real name. What was it?"

"I never heard. I haven't been here long. Black Yank, the barman, could tell you."

"Let's ask him." They hailed him across the bar.

"Yank," said Susan, "what was the name of the girl before me?" Susan was not interested. People asked her so many questions all the evening. Her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Lemme see." Yank paused with a bottle of gin balanced in his great hand. "I think her name was Elsie. Sure it was."

"Where is she now?"

"Ah, that I dunno. Maybe Trixie could tell you?"

"We'll ask her," said Susan. It was her business to be polite to clients, but really this young man was tiresome. She led him over to the flower-stall.

"Trixie, what was the name of the girl before me? Elsie something? And where is she now?"

Trixie narrowed her eyes and looked the young man up and down. "I dunno," she said. "Elsie, that's right. I don't remember the rest."

"Why, I thought you roomed together."

"Yes, but 'Elsie' did all right. I wasn't going to leave her anything in my last will and testament."

"Too bad," said the young man, "I'll have to keep on asking. Well, thanks very much."

He moved away. Susan was about to follow when she was arrested by Trixie's voice, very low and urgent. Their quarrel had been forgotten for something more important.

"Susan."

"Yes?"

"Look out—he's a dick."

"A dick?"

"Yes. A 'ter. The less you know about Elsie the better."

"Oh, I see."

"I wonder what he's doing here. Anything been happening while I was out?"

"No," said Susan, surprised at her own new ability at lying.

"Well," she said, "it would never surprise me to see the management of this precious hotel sitting with a couple of nice short hair cuts, picking a couple of nice hard bits of oakum."

"Oh, Trixie."

"And don't waste any sympathy on them either, Brighteyes, for they'll only be getting what's coming to them."

"I see."

Diaz was calling her over. Susan was glad to move away. As she walked across the room she found that her knees were trembling. If only Paul would come.

INSPECTOR TAYLOR had all along had his doubts. Asher did not behave like a sane man. This would not, however, prevent him from making investigations. He told off three of his juniors to watch the Astoria Palace.

"Don't let the man Graham or the girl Walters in or out without your knowing what they are up to. And see who goes to the place. See if there are any of the old-timers. And see what goes into the hotel. Oh, and find out what you can about this cigarette girl who was employed there before. She may be able to help us. I've an idea the present one means to keep her mouth shut."

Having settled these matters Taylor was free to turn his attention to the unsatisfactory proposition of Asher.

"Now, Mr. Asher, let's get down to brass tacks. You must realise I can't do anything just on your word. If you won't give



me the lady's name tell me someone else whom you suspect of receiving drugs from Graham. If we can fight them on that it would suit you perfectly. You could put them out of action and your friend would not be involved."

"I don't know anyone else," Asher was sulky and indignant. "I wasn't interested in the other people. I never even looked at them. I only went to the hotel for one purpose."

"Well, Mr. Asher, you must consider it this way. If what you say is true we are up against some pretty clever people. We must have something definite to go on. Graham may or may not be all you say—we have no information about him here—but you've only got to look at him to see that he's no fool. Now, won't you think better about the lady's name?"

"No." It was a short, nervous bark. Taylor did not know how neatly he was playing into Graham's hands. "It's for her own sake." There was no answer. Asher's blue eyes glared indignantly at the unconscious detective. Taylor went patiently on, "You see how it would simplify matters—provide us with a first hand witness. The whole thing could then be over in twenty-four hours."

"No."

"Come, Mr. Asher, if you want us to achieve results you must be prepared to co-operate."

"Not in this thing." It was the quiet that precedes the storm.

"But this is the one essential thing."

"I've told you I won't." His voice was rising.

"But I've asked you to reconsider."

"Can't you understand the meaning of the word 'No'?" Asher was beginning to shout again.

"I'm trying to make you reconsider."

"I want you to act without all this nonsense. Graham is your man. You take him and search the place and find his accomplices and you'll have enough evidence to hang him."

"I'm sorry, but we can't act like that. We can't go round casually arresting people and hoping afterwards to prove something against them."

"You don't want to. That's the truth of the matter. You're in their damned conspiracy—probably in their pay." Taylor laughed off his anger.

Just when she had begun to despair, Susan at last saw Paul Graham enter the restaurant. Then for the first time it occurred to her to wonder whether his mission had been successful.

In his hand he held an evening paper. He beckoned to her. She followed him into his room.

"Asher has played into our hands," he said. He turned the paper over and pointed to the stop press on the back page. "Read that."

She picked it up. "This afternoon a man shot at Inspector Taylor in one of the offices at Scotland Yard. The bullet went wide and only smashed the window. Afterwards the man collapsed and is now under medical supervision."

"Extraordinary what a bad shot Asher is. You'd think his little experience here would have taught him that he was out of practice."

She laid the paper down. She could not joke about it. "Poor fellow," she said. "What will happen to him?"

"Let's hope he's sent to a nice quiet home for a nice long period."

She remembered their own immediate concerns. "There's a man outside who has been asking about the girl who had my job before. Tricky says he's a detective. Anyway she's told him nothing."

"Good. If we can steer through to-night Taylor may call off his men. He won't be too pleased with Asher."

"If we can steer through to-night . . . ?" she echoed. "Did you find Mr Howard?"

"Yes, I ran him to earth at the sixth try. Lucky I did. He was all set for here."

"I was so anxious—for you."

He looked at her gravely. "You mustn't worry. Things look better. Whatever happens I'll see that you're taken care of . . . Somehow the words struck a little chill into your heart."

"I shall be all right. It's you . . ."

"I've had a lifetime of practice in saving my skin. It's you that need protection, and before we part I'm going to make sure you're safe."

"Before we part." She did not hear what else he was saying. That was all that mattered. He was going out of her life. "Before we part."

The door opened. Paul turned frowningly towards it. He hated people who did not knock. He gasped to see Bruyere on the threshold.

"Good Lord, what are you doing here?"

"Why shouldn't I be here?"

"No reason." Paul was a little confused. "I thought you'd gone, that's all."

"Gone?" Bruyere frowned in his turn. "We'll talk about that later. Run along now, little girl."

"No. Susan had better hear what you have to say. She's as deep in this as we are. Collins was lying."

"I knew that before I left," said Bruyere, with an infinitesimal bow to Susan.



"Then why the Hell didn't you tell me?"

Bruyere smiled. "I thought that it was one of those things that it might be better for you to find out for yourself."

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "Anyway Collins has done a bunk."

"And you thought I'd done one, too?"

"Yes."

"Not very flattering to me."

"No. I'm not given to flattering people."

"You're given to being too damn suspicious. Ten years we've worked together, mon cher. Have I ever walked out on you?"

"No. But I always thought you might."

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first come to the hotel. Very clearly he saw it all again, a vision of her delicate face under the white light of Bruyere's lamps.

Bruyere drew some papers out of his case. "Here is the suggested agreement with the figures. We can go into detail later. How soon can we get out without arousing suspicion? The girl must come, too. We will find her a job in our new place in Rome."

"No. I told you the other night I'm not going to Rome."

"I didn't take you too seriously."

"You'd better. I'm not going, and she can't go either."

"You arrange everything for her?"

"This thing, yes. Because I know about it and she doesn't. We've got her in had here and we're not going to start all over again and do the same thing somewhere else. We'll sell the hotel, and you can go to Rome. We will make provision for Susan. And I will be a free man again to do what I like."

"Let us take that item by item. I go to Rome—that is easy. Provision for Susan. Yes. Now, my dear, we've got you in an awkward position—"

"I don't want any provision, thank you, Monsieur Bruyere. Mr. Graham is very dense. I've told him once before that I did not set a price on my every action . . ."

"I know, but—"

"Perhaps you will recommend me to the new people, and I can keep my job on here."

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"Perhaps you



He smiled in anticipation. He would take her somewhere smart and expensive. That would be rather fun. He would give her a good time. He would make her see reason.

He stopped at Trixie's stall. "Seen any suspicious parties here to-day?"

"Not one," Paul nodded. Taylor had probably called off his bulldogs.

"Where's Susan?" he asked.

"It's her day off. She gone out with the boy friend."

"The boy friend?"

"Yes. The one who used to be here—Ted something or other. Nice honest lad, wants to marry her and support her by his toil."

"I see," said Paul coldly.

**S**USAN sat on the top of a bus listening to Ted's steady stream of practicalities.

"I've got everything fixed. I talked it all over with Phil and he thought I'd better come in with him right away. I told him the whole business and, of course, he agreed that one couldn't stop at the hotel. He wants to talk to you about that. He feels it very strongly. After all, as he says, once you get into the police courts, well, things are never so safe or easy for you again. I mean not for people like us who have to earn our livings."

"Oh, of course not," she assented automatically. She thought in her heart that it was ridiculous to say things like that. Everyone knew they were true. They didn't need saying.

"Well, it all fell out very luckily. He had meant to start me under his old accountant, and what do you think? The old boy has got a son in Canada—and the son has struck lucky and wants the old boy to go out to him. So I can start right in his



place, and I shan't need an assistant, so that Phil won't lose anything on the change. He can pay me four pounds a week. That's two hundred a year. One could manage on that."

"Why are you staying on at the hotel?" he said.

"Oh, it's a job," she said vaguely.

"It isn't for that Graham fellow."

"Why not? Why, of course not. Why he's leaving," she said unguardedly, in her effort to find convincing proof of her denial.

"He's leaving? Why?"

"He's tired of the business, I think."

"But you're stopping on."

"Yes."

The bus moved on through the darkness. Ted lit a cigarette before he spoke again.

"Sue, you know me—all about me—don't you?"

"Why, yes, Ted."

"Well, I wouldn't run down a chap just because I was jealous of him, would I?"

"Of course not, old son."

"Well, Sue, that Graham's no good."

"I know he isn't, Ted. He doesn't pretend to be."

"You mean he admits he's a rotter?"

"Admits it! Why, he shouts about it!"

And in her heart she added "almost too loud to be convincing."

Ted was baffled. "Why do you like him, Sue?"

"Oh, for lots of reasons."

Susan stared into the darkness trying and failing to formulate them to herself. Presently Ted said, "There are things beyond reason, aren't there, Sue?"

She put her hand gratefully on his. It was fine that he should understand. "Yes," she whispered.

"I'm going to hang around, Sue. You'll need me."

"No, Ted. You've got to think of yourself."

He sighed and put his arm across the back of the seat so that it touched her shoulder lightly. "Which I'd never introduced you to that damned hotel."

She looked for a moment into the uncertain future. It was lonely and unhappy. Her heart contracted. "So do I," she sighed.

She leant towards him. He was her big brother with whom she was safe. His hand on her shoulder pressed more surely. They sat in silence, comforting each other.

## CHAPTER 11

**P**AUL woke the next morning to a phone call from Paris. It was Bruyere. The negotiations were going forward in good shape. Two representatives of the French firm would be over on the morning plane. Would Paul show them round? With luck the papers would be signed in a few days' time.

It was then that Paul realised that he was about to make a radical change in his way of living. It was not leaving the Astoria that mattered. He was used to leaving and selling hotels. He and Bruyere had been through the mill so often. But this time he was leaving to start a life on his own. A life, he now realised, that he must start from scratch. He had no friends, only a large number of business acquaintances. He had no need to work, he had no desire to play, he had no ambitions to fulfil. Empty, that was the word. Bruyere had been right. He was frightened. He plunged into activity to do away with the necessity for thinking.

He dressed quickly. There were a dozen things to be done before the Frenchmen arrived. The future might be empty, but the present was crowded.

For the next two days Paul was inseparable from Mr. Jollivet and Mr. Serres. They were thorough. They not merely had to see; they had to investigate everything. Paul was not afraid. At the moment the hotel was above reproach.

He was glad when they went. If the change had to be made he wanted it done quickly. They would, he was sure, make a satisfactory report. In a few days the whole thing would be over.

When the Frenchmen were gone his first thought was that now he had time to talk to Susan. He would take her out, he would force her to see reason. He despatched the essential business of the hotel and came into the restaurant in search of her. He was surprised at how white and tired she looked.

"You're the one that needs fresh air now," he said. "I'll pacify Ramsden. We must get out of here. We've a lot of things to talk about. Go and get into some human clothes. I'll meet you at the side entrance."

"I mustn't be long. It's Trixie's afternoon off."

"All right. Hurry, then."

She went away and changed. A faint hope fluttered in her heart. Perhaps he had not meant what he said. "Before we part." Was this a farewell festival or had he changed his mind?

**S**HE met him at the door. "We'll go and have lunch somewhere."

"Very well."

He turned the car towards the Strand and headed for the West End. He stopped in front of one of the quiet, exclusive little restaurants in Jermyn Street.

Susan protested. "I can't go in there—not in these clothes."

"Nonsense. Come along." She could not be bothered to argue about it. She wanted to husband her energies for the more important arguments that she knew were to come.

The commissionaire recognised Paul Graham, so did the manager, so did the

head waiter. They bowed him obsequiously to a table.

"What would you like to eat?" he said, offering her the menu. He hoped that she would have some preference. He wanted her to have a good time. He was pathetically anxious that his party should be a success.

"I don't mind a bit," she said lifelessly. "You choose."

He was disappointed, but he ordered the lunch quickly and expertly.

"You look tired," he said solicitously, when the waiter had left them. He longed to do something for her, to put her in a luxurious armchair with a fascinating novel, and chocolates and cigarettes. He day-dreamt a little looking at her small, white face.

She smiled. "It's reaction, I expect, after all the alarms and excursions."

"Well, life looks like settling down now into a very dull routine."

"What are your plans?"

"I'm going to move into a service flat and live like a gentleman—or go with Bruyere to Rome—or commit hari-kari. I haven't quite decided which."

"Or all three?"

"Could I manage that?"

"Yes, in that order." She smiled, but her lips were trembling.

The discreet waiter had brought the hors d'oeuvres and vanished. "Don't let's talk about me," said Paul. "I want to talk about you."

"There isn't anything to talk about. I'll stop on till I'm sacked."

"Susan, it's so stupid."

"What is?"

"Your attitude. Don't you want money?"

"Not much. I mean all by myself. What could I do with it?"

"All by myself." His mind echoed her words. Funny how she had a way of going casually to the root of all trouble. What could one do with a lot of money—all by oneself?

The waiter made one of his moth-like appearances and flitted away again, quiet as a disembodied spirit. Paul noticed that Susan ate nothing. He returned to the attack.

"But, Susan, there must be lots of things you want, and being a cigarette girl isn't much fun."

"I might marry Ted," she said slowly, watching him.

His face was immobile. He did not betray himself. "Why don't you?" he asked.

"Because I don't love him. It wouldn't be fair."

"I don't see that. You'd make him a good wife."

**S**HE shook her head. "That's not enough." She looked at him and smiled like the ghost of her former self. "If it's as easy as all that, why don't you marry Maria Coloni?"

He looked at her gravely. "I shan't marry anyone—anyone," he said slowly. "A man with a record like mine—don't be absurd." She knew now. He had played fair at least by one person—the only person that really mattered.

By a supreme effort of the will she answered him as if his words meant nothing to her. "She wouldn't mind," she said.

"Maria? No, she's one of the grand passionate type that enjoy making sacrifices for love. She wouldn't mind because she wouldn't understand. And you couldn't convince her because she wouldn't have the patience to listen. No woman in her senses would want a husband whose sins might find him out, and bring him to penal servitude. That isn't a reasonable risk to ask any woman to take. At least, it's not one I should ask. Why," he added, "I don't know whether it would break Maria's heart, but it certainly would wreck her career. No, I adore



Maria, but anyway, I couldn't cope with her." He laughed. "She needs a stronger man than I am, Gunga Din. But it's your future, not mine, that we're supposed to be discussing."

On the Paris phone Paul learnt from Bruyere that the deal was completed. The Frenchmen had only to get their Home Office permits and they would take over at the end of the week. They would make no alterations in the staff or methods till they were thoroughly familiar with the workings of the place. Monsieur Jolivet would be back that night. Would Paul make all the final arrangements? Bruyere had heard of a good thing and was anxious to leave at once for Rome.

The week went by in a flash. Paul was busy from morning to night. He was glad. The multitudinous detail with which he had to cope precluded the possibility of thinking about his own affairs. He had an uneasy suspicion that they wouldn't bear thinking about. The only time he took to himself was occupied in hastily and rather indifferently securing an expensive service flat in the West End and seeing that his personal belongings found a new home.

The staff were told of the impending changes, which would make no difference to their position for the time being, at any rate. Mr. Jolivet was already a familiar figure. The hotel continued to go its smooth, mechanical way and the clients were not to be apprised of any change of management till the French firm were ready to put their new policy into practice.

**S**USAN counted the days. Perhaps, she thought, it would hurt less when she were actually gone, when she did not have the sweet torment of seeing him in the distance, doing familiar things, moving with his easy stride and his faintly disdainful air.

"Back up," said Trixie, as they came on duty before lunch. "You look like death."

"Nonsense," said Susan stoutly. "I'm as bucked as a cowboy on a broncho." Leonl passed them hurriedly with an air of distraction. They watched him go to the bar and telephone.

"What's his trouble?" said Trixie idly. "Has he lost the big bassoon?"

The call was ended. Leonl spoke to Black Yank and Susan saw the two men look across at Trixie.

"I say, Trixie, I believe something's wrong." Trixie had not seen what was happening. She was stooping behind her counter, lifting a dripping bunch of American Beauties out of a bucket full of water.

"How?" she said, laying down the flowers and wiping her hands.

Leonl was coming towards them. Susan suddenly felt frightened. She had a premonition of bad news.

"Trixie," he said, "there's been an accident."

"Someone has murdered the double bass. Good," she said unconsciously, still busy with her flowers.

"No—it's David."

"What?" She dropped the roses. Her face had gone white and she was staring terror-stricken at Leonl.

"We were coming here together. You know how absent-minded he is. We crossed the road—a car—they've taken him to Charing Cross Hospital. He's in no danger—cuts, bruises, shock—but it's his hand."

"His hand? Oh, Dave. I must go to him. I must!"

"They're doing everything," said Leonl soothingly. "I was with him. They'll not know yet if it will be all right about his hand." The musician in him was touched. "His bow hand." It was obviously the only thing that mattered to Leonl. "A nasty cut. . . . I've got to find a substitute," he said anxiously. "I've phoned. . . ."

"I must go. I must," said Trixie. "I

don't care if Ramsden fires me. I'll get my coat."

"Yes," said Susan, "you go. I'll tell Ramsden something—anything. Go on, darling. It will be all right."

**T**RIXIE had fled. Susan hastily made what order she could. The stall looked hopelessly wrong, the button-holes were not made, and Susan had one or two calls for cigarettes and had not Trixie's expert knack with flowers.

Ten minutes later she saw Ramsden and Paul Graham approaching. The restaurant manager's inquisitorial eye immediately spotted the disorder at the flower-stall.

"Where's Trixie?" he asked severely. Susan gulped and then looking Paul straight in the face she said, "Why, Mr. Graham sent her out."

Ramsden frowned in perplexity, and half turning to Paul, said, doubtfully, "You sent her out?"

"Yes," said Susan quickly, before Paul could answer. "He sent her to get a very special bouquet that was ordered—for some actress. I think it was."

Paul smiled a little. "That was it," he said calmly.

"Well, she shouldn't have left her flowers in such confusion," said Ramsden.

"Oh, she had to leave in a great hurry. That at least Susan could say with truth."

"Of course, if you sent her, Mr. Graham, it's different." Ramsden moved away to reproach a waiter who had set a tablecloth not perfectly straight.

Paul lingered for a moment. "Why the lie?" he asked.

"To help the course of true love—please, Mr. Graham."

"I don't believe in true love."

"Not even for other people?"

"No, and I shouldn't be made an accomplice in any such intrigue."

"No, but you'll do it, and you'll keep it up, won't you, because you said you wanted to do something for me and this is almost your last opportunity."

"It's a highly immoral proceeding. Who is Trixie loving now?"

"David. She's always loved him, and he's been hurt, and now she'll marry him and they'll starve cheerfully ever after, and you'll have helped to bring all that happiness about."

"That will certainly be an exception to the general rule." He could not keep Ramsden waiting any longer. "Tell Trixie from me that she's a fool."

Trixie was back within the hour, white and tremulous, but happy. "The doctor thinks it will be all right," she whispered, as she hastily twisted her buttonholes on to their wires. "He's got twelve stitches across the palm, poor darling, but the doctor's very hopeful. And, Sue, we're to be married, even if we starve to death, and Susan ain't love grand?"

"Yes, darling."

"What did Ramsden say?"

Susan hastily repeated the gist of the scene, but she did not deliver Paul's message. And Graham stood for it? Trixie was amazed.

"Of course."

"You worked a miracle. Oh, Susan, you are a brick. I shall call all my children after you."

**B**UT Susan didn't hear her. "A miracle." She saw again the little cottage garden where she had prophesied to Paul that one day a miracle would change his outlook. Well, it hadn't happened. She began to doubt now if it ever would.

On the last evening Paul called Susan into his office.

"It's good-bye, Susan. I'm really off at last."

"Yes, Mr. Graham." She was very quiet these days. She hardly looked at him.

"Monsieur Jolivet has every intention of

keeping the present staff," he said mechanically, because he was disconcerted by her quiet. "I hope you'll get on all right with him."

"I'll try."

"But if anything should happen—here's my address. I can always find you a job. I know you resent being offered anything, so I can't do any more than tell you where I can be found."

"Thank you." She was not helping him. He could not leave her like this. "Susan," he said with an effort, "aren't we friends any more?"

"Why should you think that?"

"You've changed. Why, you don't even argue with me!"

She smiled a little wanly and made a hopeless gesture. "It was never any use."

"No, but it was fun."

"For you, perhaps."

"Do you know, Susan, you're the only thing I'm sorry to leave in this damned hotel."

"I wish you weren't going. It—it won't seem the same," she whispered. If he only knew how mildly that expressed her feelings. She was frightened of this conversation. She might disgrace herself and cry. It would be better if he went and it were all over. "I shall miss you a lot," she said.

He came and stood close to her and looked at her gravely. "Yes, you see, Susan, that one or the other of us would have had to leave." She shook her head. "You must see that." He stopped short, afraid of what he might say next. "Think it over, Susan, when I'm gone. You'll realise it's true." He pulled himself together just as he used to do in the old days, with one of his sudden startling transitions from a friend to an



employer. "Now I must make my formal farewells to the managers of departments."

"Shall I send Mr. Ramsden to you?"

"Please."

She did not turn her head. She walked silently out of the room. That was the end, thought Paul. Funny little kid. He had a great ache in his heart. He wished she had laughed and checked him and argued with him like she used to do. He hated her blank acquiescence.

**R**AMSDEN bustled in and Paul forced his mind into other channels. "Well, this is good-bye, Trixie. What about a last buttonhole?" Paul took out a five-pound note to pay for it. Trixie always kept the change. But to-day she handed him the pence instead of panning it to his coat, and, looking at the note, said, "I haven't enough change for that."

"Do I have to keep it?" he asked.

"Yes. It's a shilling, please."

"I see." He kept the note in his hand and handed her the coin. He had learned better than to try to force money on women. He was sorry that she felt that way about it. He had always liked Trixie. It seemed that they, too, must part bad friends. "Trixie, I want to ask you something." He paused.

"Yes?"

"You'll look after Susan, won't you? If she should want anything here's my address. She'll never ask for herself."

Trixie nodded. "I'll look after her, out not for you. I'll just do it for myself, and I don't need your prompting. You're not much of a one to instruct others in loving their neighbors."

The work of installing Paul in his new flat had gone forward. Most of his treasures had already left the hotel. In St. James' Street, discreet, expensive servants had unpacked his belong-



ings. His books were on new shelves. The lacquer cabinet of jade had a new home, the Japanese lady looked down over a new mantelpiece and underneath the ornate clock ticked out the rhythm of a new life.

He was to receive every attention calculated to save him time and trouble. He was to be waited on hand and foot by a staff famous not merely for carrying out one's wishes but for anticipating them. He would not have to think, to remember, even to order.

The perfect valet was unpacking the last suitcase that Paul had brought with him that evening from the hotel. His clothes were ranged immaculately in the very latest type of gentleman's wardrobe. The whisky and soda were on the table by the reading-lamp, the bath was running with a purring sound, reverentially the man laid his silken pyjamas on the bed.

"What time would you like to be called, sir?" he said.

"Seven," said Paul absent-mindedly from force of habit, "and a cold bath."

"Yes, sir. And for breakfast?"

"Just coffee."

"Yes, sir. Anything else?"

"No, thank you."

"Good night, sir."

The man disappeared. Regaining his humanity outside he confided to the lift-man that the new tenant was a "busy gent" who wanted to be called at seven. There were not many occupants of the resplendent mansions who were "busy gents."

The man was punctual to the second next morning. Paul woke surprised at his new surroundings. From force of habit he jumped up and hurried to be dressed and shaved by half-past seven.

He looked at his letters. There were half-a-dozen recently acquired bills, some circulars, and a letter in Maria's large sprawling handwriting.

He opened it first. A bunch of newspaper cuttings from the Austrian papers fell out. The letter itself covered several sheets. It appeared that Maria was having a gratifying success. There was a great deal, much of which was rather incoherent, about her concert. Did he remember Count Franz Herten? He had been so kind. Did he remember young Baron Wigen? He had organised a great fete in her honor. Did he remember . . . ? The letter rambled on. It was clear that all was well with Maria. Paul drank his coffee thoughtfully, then tore the letter up into little pieces and threw them into the waste-paper basket.

From force of habit he pushed his chair back hastily and jumped up. It was eight o'clock. He must . . . he must . . . and then suddenly it came home to him. There was nothing he must do, nothing that he had to do the whole day long. He sat down again like a man stunned.

**P**AUL struggled for a week with the new life. He had never before realised that twenty-four hours could be so long. Nothing in the world to do and no one to do it with! He was that horrible hopeless thing—a free man. He had no ties, no responsibilities. He could go to the ends of the earth or stay where he was—and he didn't particularly want to do either. He only wanted one thing and that he did not feel himself entitled to take.

Intellectually he knew a dozen good reasons why he should continue to live. Emotionally he knew of none. He was sick of the whole thing. His life had been a mess from the beginning. He was of no use to himself or anybody else. He would see the funny little kid once more and then he would snuff out. It was so easy. "Come lovely and soothing death," he quoted. It was a pity there had to be inquiries and post-mortems. He smiled. The law would have him at last.

He drew a sheet of notepaper towards him. "Last Will and Testament," he scribbled. He would take it to his lawyer to-morrow. "Of all I die possessed to Susan

Walters . . ." He contemplated it. It seemed a little bald. It might cause talk. "Daughter of my old friend—Walters," he added. That would look better. He must ask Susan what were her father's Christian names.

He rang Susan up and she seemed surprised and delighted to hear his voice. Yes, she would come round. Ramadan could be cajoled.

For the first time since he had been in the flat Paul gave some very definite orders. The tea was to be something extra special, there must be fresh flowers. He superintended the arrangements himself. The inhuman automaton of a valet with his air of superb detachment did everything he was told, and confided later to his friend the lift man that the "busy gent" had "got a bit of skirt coming to tea—and about time, too!"

Paul, too, thought it was strange and rather breath-taking to see Susan standing in the doorway in her shabby little blue costume. Her grey eyes eagerly searched his face. "Oh, I thought I might never see you again," she said.

"Nor I you. Come right in. Take off your hat. There was almost a boyish excitement in his welcome. He pulled off her little hat and led her to the window. He put a finger under her chin. "You don't look well," he said reprovingly. "Are those Horrid Frenchmen working you to death?"

She looked at him and laughed. "For the matter of that, who is working you to death? Oh, they should be able to look after you better," she sighed, "with all their expensive fuss. The hall porter, she confided, "has twenty medals. I counted them while I was waiting for the lift. Twenty medals, and you look as if you hadn't one poor general servant to feed you."

"Oh, Susan, funny little Susan, it's wonderful to see you and hear you talk nonsense again."

"But it isn't nonsense," she protested.

"Here's the tea."

The man servant had laid the teapot on the tray and retired.

**S**USAN was looking about her. "Isn't it strange to see you in a real home?"

"A real home! That's good."

He watched her as she walked round the room touching a familiar object here and there. "I love to see the jade again. Monsieur Jolivet has your room now, and his only relaxation is funny papers."

"Is he good to you?"

"Good and respectful"

"Come on and pour."

She took her place smilingly behind the teapot. She chatted on, telling him all the news of the hotel, and he listened with his eyes on her face. This time it was final. He was going to put himself beyond the reach of ever seeing her delicate beauty again. But it gave him a strange delight to see her sitting there in what she had been pleased to call "a real home." The flat had already taken on a new aspect, warm and friendly and gracious.

When they had finished tea she got up. "Don't stir," she said, and took a little stool and sat at his feet. "Now tell me all your news. The fresh life—what have you been doing? I want to know everything." There was a subtle difference in her manner. They were no longer employer and employed. They were friends and equals now at last.

"What do you do all day?"

"Nothing."

"Oh nonsense. You wouldn't know how to do nothing."

"I don't, and it's very difficult to learn." She wore a little troubled frown. A doubt crept into her heart. "It's all right, isn't it?" she asked anxiously.

"What, dear?"

"I mean—everything. You—you haven't made any mistake. You are happy, aren't you?"

"Susan, you shouldn't be so fundamental. You were always the same. You always asked the one question that one couldn't answer."

"But I want to know. It's very important."

"I'll tell you." He gave her a cigarette and lit one himself before answering. "I meant to tell you any way—that's why I wanted you to come to-day. I'm going to tell you a long story. Are you comfortable? Can you bear a long story?"

"I love them," she said innocently.

"May I talk all about myself?"

"You never do. I wish you would. Right back—you know—the story-of-your life."

**M**Y father—that's how it always begins, isn't it—my father was an art dealer. I think you know this part of it already. He committed suicide because he had made a mistake in an important valuation."

"Oh, Paul." It was the first time that she had ever used his name. He was glad to have heard it. She laid her little hand in a comforting gesture on his knee.

"Well, I've been out in my valuations, too, Susan. I've made a lot of stupid mistakes. So I'm going to follow my excellent father's very good example." He put his fingers lightly over her mouth for a moment. "No, don't say it, Susan. Things might have been different, but I have a criminal record, so you see it's impossible. All I can do is to leave you a very rich woman, dear. This will be the only occasion on which you won't be able to refuse my money."

"Paul." She dropped on her knees and faced him. "Paul. I don't understand." Her eyes were full of tears.

"Yes, you do, honey, and you're much too sensible to make scenes. Why, Susan, you were famous for never making scenes. Don't spoil your reputation."

"Paul Graham, are you sitting there calmly telling me that you are going to kill yourself?"

"I'm afraid it's a hereditary vice."

"Paul—no—no."

"That wasn't what you said once in a certain cottage garden."

"I didn't know then how much—how terribly much it mattered."

"My dear, it matters to no one. What have I to live for?"

"You have me."

"Why, Susan, you know that is the one thing in the world that I may not have."

"Paul . . . please . . . dear, dear Paul."

She put up her arms and held him. She slipped a hand round his neck and pulled his head gently towards her. "I love you. I don't care in the least about your record or your money. I love you. I want you to marry me."

He smiled at her very tenderly. "Don't be a little fool, Susan. I'm not good enough for you." He laid his hand very gently on her brown curls. "Don't tempt me."

"How can you argue about it? You know you love me."

"That has nothing to do with it, my sweet."

"Why, Paul, you've taken lots of other risks in your life. Why not take this?"

He put his arms around her in surrender. "Risk! Why, Susan, my Susan, you're the only thing in the world about whose valuation I have no doubts."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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